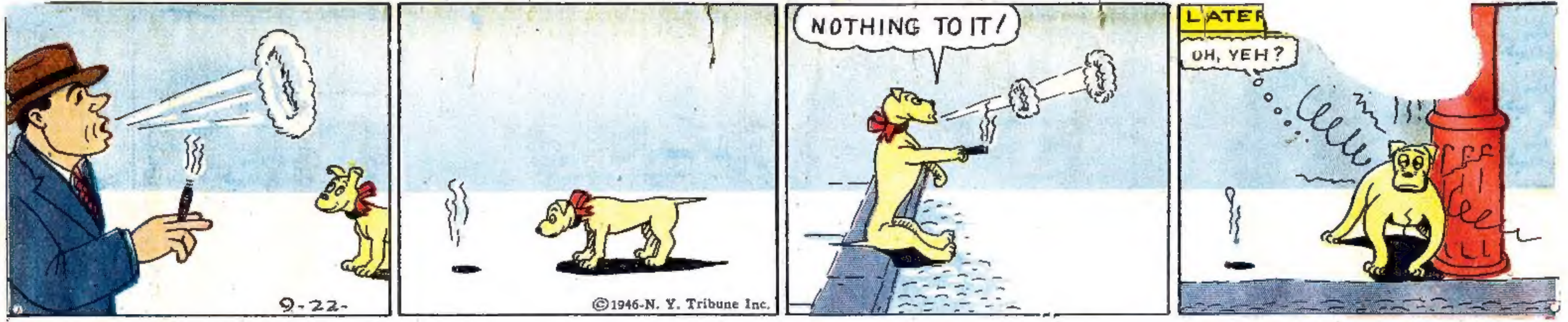
PUPSEY

Imitation Is the Sincerest Flattery

Joe Dunn



THE BULLY AND THE BEASTS.

It was a pleasant summer day,
When, out upon a lark,
The bully, in his usual way,
Went swagg'ring through the park.

And leaving then the suff'ring monk
Still howling in his pain,
He jabs in Selim's tender trunk
The cast fixed in his cane.

The next beast there to him is new;
He makes his cane a noose,
And strikes it—'tis a kangaroo—
A cruel blow in the face.

He stood that bully on his head,
He slugged him off his feet;
His gore in quantities he shed,
And knocked him out complete.

Into a poor, sick monkey's eyes
Red pepper first he threw;
And laughed to hear the piteous cries
That rang the building through.

He goes then where the camels are,
To torment some of those;
And burns each one with his cigar
Upon the mouth and nose.

But ah! That beast was used to knocks,
A most "athletic" cuss!
Trained long and faithfully to box,
And handy in a muss.

And as the bully, bruised and sore,
Revived and quick withdrew,
The other beasts cried out "Encore!"
To the boxing kangaroo.

THE BILLPOSTER AND THE KID

A TALE OF REVENGE

CONTRIBUTORS

AMERICAN HUMORIST

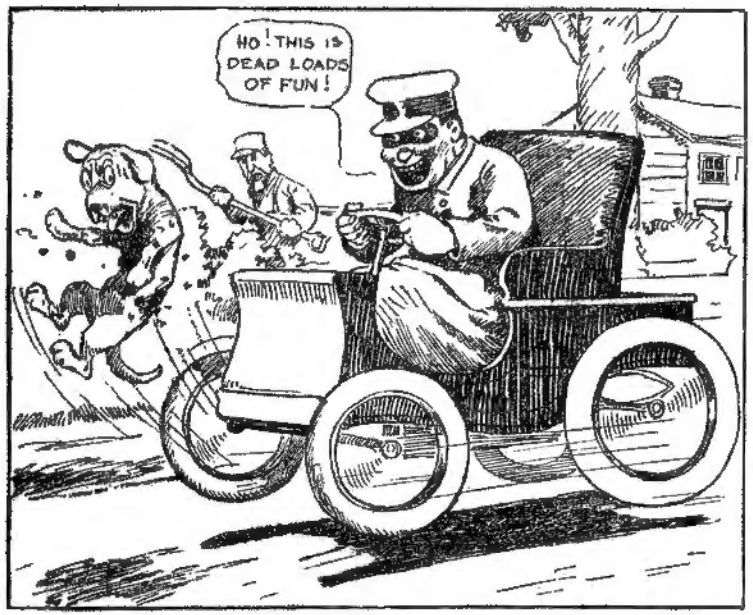
NEW YORK JOURNAL

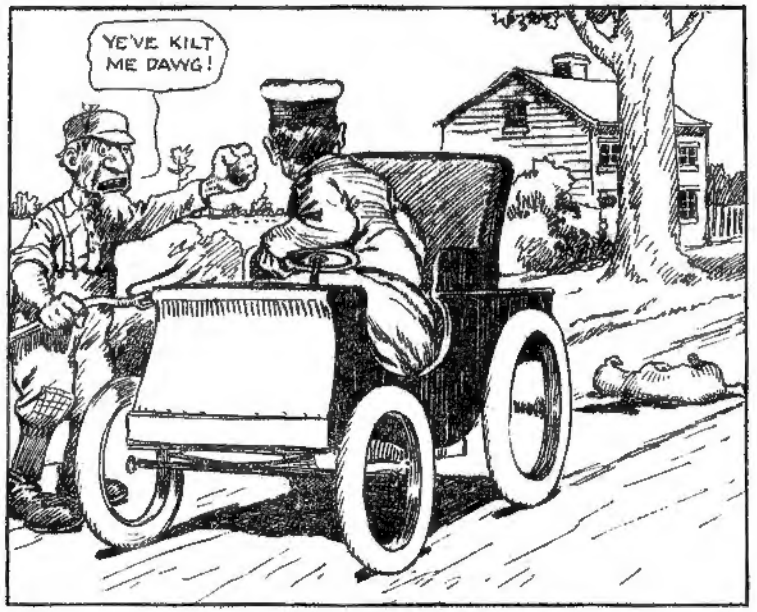
NO. 26. NEW YORK, SUNDAY, APRIL 18, 1897.

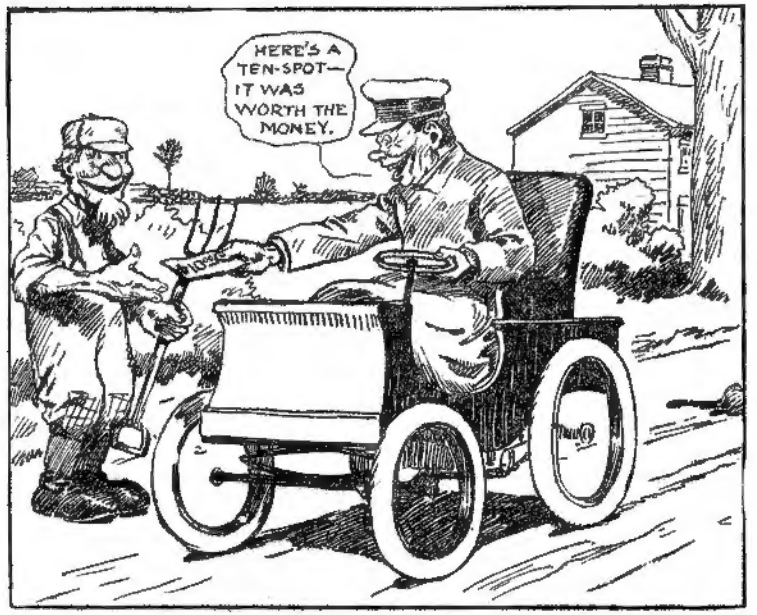
ALL RIGHT IN CHURCH, BUT SUPPOSE HE SAT BEHIND THIS HAT AT THE THEATRE!
A CONTRAST— THE GIRL WHO MAKES EASTER FINERY, AND THE GIRL WHO WEARS IT.
COMING HOME FROM SUNDAY SCHOOL.
ARCHIE GUNN.

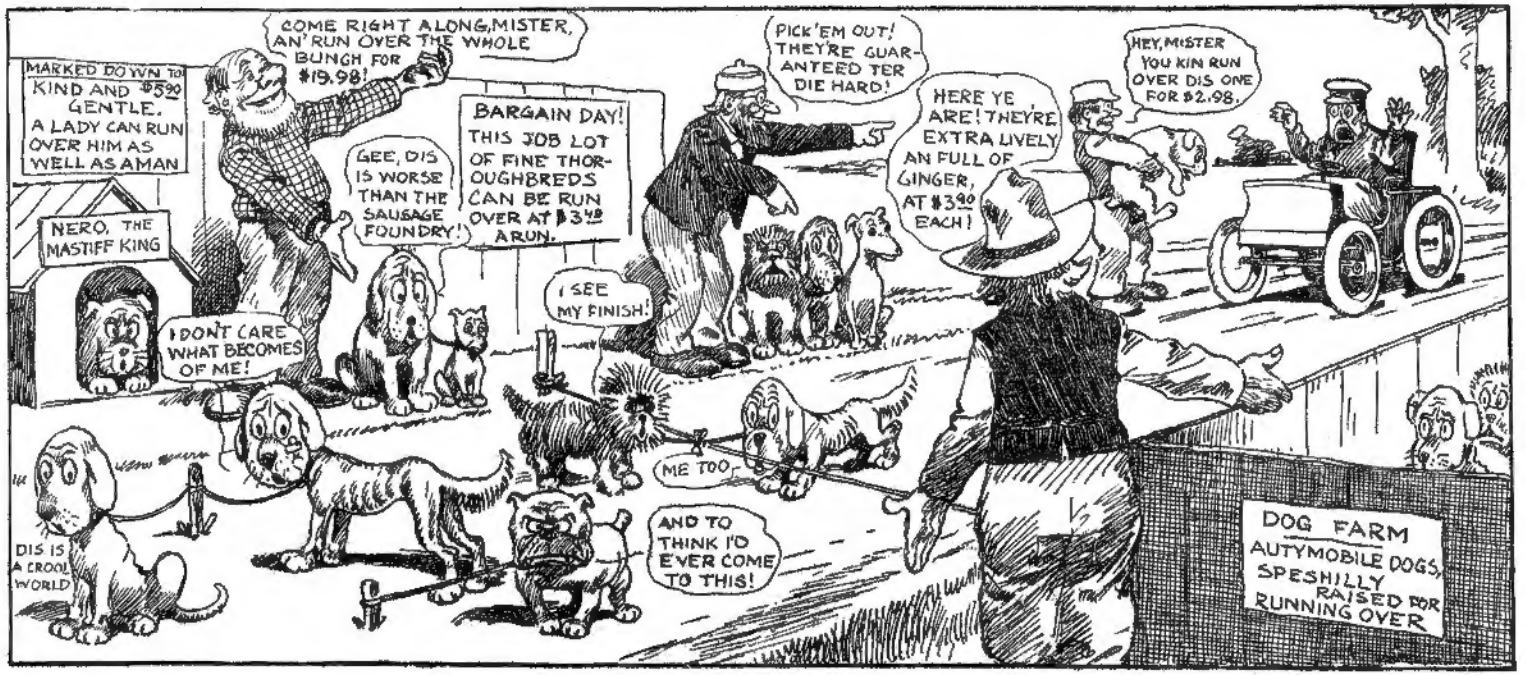
SOME EASTER FANCIES.

THE AUTO CREATES A NEW RECORD








COME RIGHT ALONG, MISTER, AN' RUN OVER THE WHOLE BUNCH FOR $19.98!
MARKED DOWN TO $5.90
KIND AND GENTLE. A LADY CAN RUN OVER HIM AS WELL AS A MAN
BARGAIN DAY! THIS JOB LOT OF FINE THOROUGHBREDS CAN BE RUN OVER AT $3.45 A RUN.
GEE, DIS IS WORSE THAN THE SAUSAGE FOUNDRY!
NERO, THE MASTIFF KING
I DON'T CARE WHAT BECOMES OF ME!
I SEE MY FINISH!
ME TOO
AND TO THINK I'D EVER COME TO THIS!
DIS IS A CROOL WORLD
PICK 'EM OUT! THEY'RE GUARANTEED TER DIE HARD!
HERE YE ARE! THEY'RE EXTRA LIVELY AN FULL OF GINGER, AT $3.90 EACH!
HEY, MISTER YOU KIN RUN OVER DIS ONE FOR $2.98.
DOG FARM
AUTYMOBILE DOGS, SPESHILLY RAISED FOR RUNNING OVER

The PHIL'ADELPHIA INQUIRER
JULY 13, 1902.
COMIC SECTION.

F. Ferdinand A-Whaling Goes.

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BERTIE'S NEW DUCK SUIT AND A COLORED SUPPLEMENT PAINT BOX.

Bertie—I'll just buy this paper for Willie, as I know it will please his sister.

"Whew! It's starting to rain, and I'll spoil this new Panama and white duck suit."

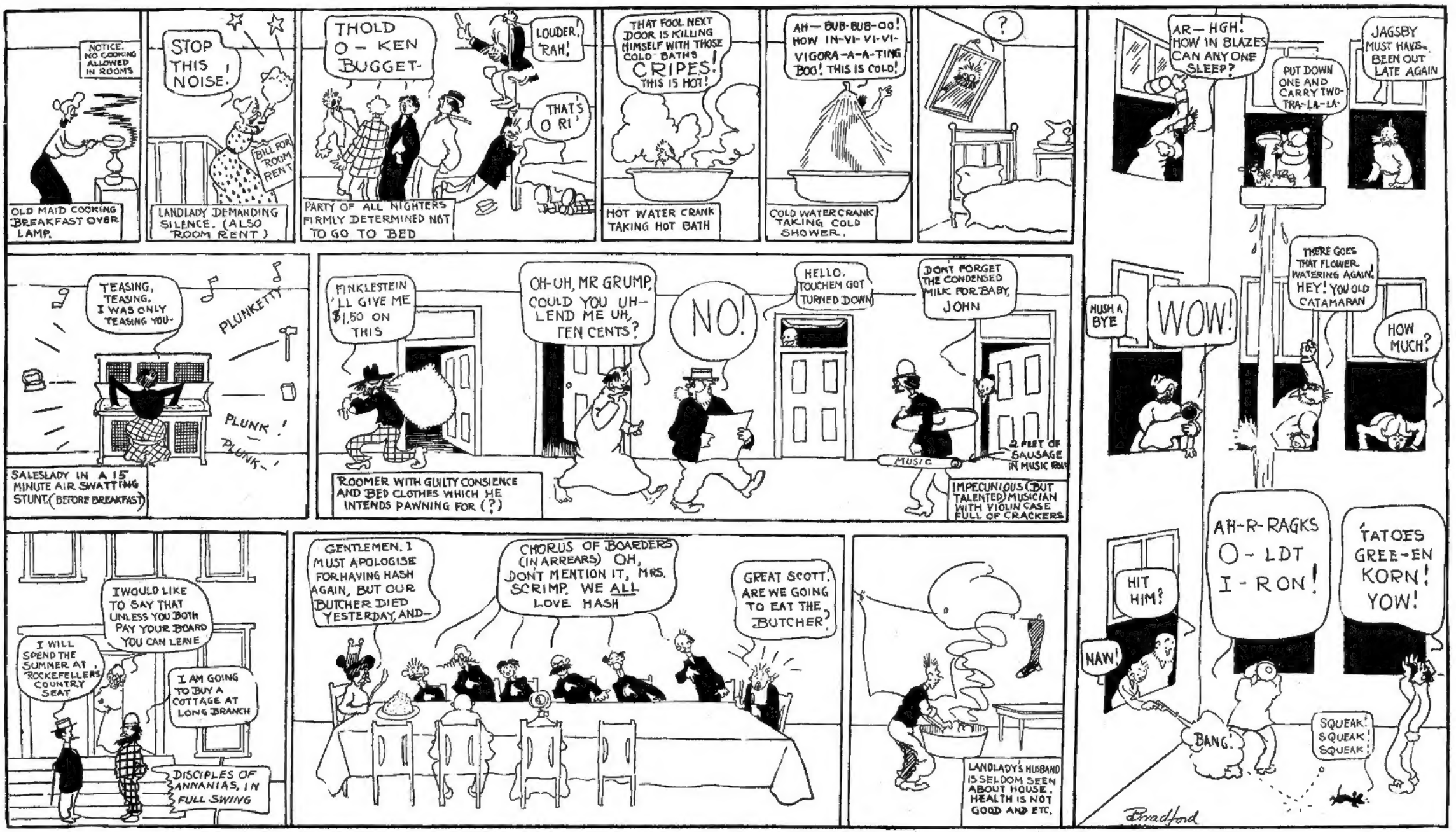
"Clever idea. I'll wrap this paper around me

"It's pouring"

"I'll have to run for it."

Girls—Why, Bertie, you must have run through a rainbow Ha! ha! ha!

7 A. M. IN THE BEDLAM FLATS


NOTICE. NO COOKING ALLOWED IN ROOMS
OLD MAID COOKING BREAKFAST OVER LAMP.
STOP THIS NOISE.
BILL FOR ROOM RENT
LANDLADY DEMANDING SILENCE. (ALSO ROOM RENT)
THOLD O-KEN BUGGET-
LOUDER, 'RAH!
THAT'S O RI'
PARTY OF ALL NIGHTERS FIRMLY DETERMINED NOT TO GO TO BED
THAT FOOL NEXT DOOR IS KILLING HIMSELF WITH THOSE COLD BATHS CRIPES! THIS IS HOT!
HOT WATER CRANK TAKING HOT BATH
AH—BUB-BUB-OO! HOW IN-VI-VI-VI-VIGORA-A-A-TING BOO! THIS IS COLD!
COLD WATER CRANK TAKING COLD SHOWER.
?
TEASING, TEASING, I WAS ONLY TEASING YOU-
PLUNKETTY
PLUNK!
PLUNK-
SALESLADY IN A 15 MINUTE AIR SWATTING STUNT. (BEFORE BREAKFAST)
FINKLESTEIN 'LL GIVE ME $1.50 ON THIS
OH-UH, MR GRUMP, COULD YOU UH—LEND ME UH, TEN CENTS?
NO!
HELLO, TOUCHEM GOT TURNED DOWN
DON'T FORGET THE CONDENSED MILK FOR BABY, JOHN
2 FEET OF SAUSAGE IN MUSIC ROLL
MUSIC
ROOMER WITH GUILTY CONSIENCE AND BED CLOTHES WHICH HE INTENDS PAWNING FOR (?)
IMPECUNIOUS (BUT TALENTED) MUSICIAN WITH VIOLIN CASE FULL OF CRACKERS
I WOULD LIKE TO SAY THAT UNLESS YOU BOTH PAY YOUR BOARD YOU CAN LEAVE
I WILL SPEND THE SUMMER AT ROCKEFELLERS COUNTRY SEAT
I AM GOING TO BUY A COTTAGE AT LONG BRANCH
DISCIPLES OF SANNANIAS, IN FULL SWING
GENTLEMEN, I MUST APOLOGISE FOR HAVING HASH AGAIN, BUT OUR BUTCHER DIED YESTERDAY, AND—
CHORUS OF BOARDERS (IN ARREARS) OH, DON'T MENTION IT, MRS. SCRIMP. WE ALL LOVE HASH
GREAT SCOTT! ARE WE GOING TO EAT THE BUTCHER?
LANDLADY'S HUSBAND IS SELDOM SEEN ABOUT HOUSE. HEALTH IS NOT GOOD AND ETC.
AR—HGH! HOW IN BLAZES CAN ANY ONE SLEEP?
PUT DOWN ONE AND CARRY TWO-TRA-LA-LA.
JAGSBY MUST HAVE BEEN OUT LATE AGAIN
HUSH A BYE
WOW!
THERE GOES THAT FLOWER. WATERING AGAIN. HEY! YOU OLD CATAMARAN
HOW MUCH?
HIT HIM?
NAW!
AH-R-RAGKS O-LDT I-RON!
'TATOES GREE-EN KORN! YOW!
BANG.
SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!
Bradford

AIR CASTLES

HEIRS WANTED!
$500,000,000 INVOLVED!

THE CITY OF NEW YORK STANDS ON PROPERTY THAT RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO THE SMITH FAMILY AS CAN BE PROVEN BY DEEDS NOW IN MY POSSESSION.

ALL SMITHS (OR SMYTHS) DESIRING TO SHARE IN THIS ESTATE WILL PLEASE ATTEND A PUBLIC MEETING TO BE HELD IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ON THE 32ND DAY OF MARCH, 1906, TO TAKE SUCH LEGAL PROCEEDING AS MAY BE NECESSARY TO PROVE OUR CLAIMS. $2 ADMISSION.

J. SMYTHE SMITH,
ATTORNEY

J. SMYTHE SMITH, ATTORNEY—THAT'S ME!

1

THEY MEET

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

WE HAVE BEEN ROBBED OF OUR RIGHTS! WE MUST EVICT THESE SQUATTERS FROM OUR PROPERTY. TO DO THIS IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO ASSESS EACH HEIR $5 TO DEFRAY THE LEGAL EXPENSES. THIS CITY IS OURS AND WE SHALL PROVE IT!

THE ASTORS MUST GO

DEED OF ISLAND OF MANHATTAN TO JOHN SMITH 1411

2

THEY MEET AGAIN—
(ONE YEAR LATER).

HERE ARE 1,000 LETTERS WE HAVE RECEIVED FROM NEW YORK PROPERTY HOLDERS REQUESTING OUR TERMS OF SETTLEMENT. THE GOOD WORK IS GOING ON. THE GREAT EXPENSE WE HAVE BEEN TO WILL NECESSITATE AN IMMEDIATE ASSESSMENT OF $5 UPON EACH ONE OF THE 40,000 HEIRS. YOU SEE WE HAVE GOT TO HAVE THE BEST LEGAL TALENT.

3

THEY MEET FOR THE THIRD TIME—
(TWO YEARS LATER).

GOOD THINGS COME SLOW BUT WE ARE MAKING GREAT PROGRESS AND THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION OF OUR ULTIMATE SUCCESS. WE FIND IT NECESSARY TO SEND A COMMITTEE TO HOLLAND TO SEARCH THE RECORDS THERE AND SHALL HAVE TO MAKE A FURTHER ASSESSMENT OF $2 ON EACH MEMBER. TO DEFRAY THE EXPENSES

4

FOURTH MEETING—
(THREE YEARS LATER).

AT LAST WE ARE ABOUT TO COME INTO OUR OWN. THE LAST STRAW OF OPPOSITION HAS BEEN SWEPT AWAY. TO WIPE OUT ALL OUTSTANDING INDEBTEDNESS WE SHALL HAVE TO ASK YOUR INDULGENCE FOR A LAST ASSESSMENT OF $3 EACH. I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT THE NEXT MEETING WILL SEE US IN POSSESSION OF THIS GREAT CITY.

5

DICTATING A LETTER TO THE HEIRS—
(FOUR YEARS HAS ELAPSED).

TO THE SMITH HEIRS—
I REGRET TO ANNOUNCE TO YOU THAT OUR CLAIM TO MANHATTAN ISLAND HAS BEEN THROWN OUT OF COURT, AND THAT I SHALL HAVE TO ASK A FINAL ASSESSMENT OF $1 EACH TO CLOSE OUT THE AFFAIRS OF THE SOCIETY.

YOURS TRULY
J. SMYTHE SMITH,
ATTORNEY.

ASIDE—WHAT A PITY TO STOP WORK ON A MINE LIKE THAT. I GUESS I'LL WORK 'EM ON NEWLY DISCOVERED EVIDENCE NEXT YEAR!

6

LEON BARRITT

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AIR CASTLES

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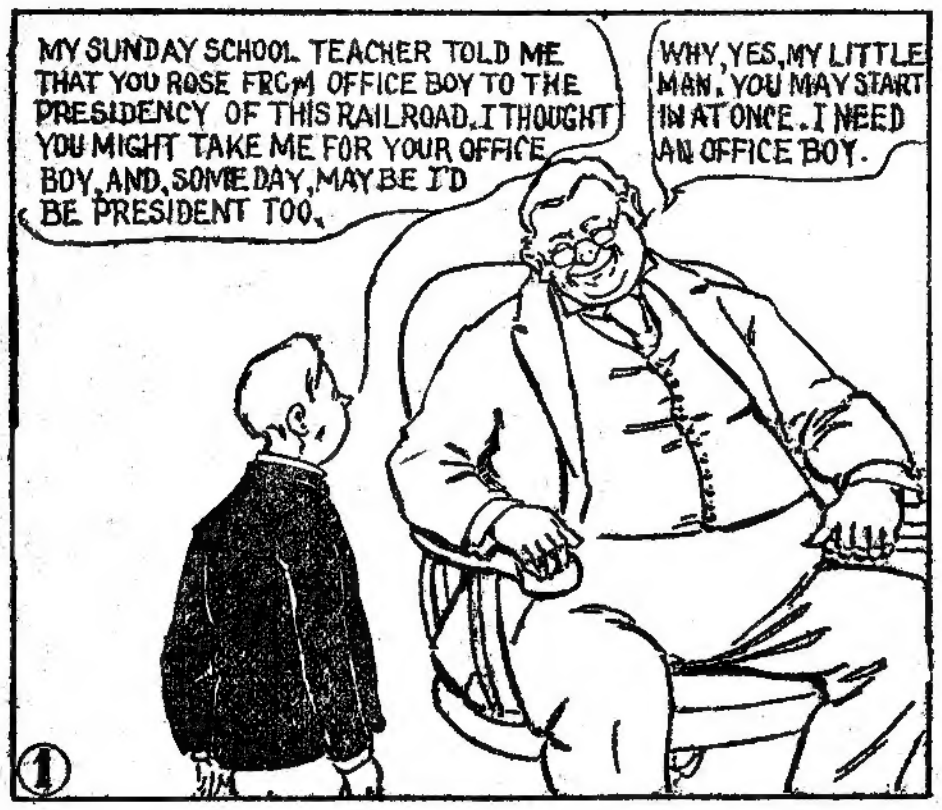
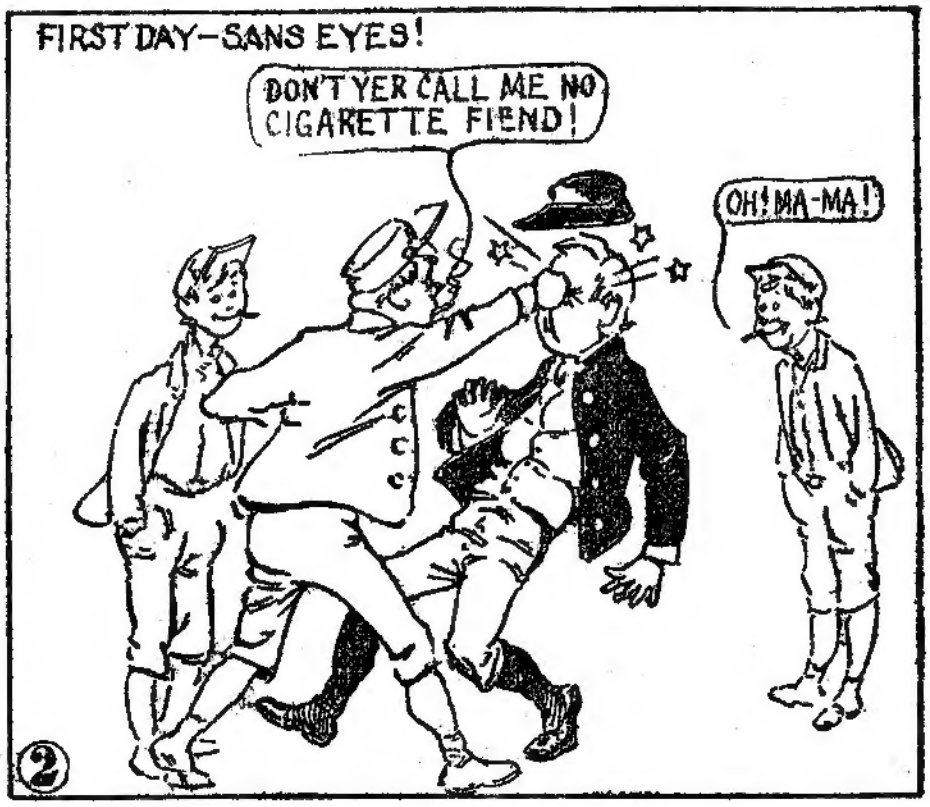
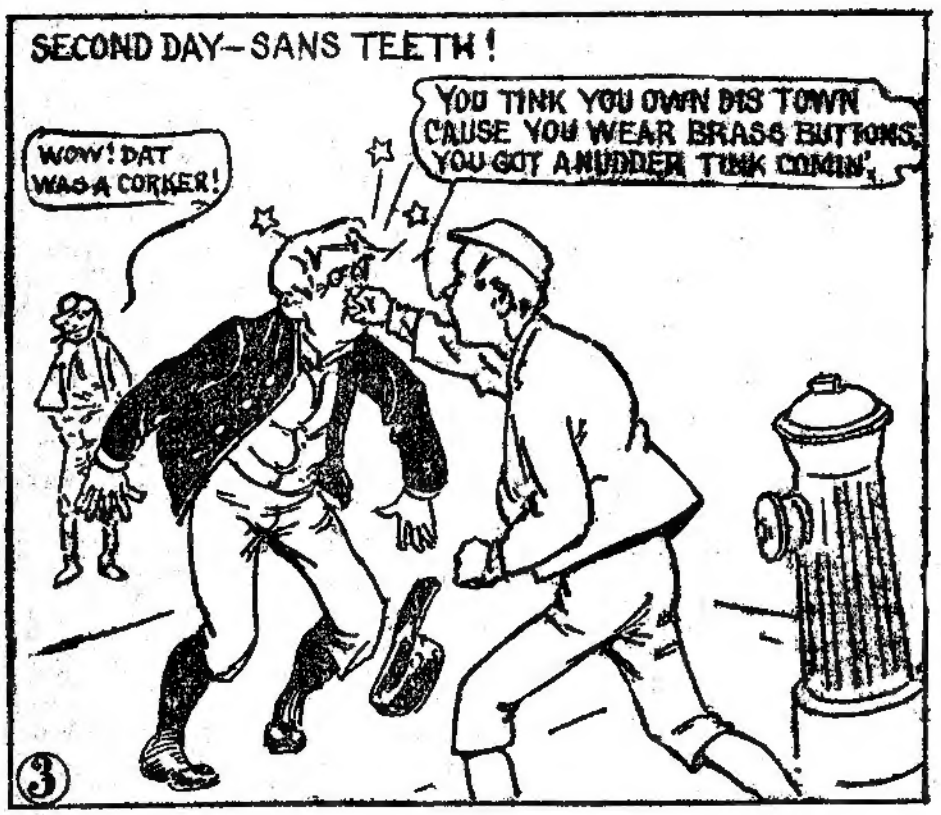
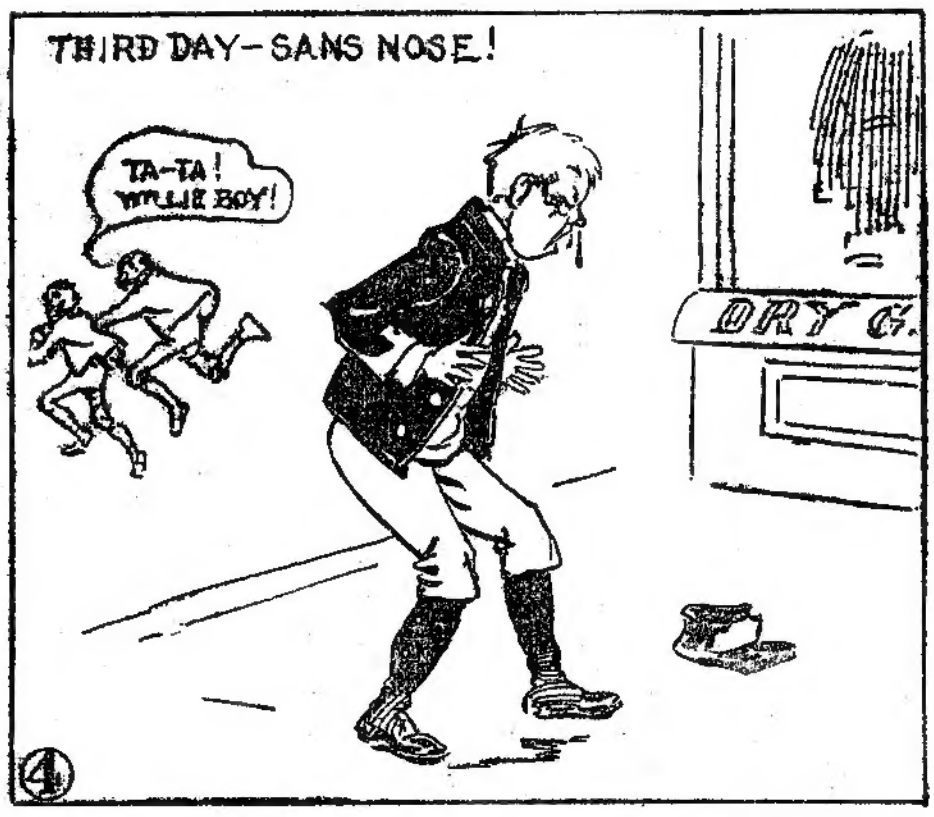
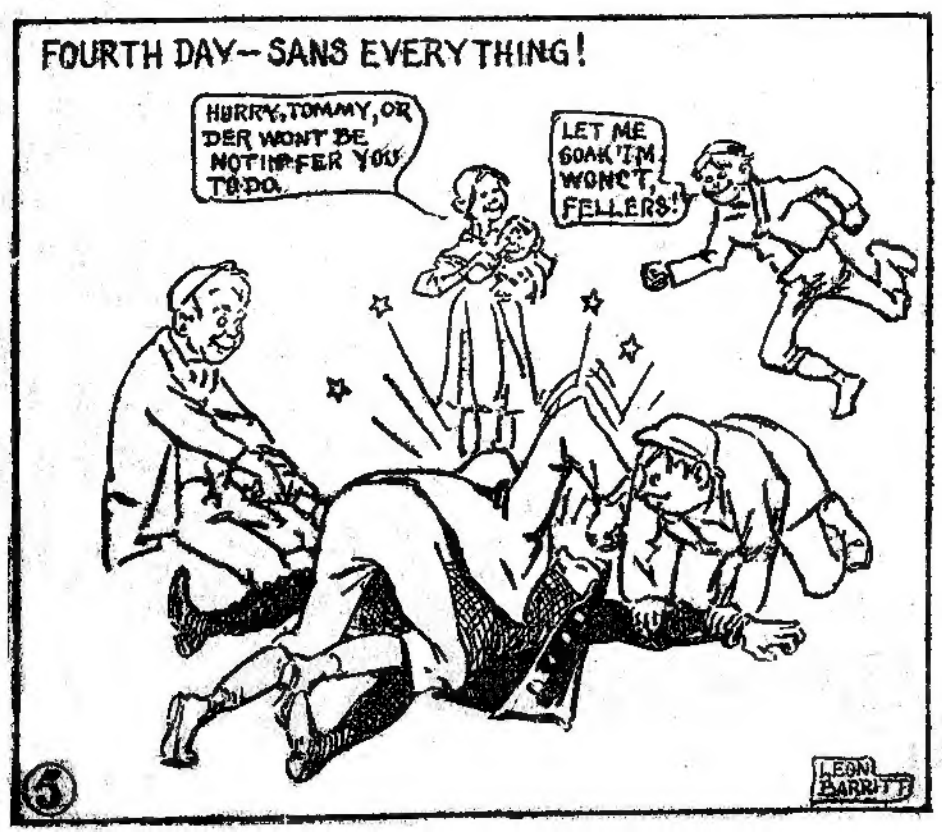
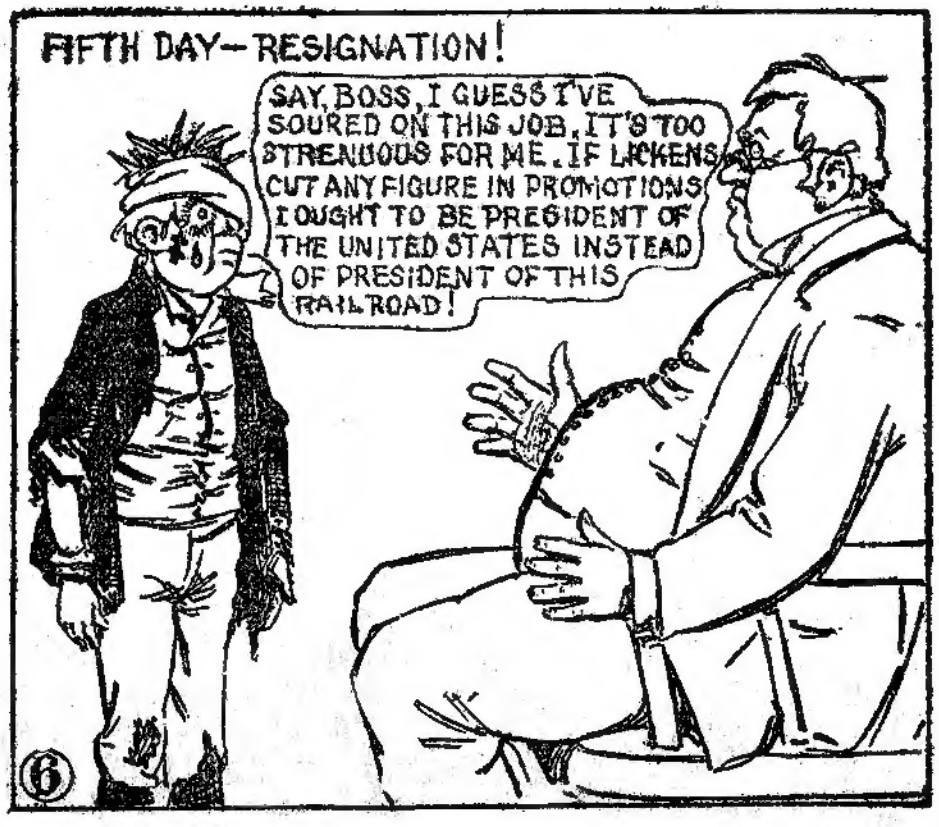

MY SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER TOLD ME THAT YOU ROSE FROM OFFICE BOY TO THE PRESIDENCY OF THIS RAILROAD. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT TAKE ME FOR YOUR OFFICE BOY, AND, SOME DAY, MAY BE I'D BE PRESIDENT TOO.
WHY, YES, MY LITTLE MAN. YOU MAY START IN AT ONCE. I NEED AN OFFICE BOY.
1




SECOND DAY—SANS TEETH!
WOW! DAT WAS A CORKER!
YOU TINK YOU OWN DIS TOWN CAUSE YOU WEAR BRASS BUTTONS, YOU GOT ANUDDER TINK COMIN',
3






FIFTH DAY—RESIGNATION!
SAY, BOSS, I GUESS I'VE SOURED ON THIS JOB. IT'S TOO STRENUOUS FOR ME. IF LICKENS CUT ANY FIGURE IN PROMOTIONS I OUGHT TO BE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES INSTEAD OF PRESIDENT OF THIS RAILROAD!
6

A MAN WANTS FROM 3 SIDES TO SIDE BUT A WOMAN IS ALWAYS AT IT
BUSTER BROWN

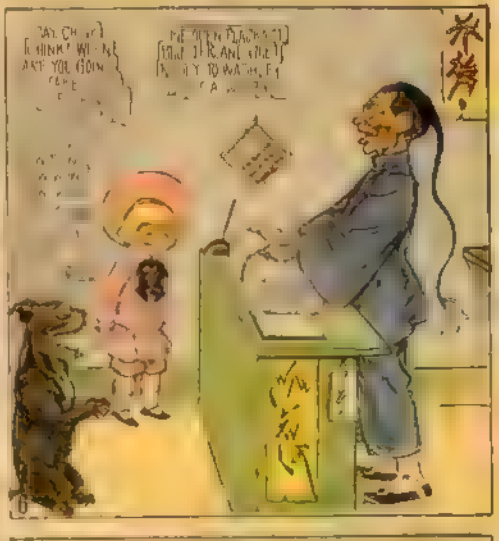
OH LOOK HERE WE HAVE COMPA... THIS MORNING A FEW FRISKY
1

2

3

4

5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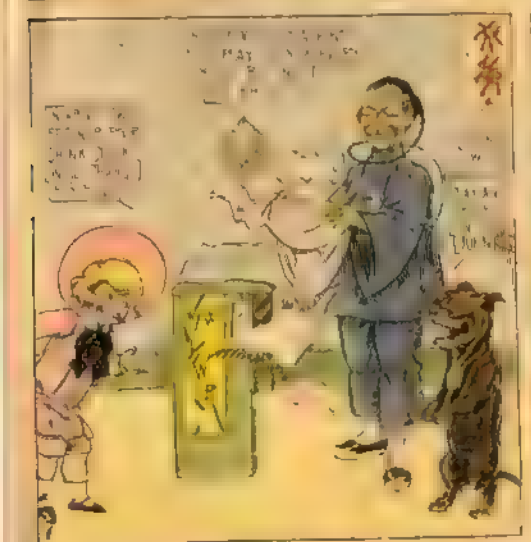
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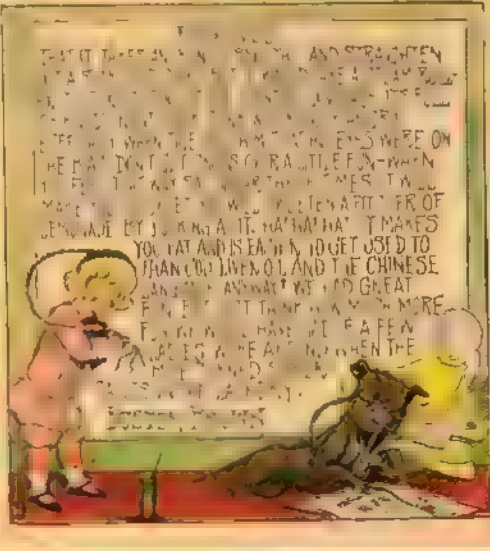
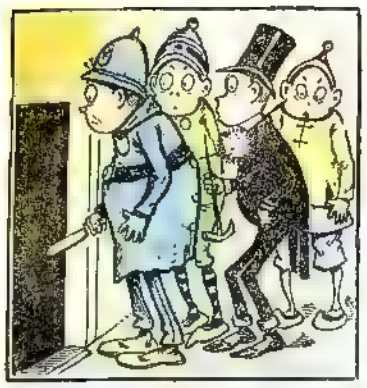




The American-Reveille

COMIC SECTION··· SUNDAY JULY-14-1907

BROWNIE CLOWN of BROWNIETOWN

BY PALMER COX

Copyright, 1907, by Palmer Cox

Belly darkee!
Di wonder whoi it is alwiz dark at night!
I guess der answer is pecause it vas a dark secret!
STOP! In the name of the law!

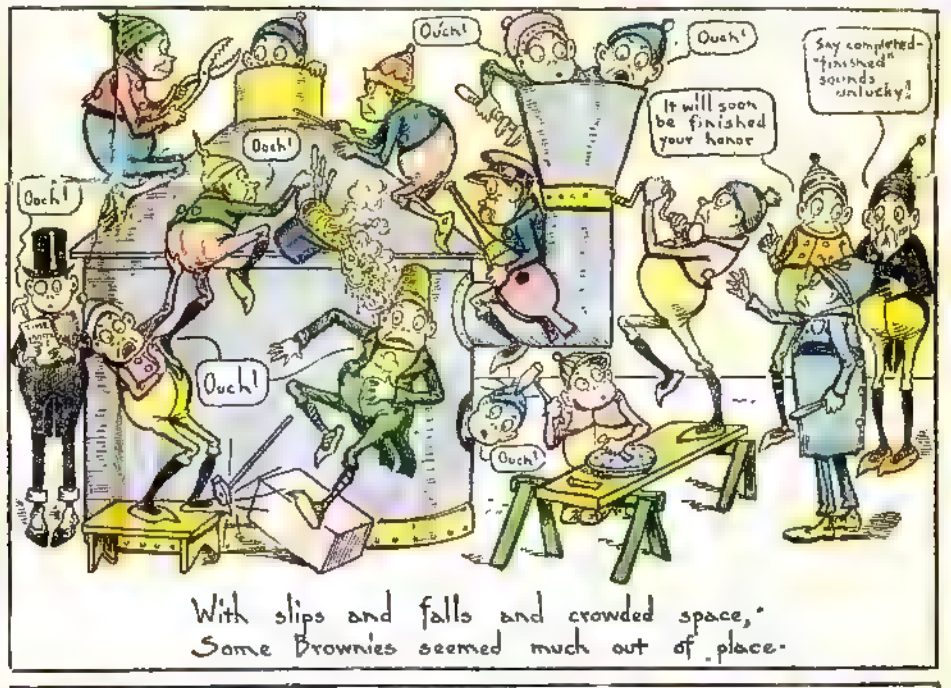
The Brownie town had need of light
At times when stars kept out of sight.

I will keep der bugs off der gas plant- yes?
It's a deuced bright idea!
The plan has my approval!
I've selected the night!
TIME BOOK
PLANS

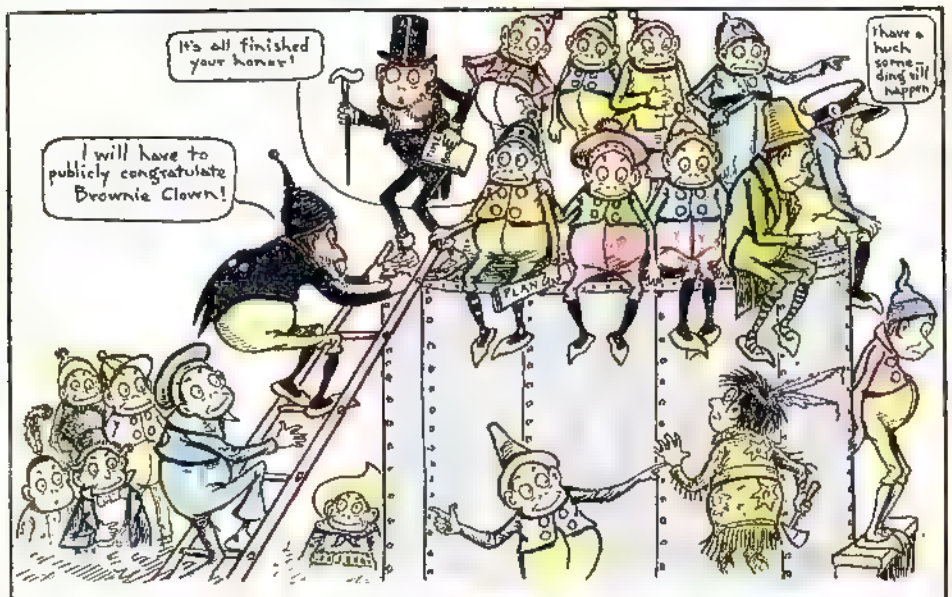
The clown was quick to form a class
To aid in manufacturing gas.

The dude is the only light thing about it!
Put your kicking- it's only light employment
I tinks me dot clown vas petter at making hot air!
If you call this light employment this myself thats asleep!
TIME BOOK

Great work they had to tackle there,
And sometimes heavy burdens bear.



With slips and falls and crowded space,
Some Brownies seemed much out of place.



While Brownies sat without a fear
Upon the tank a spark was near.

The spark got in with gas to blend,
And still the band on stars depend

The Inter Ocean

SUNDAY, AUGUST 11, 1907

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HANDSOME HAWTREY AND FAITHFUL FRITZ---DYNAMITE AND MULE PROVE A BAD COMBINATION

A FELLER GIF ME DIS MULE! WHOTCHER GOT IN DER CAN
I GOT A CAN OF STALE DYNAMITE
HAW! WHY DIDNT YOU GIT A TALLER MULE WHILE YOU WERE AT IT!
MY STARS
AIN'T NO WAY TO RIDE A MULE ANY HOW
HAW! SAY DIS MULE'S NERVOUS!
REMEMBER, HAWTREY DAT WE HAS A INWITATION TER DINE TERNIGHT AN' DONT STAY UP DERE TOO LONG!
HAW! MAKE DAT CAN QUICK FRITZ!
KEEP OFF!
HOSPITAL

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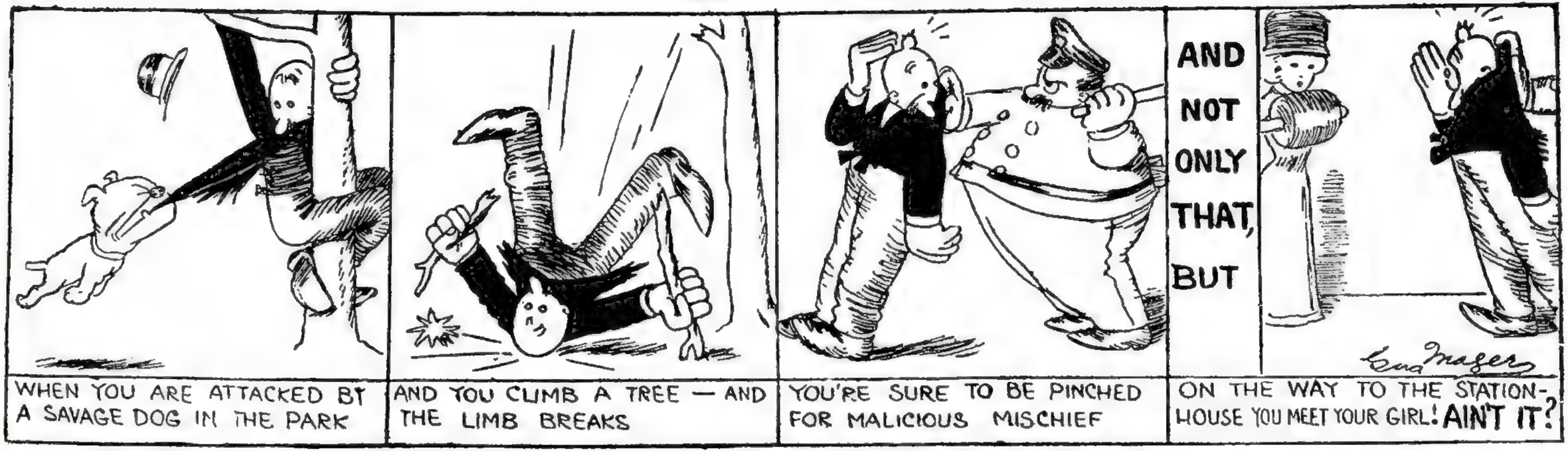
Ain't It?

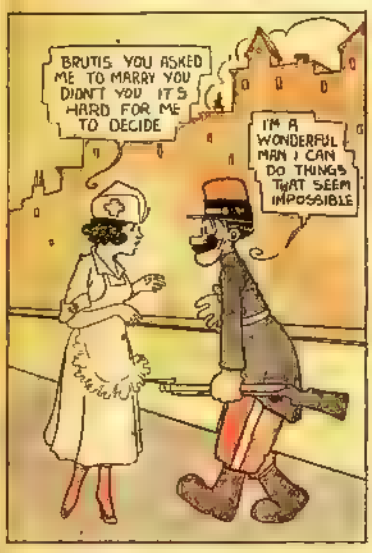
Copyright, 1909, by American-Hearst-Examiner.


WHEN YOU ARE ATTACKED BY A SAVAGE DOG IN THE PARK
AND YOU CLIMB A TREE — AND THE LIMB BREAKS
YOU'RE SURE TO BE PINCHED FOR MALICIOUS MISCHIEF
AND NOT ONLY THAT, BUT
ON THE WAY TO THE STATION-HOUSE YOU MEET YOUR GIRL! AIN'T IT?
Gus Mager

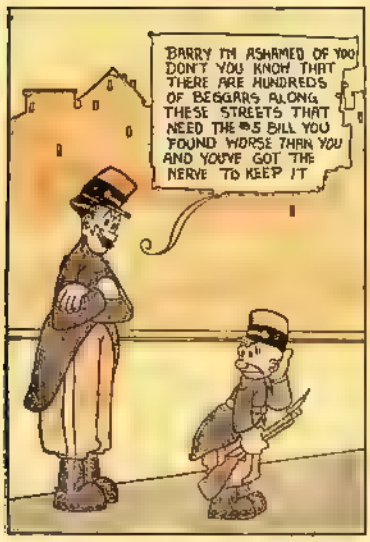
Mr. Henpeck Didn't Even Dream of Suicide . . . *By Frank H. Willard*

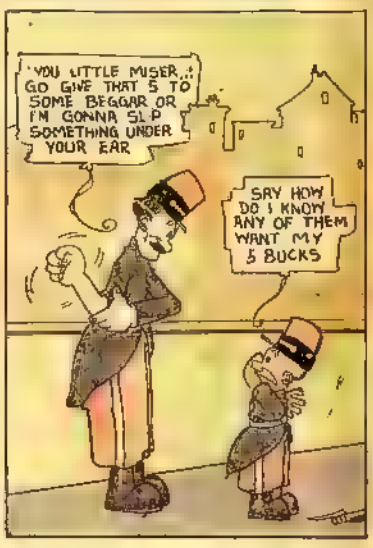
BARRY THE BOOB

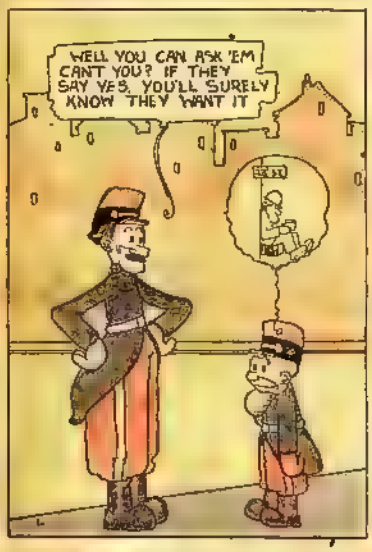
Barry Is Some Diplomat



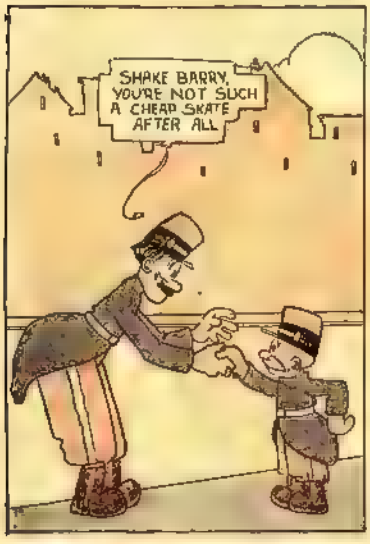
YOU SAY YOU CAN DO IMPOSSIBLE STUFF WELL IF YOU MAKE BARRY GIVE THE $5 HE FOUND TO A BEGGAR I'LL MARRY YOU
I CAN MAKE HIM DO ANYTHING


BARRY I'M ASHAMED OF YOU! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF BEGGARS ALONG THESE STREETS THAT NEED THE $5 BILL YOU FOUND WORSE THAN YOU AND YOU'VE GOT THE NERVE TO KEEP IT


YOU LITTLE MISER..! GO GIVE THAT 5 TO SOME BEGGAR OR I'M GONNA SLAP SOMETHING UNDER YOUR EAR
SAY HOW DO I KNOW ANY OF THEM WANT MY 5 BUCKS



GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. I PASS A BEGGAR EVERY MORNING ON 23RD ST. I'LL GO DOWN AND ASK HIM IF HE WANTS $5 IF HE SAYS YES I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM



WE'LL FOLLOW HIM HE SAID HE'D ASK A BEGGAR IF HE WANTED 5 BUCKS AND IF HE SAID YES HE'D GIVE IT TO HIM SO I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO MARRY ME

Kayo Tortoni Employs a History Sharp to Trace Back the Family Tree -:- -:- By McGurk.

FANCY A GUY NAMED ANNA WITH CURTAINS!
THERE WAS A MEXICAN WAR TORTONI WHO DISTINGUISHED HERSELF BY SWINGING ON GENERAL SANTA ANNA'S PORTIERES
HEY, MOLL, WHERE'LL YOU HAVE THE BLOOMIN' CANNON SET UP?
THE GENEOLOGIST HAS GOTTEN AS FAR BACK AS '76, AND DISCOVERED THAT ONE OF TORTONI'S ANCESTORS WAS GREAT PALS WITH SERG'T MOLLY PITCHER OF REVOLUTIONARY WAR FAME
CHEERIO, OLD!
THERE'S ALSO A VERY PROMISING CLUE THAT MAY LEAD THE PROFESSOR TO THE BACK WOODS OF SOUTH AMERICA WHERE THOSE WILD AND WOOLY AMAZONS GO KNOCKING ABOUT

EM OVER
UIS A. DOUGHER

n Will Shine.

coming season," chirps President nown as about the best outfielder t campaign. I'm not saying he'll showed here last season, I have t around .800. Any time a raw the very best pitchers at the fag going at top speed and hit as he g."

boil and bubble, drop in at the goes to Tampa and have a chat suggest this young outfielder from atch him perform. If he has been ir, as befits a big league mogul, begin waving both hands. He'll

Says Damon Runyon:

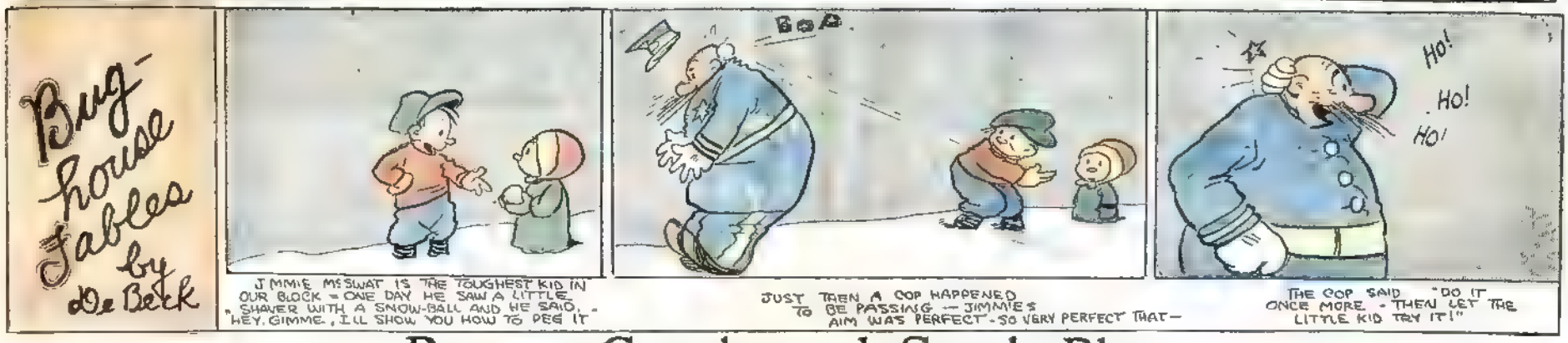
They Box in Mexico.

DOWN yonder near Tia Juana, in the land of the hot tamale, and the hotter Jim Coffroth, the box-fight flourishes loosely.

It seems that the boys are putting on bouts in the old bull ring at Mexicali, where John Arthur Johnson held forth briefly at one period of his peregrinations. It was from Mexicali, in fact, that Johnson came to deliver himself up to the law.

Perhaps Jack felt that Leavenworth was preferable to Mexicali.

Anyway, the game goes forward there under the direction of various promoters, including Captain G. W. Stevens, who is the Tex Rickard, of Mexicali. They can seat 3,000 persons in the bull ring at Mexicali, and it is of record that they have been so filled. The management, in its announcements of its bouts "guarantees polite and courteous


Bug-house Fables by Doc Beck
JIMMIE McSWAT IS THE TOUGHEST KID IN OUR BLOCK - ONE DAY HE SAW A LITTLE SHAVER WITH A SNOW-BALL AND HE SAID, "HEY, GIMME, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO PEE IT
BOO
JUST THEN A COP HAPPENED TO BE PASSING — JIMMIE'S AIM WAS PERFECT - SO VERY PERFECT THAT—
HO! HO! HO!
THE COP SAID "DO IT ONCE MORE - THEN LET THE LITTLE KID TRY IT!"

Barney Google and Spark Plug

Registered U. S. Patent Office

YOU'LL HAVE TO VACATE THIS ROOM AT ONCE! I WON'T HAVE THAT SQUALLING KID IN MY BOARDING-HOUSE ONE MINUTE LONGER!!
GET OUT!!
HAVE A HEART MRS. CALLAHAN - IT WASN'T MY FAULT IF SOMEBODY LEFT HIM ON MY DOORSTEP
1
BAW
SHE'S GOT A HEART IN HER AS COLD AS A POLAR BEAR'S NOSE = SHE AIN'T GOT THE ONLY BOARDING-HOUSE IN TOWN = THIS NEIGHBORHOOD'S FULL OF 'EM = COME ON, SPARKY
SPARK PLUG
2
I'M LOOKING FOR A FURNISHED ROOM BROTHER
WITH THAT KID? NOTHING DOING! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE IN THIS HOUSE WITH OUR OWN BABY.
SPARK PLUG
FURNISHED ROOM FOR RENT
3
AHHH — HERE'S A GOLDEN CHANCE TO GET A HOME FOR LITTLE PUZZUMS!
WU WU
4
SHHH
JUMMA GUBBA WU WU
SPARK PLUG
5
NOW MY WORRIES ARE OVER - THAT NURSE WILL FIND PUZZUMS IN THE CARRIAGE! TAKE HIM HOME AND HE'LL BE ADOPTED!! I'LL PUT SPARKY BACK IN THE BARN - THEN GO AND RENT THAT FURNISHED ROOM
SPARK PLUG
6
SURE YOU REMEMBER ME! I WAS HERE ABOUT AN HOUR AGO WITH THE BABY - WELL, THE KID'S GONE! I'VE JUST SENT HIM TO HIS GRANDMOTHER'S UP IN MAINE = I'M FREE NOW TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER FOR THAT ROOM
I DON'T LIKE YOUR LOOKS BUT I GUESS YOU'RE ALL RIGHT - COME IN'
FURNISHED ROOM FOR RENT
7
I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND THIS ROOM COMFORTABLE
IT'S GREAT! I'M GONNA PILE IN RIGHT NOW AND CATCH UP ON SOME SLEEP
8
I ONLY HAD MY BACK TURNED FOR A MINUTE SIR AND I FOUND THIS CHILD IN THE CARRIAGE WITH JUNIOR
BAW
I'VE SEEN THAT KID BEFORE
9
?
ZZZ
10
OUT SIDE! BOTH OF YOU!!!
11
ZZZ
ZZZ
ZZZ
ZZZ
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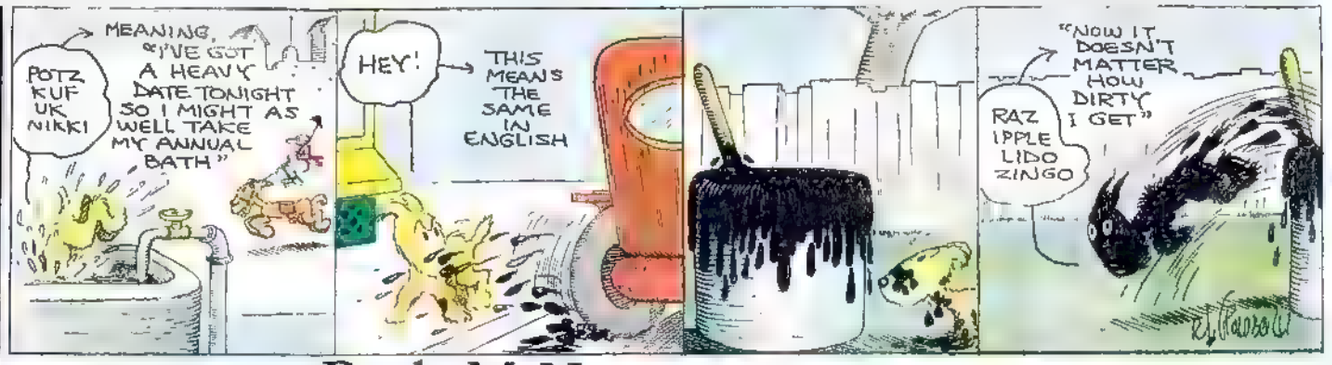
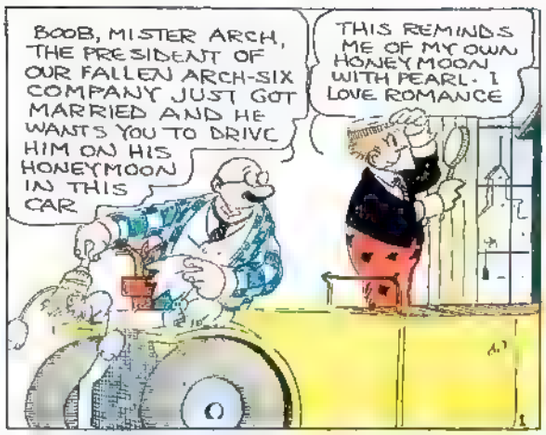
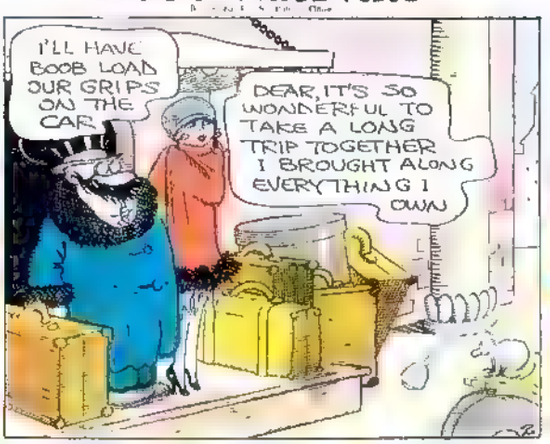
2-14
12

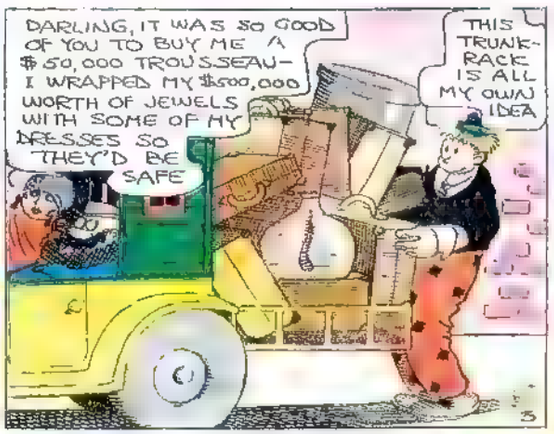
BERTHA THE SIBERIAN CHEESEHOUND

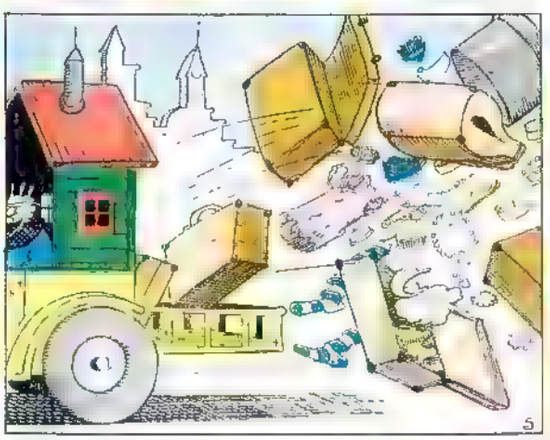

POTZ KUF UK NIKKI
MEANING, "I'VE GOT A HEAVY DATE TONIGHT SO I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE MY ANNUAL BATH"
HEY!
THIS MEANS THE SAME IN ENGLISH
RAZ IPPLE LIDO ZINGO
"NOW IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW DIRTY I GET"

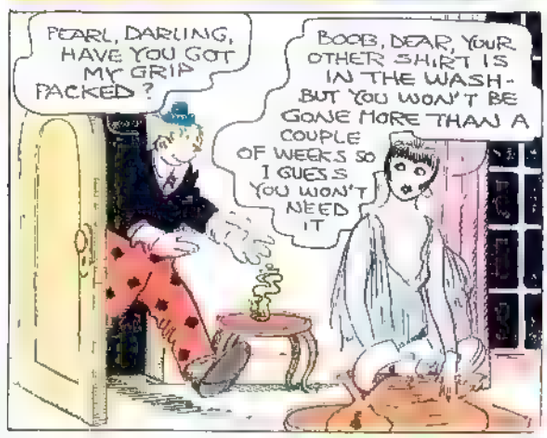
Boob McNutt

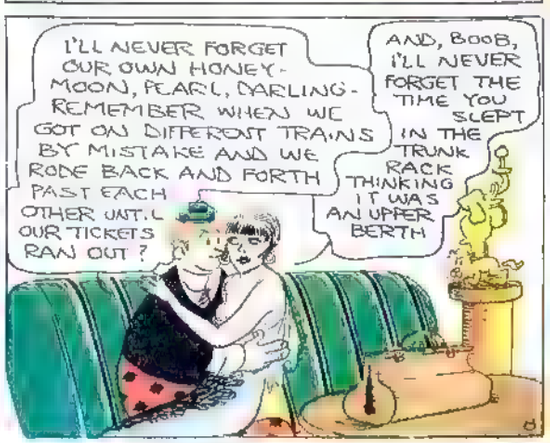

BOOB, MISTER ARCH, THE PRESIDENT OF OUR FALLEN ARCH-SIX COMPANY JUST GOT MARRIED AND HE WANTS YOU TO DRIVE HIM ON HIS HONEYMOON IN THIS CAR
THIS REMINDS ME OF MY OWN HONEYMOON WITH PEARL - I LOVE ROMANCE

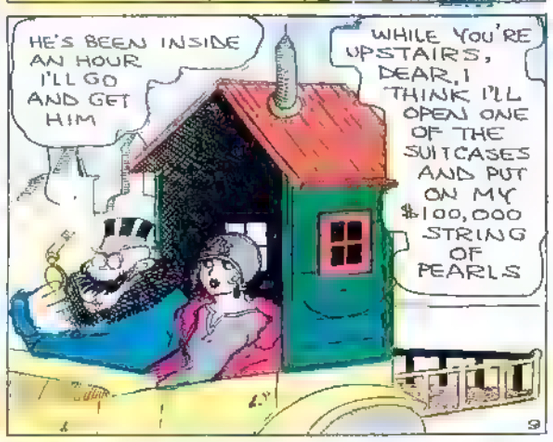


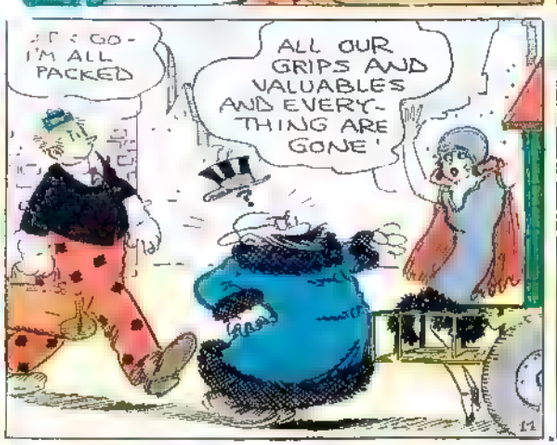

DARLING, IT WAS SO GOOD OF YOU TO BUY ME A $50,000 TROUSSEAU - I WRAPPED MY $500,000 WORTH OF JEWELS WITH SOME OF MY DRESSES SO THEY'D BE SAFE
THIS TRUNK-RACK IS ALL MY OWN IDEA

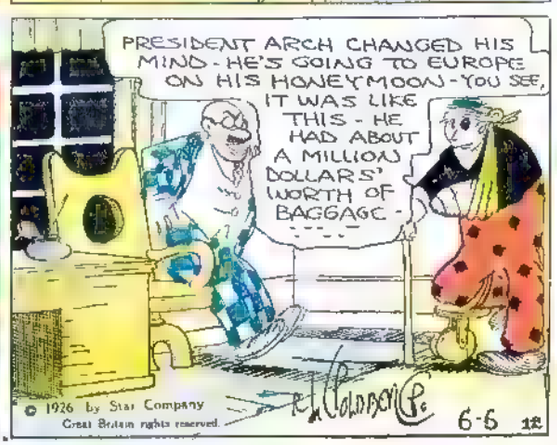



PEARL, DARLING, HAVE YOU GOT MY GRIP PACKED?
BOOB, DEAR, YOUR OTHER SHIRT IS IN THE WASH - BUT YOU WON'T BE GONE MORE THAN A COUPLE OF WEEKS SO I GUESS YOU WON'T NEED IT


I'LL NEVER FORGET OUR OWN HONEY-MOON, PEARL, DARLING - REMEMBER WHEN WE GOT ON DIFFERENT TRAINS BY MISTAKE AND WE RODE BACK AND FORTH PAST EACH OTHER UNTIL OUR TICKETS RAN OUT?
AND, BOOB, I'LL NEVER FORGET THE TIME YOU SLEPT IN THE TRUNK RACK THINKING IT WAS AN UPPER BERTH


HE'S BEEN INSIDE AN HOUR I'LL GO AND GET HIM
WHILE YOU'RE UPSTAIRS, DEAR, I THINK I'LL OPEN ONE OF THE SUITCASES AND PUT ON MY $100,000 STRING OF PEARLS




PRESIDENT ARCH CHANGED HIS MIND - HE'S GOING TO EUROPE ON HIS HONEYMOON - YOU SEE, IT WAS LIKE THIS - HE HAD ABOUT A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF BAGGAGE -
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6-6

Men Who Made the World — *ALEXANDER* — *By Granville Dickey*

WHEN THE ARMY RETURNED PHILIP HAD DOMESTIC TROUBLES. OLYMPIAS, HIS HALF BARBARIC WIFE LEFT HIM AND FLED TO HER NATIVE MOUNTAINS THOUGH ALEXANDER LOVED HIS MOTHER HE REMAINED AT COURT. PHILIP WAS UNTROUBLED OVER HIS LOSS
HE SOON MARRIED AGAIN AND AT THE WEDDING FEAST AN UNCLE OF THE NEW QUEEN MADE AN INSULTING REMARK ABOUT OLYMPIAS
ALEXANDER, INFURIATED, HURLED A GOBLET AT HIS HEAD
THIS ACTION PIQUED KING PHILIP HALF DRUNK, AND
HE STARTED TOWARD HIS SON, SWORD IN HAND, TO KILL HIM
HOWEVER, HE DRUNKENLY TRIPPED AND FELL ON THE FLOOR CONTEMPTUOUSLY, ALEXANDER LOOKED AT HIM AND SPAT UPON HIM THEN IN A VOICE OF THUNDER, ALEXANDER SHOUTED
©ESTER SULLIVAN
"OH PITIFUL HERO THAT YOU ARE! YOU WHO WOULD RULE ALL GREECE SHOULD SHOW THE MANHOOD THAT BECOMES A RULER" WITH A FINAL SNEER HE STORMED FROM THE PALACE TO REJOIN HIS MOTHER IN THE SAVAGE NORTH
TO BE CONTINUED

Illustration by Chester Sullivan from the Alexander Series Reproduced by Courtesy of the Author and the National Newspaper Service

BY GOOD LUCK THE VULTURE, SWIMMING HOPELESSLY IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN BUMPED AGAINST A DERELICT FREIGHTER IN THE FOGGY NIGHT. HIS HANDS CLUTCHED A ROPE'S END, AND HE LABORIOUSLY PULLED HIMSELF OUT OF WHAT HE THOUGHT WOULD BE HIS FINAL RESTING PLACE.

NO--EASY--JOB--THIS! BUT I'D SCALE THE WALL OF CHINA TO GET ON A DRY DECK AGAIN!

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WHE-E-E-OO! I DIDN'T THINK I'D MAKE IT--THE SIDE OF THIS SHIP IS AS SMOOTH AS A CONFIDENCE MAN!

ZACK MOSLEY

WHY I AIN'T SHAVED FER FORTY YEARS--SAVES ME WASHIN' MY NECK AN' EARS, SAID BARNACLE BILL TH' SAILOR!

WHAT'S THAT? DID I HEAR A VOICE? I MUST BE CRAZY!

TO BE CONTINUED 829

BULLETIN BOARD

SKYROADS FLYING CLUB ANSWER TO LAST QUESTION

DEAR JACK:
-FOUR CYCLE ENGINE STROKES-
① INTAKE-GAS ENTERS ON THE INTAKE STROKE--
② COMPRESSION-GAS IS COMPRESSED--
③ POWER--GAS IS EXPLODED, DRIVING PISTON DOWN THUS IMPARTING POWER TO CRANKSHAFT-:
④ EXHAUST--THIS STROKE EXPELLS BURNT GASES THROUGH EXHAUST VALVE-

WHAT TWO CLASSES CAN ENGINE TROUBLES BE PLACED IN?
ASKED BY BART TUMEY

89

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND SINK — STARRING

BUNKY

by BILLY DE BECK

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SHE WON'T TALK, CAPTAIN-

SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'D SEEN BETTER DAYS ---- BETTER TURN HER OVER TO THE MATRON, JIM—

SURELY, THERE MUST BE SOMEONE YOU CAN COMMUNICATE WITH—

NO-NO-NO— I AM ALL ALONE---

OH— MY POOR DEAR MOTHER— IF ONLY HER FOOLISH PRIDE WERE NOT SUCH AN OBSTACLE WE WOULD BE HAPPY TOGETHER ONCE MORE—

PERHAPS THE POLICE CAN HELP ME FIND HER---

SHURE, BUNKY, I NIVER KNEW YE HAD A MAW—

AH --- YES --- SHE IS **YOUNG** AND **LOVELY** TO LOOK UPON— AND MY HEART ACHES TO SEE HER AGAIN -----

YOUSE IS A VIPER!

I WILL SEARCH THE WORLD TILL I FIND MY DEAR MOTHER—

SNIF SNIF

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WE BETTER CALL A DOCTOR, MAC ---- THE POOR WOMAN IS OUT OF HER HEAD ---- SHE'S SOBBING THAT SHE'S THE MOTHER OF **BUNKY**, THE RADIO STAR—

GOOD HEAVENS! BUNKY JUST LEFT HERE A MOMENT AGO!!

JAN. 28—

THANX TO GENE ZUKOR!

Barney Google

Registered U. S. Patent Office

THAT'S A NEW ONE ON ME— I NEVA NOTICED THAT BUILDING BEFORE— ??

ART MUSEUM? HOW MUCH IS IT, BROTHER?

NO CHARGE— WALK RIGHT IN ----

BOY! THE SIZE O' THIS ROOM ---- FIFTY ACROBATS COULD BE IN THE AIR AT THE SAME TIME ----

SUPERB ---- **MAGNIFICENT!** SUCH COLOR! SUCH FEELING!

YOU, SPEAKIN' TO ME, MISTER?

YEP— THAT'S PRETTY GOOD— WAS IT PAINTED BY HAND?

MY WORD!!

??? SUCH IGNORANCE!!

AHH— THIS IS GORGEOUS--- **DIVINE**—

!!*!?! *!!

?

HAW HAW HAW

I WOULDN'T GIVE A DIME FOR IT—

PLEASE **KEEP QUIET!**

WHO, ME? SA'AY ----- I GOT A RIGHT TO MY OPINION, AIN'T I? THAT OLD GEEZER WHO ---- HUH.

THAT PAINTING COST $400,000.00— YES--- THE ONE YOU WERE LAUGHING AT---

HUH?

ONE PITCHER COST 400 GRAND? I DON'T BELIEVE IT---

!!!*

GO ON— LEMME SEE YA **PROVE IT**— GIMME THE ARTIST'S ADDRESS— I'LL---

THE ARTIST WAS **LEONARDO DA VINCI**—

AN' HE'S **DEAD**? GEE— THAT'S DIFFERENT!! SNIF-SNIF ----- I HOPE NOBODY GYPS HIS POOR WIDOW OUTTA ALL THAT DOUGH—

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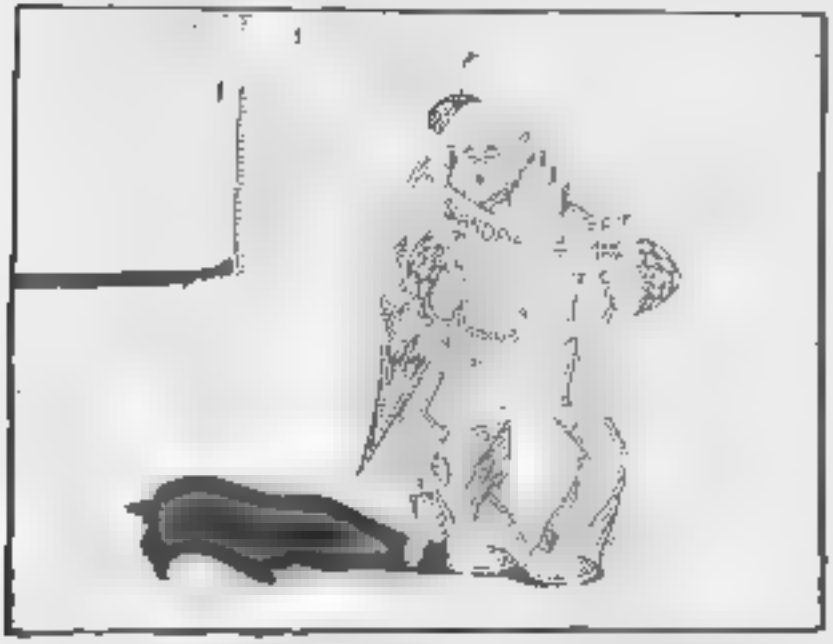
SEUM OF RT

WHAT THE-? HOW WAS I TO KNOW THE POOR GUY DIED 300 YEARS AGO—

JAN. 28—

THE SENIORS HOME JOURNAL

The Nations Scandal Sheet COMBINED W. TH The Pictorial Review



BIRD - LARKIN - SHERBO - NOYES
CZEREPAK - MILLER
BENEDETTI - CHARRON - CORMIER

wald the Lucky Rabbit.

RAYMOND A. FREIL

BRENDA BREEZE
BY
ROLFE
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HI, BRENDA... WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?
CAN'T STOP NOW, LOU!
I'M LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT WITH JOHN VAN SMEER, THE ILLUSTRATOR... HE NEEDS A MODEL FOR A SKIING STORY.
1-2
GEE... I HOPE HE ISN'T GOING TO ASK FOR A DIFFICULT POSE... MY SKIING TECHNIQUE IS A LITTLE RUSTY!
JOHN VAN SMEER
COME IN! THE DOOR'S OPEN!
COPR. 1949 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.
AH, PERFECT! DON'T MOVE, THAT'S JUST THE POSE I WANTED!
ROLFE
1-2
ROVER
Z Z Z
BISCUITS
COPR. 1949 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.
OTIS
BISCUITS
WOOF! WOOF!
HOSPITAL
QUIET!
WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!
1-2
ROLFE

BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR

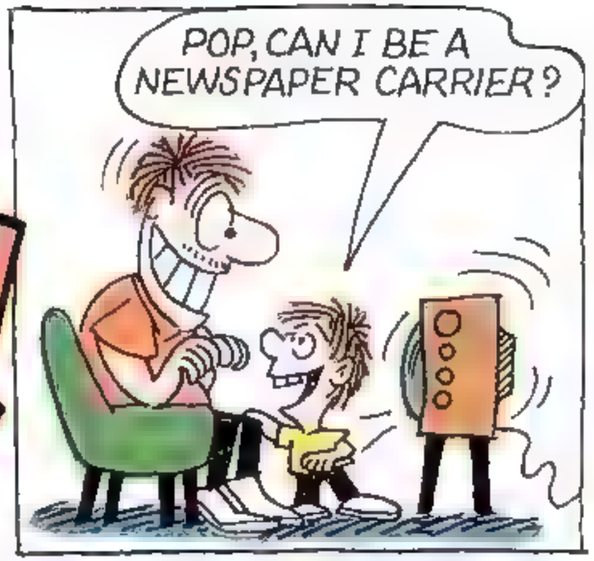
PIG OOQ

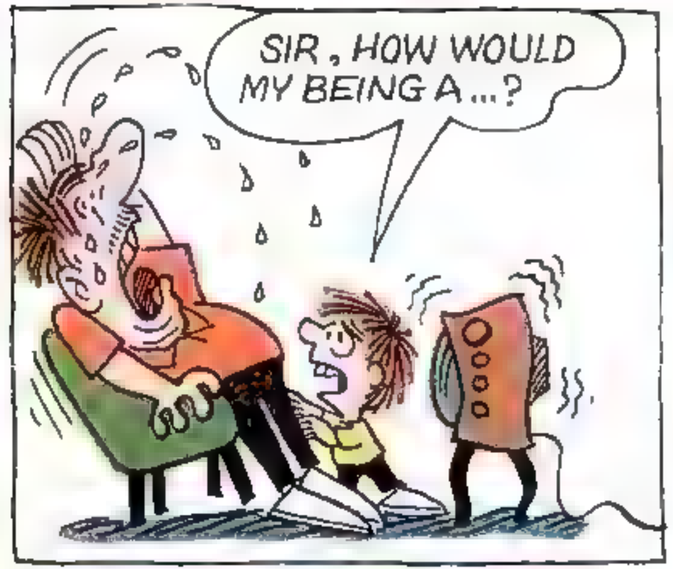
Star of Radio, Television and EXCITING NEW COMIC STRIPS

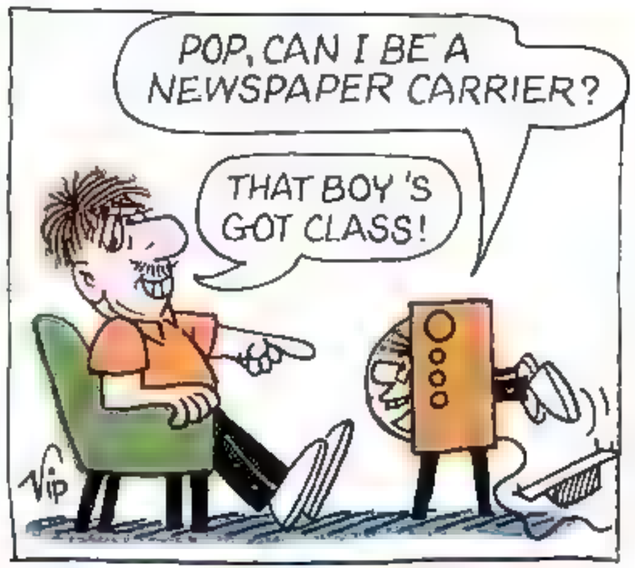
The Adventures Of Pig OOQ
OH, BOY! THAT WATER'S GOING TO FEEL GOOD!
HUH? AN OCTOPUS! LEFT BY THE BRAND HEX GANG, NO DOUBT!
HAH! HE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE. THE OCTOPUS IS TOO WELL "ARMED!"
"KNOTS"
OOQ
FREE
WITH EACH PACKAGE OF TENDER TASTY
FROSTY MORN WIENERS
FROSTY MORN
WIENERS

Different Comic Strips Every Week

Get FROSTY MORN Wieners Today!







DO YOU WANT TO BECOME A DENVER POST CARRIER?

CALL 297-1511 for more details

OR MAIL THIS COUPON

The Denver Post Circulation Dept
650 15th St Denver Colo 80201
Yes I am at least 12 I am interested in finding out more about your carrier route-training program

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . Zip . . . . .

Phone . . . . . .

Age of carrier prospect . . . . . .

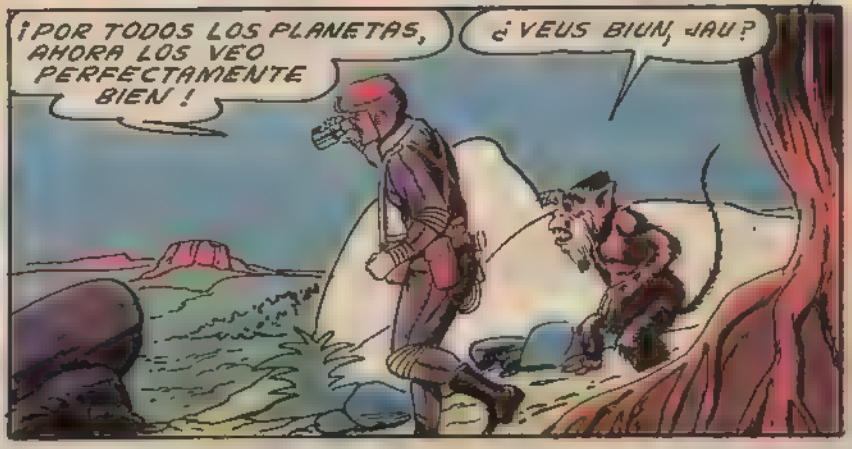
3 MILLION FOR YOU.. ONE FOR YOU.. TWO FOR YOU AND NOW WHEN DO YOU NEED IT?
$30 MILLION
GIVE
GIVE
OTHER CHARITIES
Heart Fund
March of Dimes
Cerebral Palsy
AA
JUST ADD ANOTHER WING!
Westchester MUSEUM of MORMON history & comparative religion
GENEALOGY LIBRARY
FOUNDED 1978 by BIG ELTRADA
ALL ABOARD!
MY 5 CHILDREN OFF TO A MISSION (PREFERABLY CHINA) AND THEN TO COLLEGE (PREFERABLY HARVARD)
THEN... THE BACK-LASH!
WHERE'S THE MONEY?
TSK TSK... Y' U WOULDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO TAKE IT BACK FROM ALL THOSE LOVELY PEOPLE..
CITIBANK COMPUTER
WE'LL SUE!
ANYBODY GIVING $30 MILLION AWAY MUST BE EITHER SINFUL OR INSANE, YOUR HONOR AND THAT'S WHAT MY CLIENT CLAIMS
TEMPORARY INSANITY
NOT AS MUCH AS THE BANK'S, THOUGH!
CASE DISMISSED !!!
CURSES CURSES I THINK I'M HAVING ANOTHER SHORT-CIRCUIT!!
CITIBANK COMPUTER
WHAT A BIRTHDAY! WHAT A TRIP!
AS FOR ME, OH LORD... I JUST WANT A MODEST INDOOR SWIMMING POOL!
Bil Eltrada
WITH COMPLIMENTS TO THE MORMON CHURCH

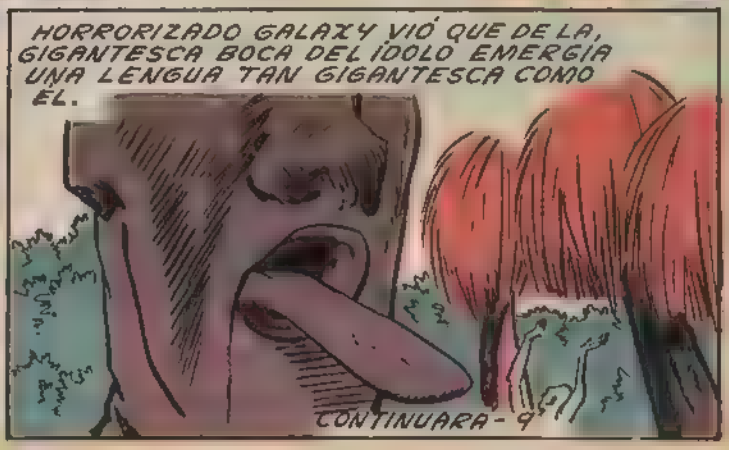
EL HERALDO

Gabriel Alarcon Director General | Oscar Alarcon V. Subdirector General | Gabriel Alarcon V. Gerente General

AÑO XV México, D. F., Domingo 18 de Mayo de 1958 Numero 773

JOHNNY GALAXY





CASH

HALL OF FAME OF THE AIR

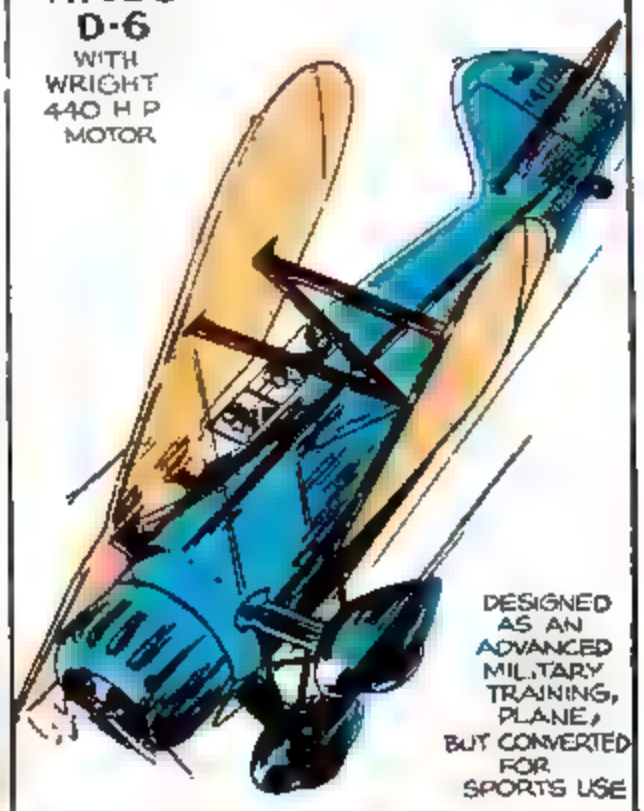
BY CAPT EDDIE RICKENBACKER

CLAYTON KNIGHT

MAL FREEBURG

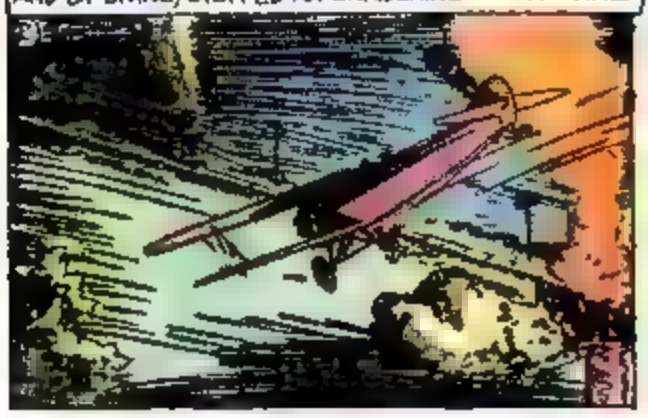
AN AIRLINE PILOT FROM THE "NORTH-WEST." JUST AFTER LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA IN 1926, HE LEARNED TO FLY. FROM THEN UNTIL 1928, WHEN HE STARTED TO FLY SCHEDULED RUNS BETWEEN ST PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS AND CHICAGO, HE DID EXHIBITION FLYING AND TAUGHT OTHERS HOW TO FLY

AMERICAN **WACO D-6** WITH WRIGHT 440 H P MOTOR

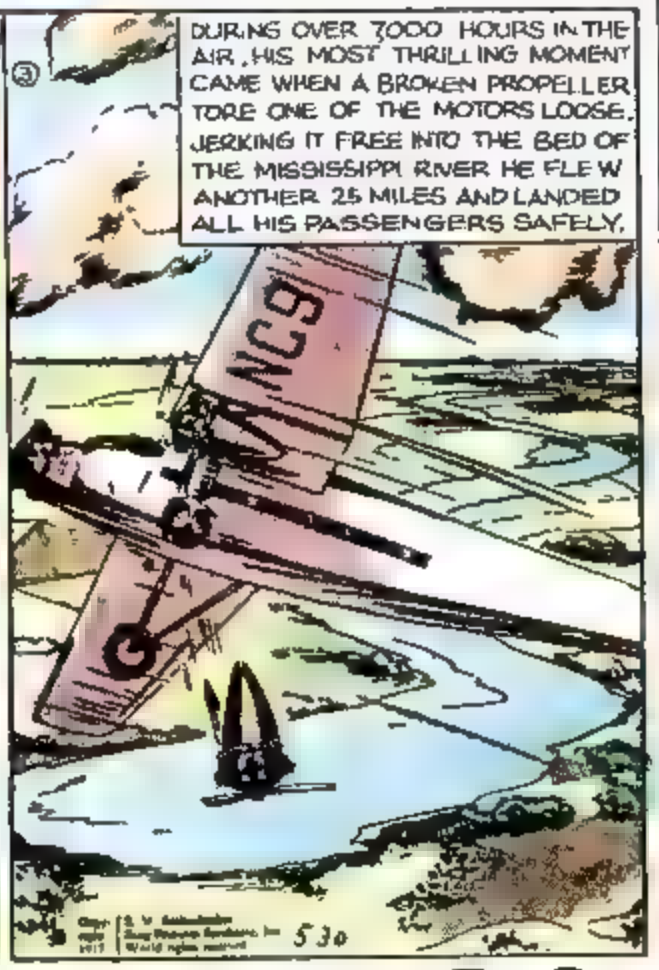


DESIGNED AS AN ADVANCED MILITARY TRAINING PLANE, BUT CONVERTED FOR SPORTS USE

ONE NIGHT HE SPOTTED A RAILROAD TRESTLE AFIRE AND BY DIVING, STOPPED AN ONRUSHING TRAIN IN TIME



DURING OVER 7000 HOURS IN THE AIR, HIS MOST THRILLING MOMENT CAME WHEN A BROKEN PROPELLER TORE ONE OF THE MOTORS LOOSE, JERKING IT FREE INTO THE BED OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER HE FLEW ANOTHER 25 MILES AND LANDED ALL HIS PASSENGERS SAFELY.



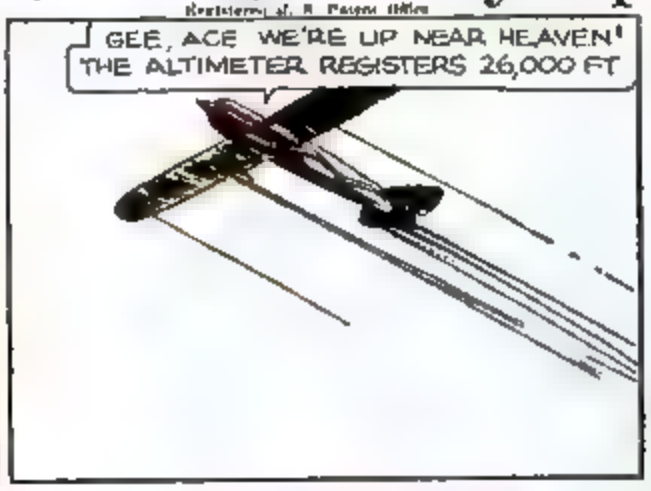
HIS RETRACTABLE LANDING-GEAR JAMMED, SO HE FLEW OVER HIS AIRPORT TRYING TO FIX IT—LANDING AT LAST WITH NO DAMAGE TO HIS PASSENGERS

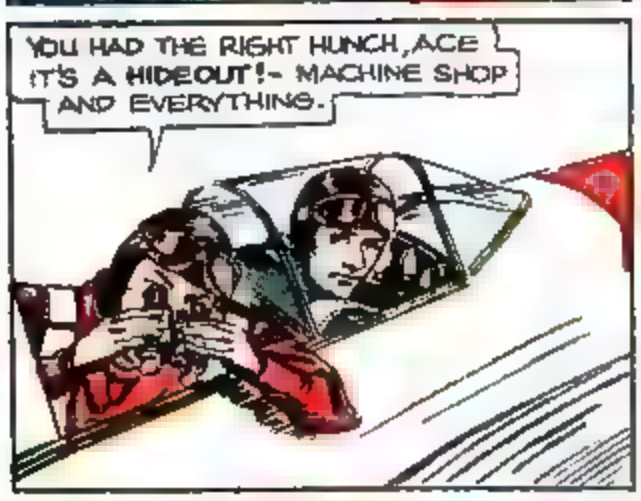
HE WAS DECORATED WITH THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL FOR HIS HEROIC EFFORTS IN THE AIR.

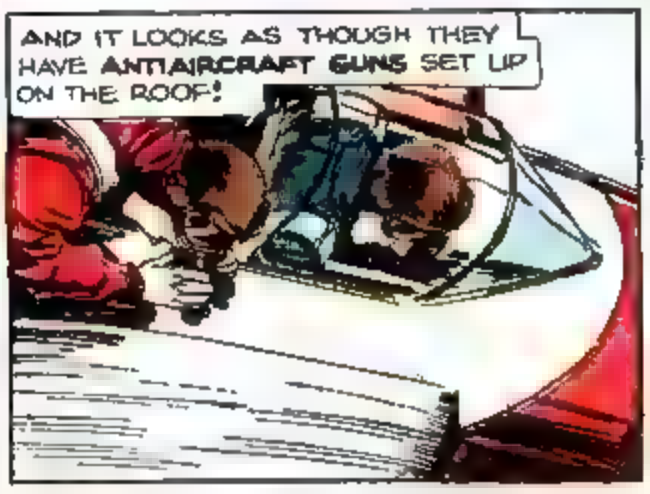
Ace Drummond

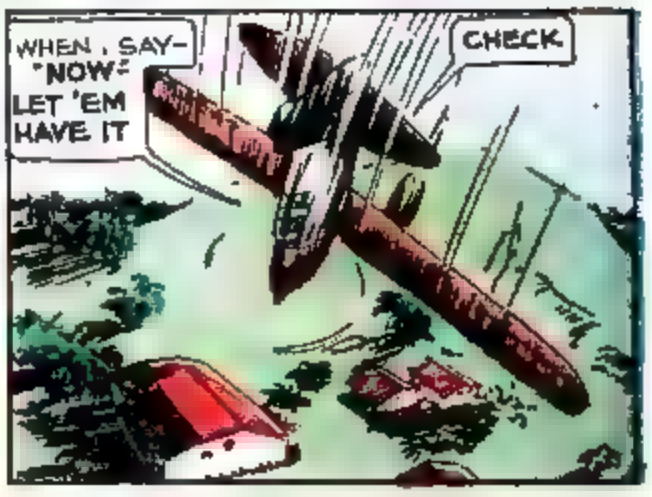
By Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker

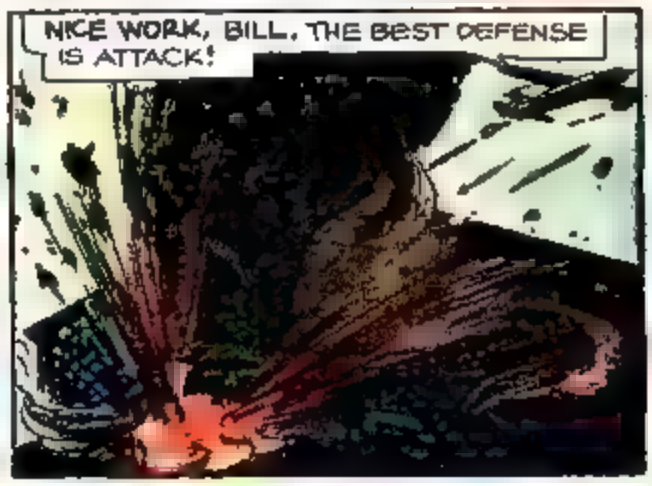
BRIBERY - TREACHERY - SABOTAGE - ARSON - ARE SOME OF THE WEAPONS USED BY THE POWERFUL FORCES THAT WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO PREVENT ACE DRUMMOND AND HIS CREW OF FEARLESS FLIERS FROM RETAINING THE GOVERNMENT MAIL CONTRACT THAT THEY ARE HOLDING FOR ACE'S FRIEND, JOE GREEN











Adventures of the Silly Gallillies in Movie Land.

WE GOTTA TRIGGERA ELSA SUMFA
THOUGHT
I'MA LONE SUM MEL O DEE-EE EE
A LONE SUM MAL O SEE GEE EEF
I MA LONE SUM MEL O DEE EF EE
CLANK CLANK
CLANK CLANK SAW MAN HO
A LONE SUM MAL O SEE GEE
I'MA LONE SUM MEL O DEE-EE EE
CLANK!
BAM!
QUIT HALL
CLANK CLANK
BAM!
I'MA LONE SUM
THE REPORT HAS THAT FAMOUS MOVING PICTURE STAR, EVA MARIE CRAN DELENTLY SUFFERED A STROKE OF TEMPORARY INSANITY WAS NOT ENTIRELY WITHOUT FOUNDATION

AMERICANA

by ERIC GODAL

12 SECONDS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

ON DEC 17, 1903, AT KITTYHAWK, N.C., ORVILLE AND WILBUR WRIGHT MADE THE FIRST FLIGHT IN A HEAVIER-THAN-AIR FLYING MACHINE, REMAINING ALOFT 12 SECONDS. THEIR BIPLANE, WHICH HAS BEEN IN THE SCIENCE MUSEUM IN LONDON SINCE 1928, NOW OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZED AS THE WORLD'S FIRST FLYING MACHINE, IS BEING RETURNED BY ORVILLE WRIGHT TO THIS COUNTRY, WHERE IT WILL BE PERMANENTLY EXHIBITED IN THE SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

FAMOUS REVOLUTIONARY WAR PHYSICIAN, SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, AND "FATHER OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT" ADVOCATED BEER AS A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION HE SAID "FERMENTED LIQUORS WHEN TAKEN IN MODERATE QUANTITY... HAVE A FRIENDLY INFLUENCE UPON HEALTH AND LIFE."

DANIEL BOONE FOUNDED AND ORGANIZED THE FIRST PERMANENT WHITE SETTLEMENT IN KENTUCKY, FORT BOONESBORO, WHICH WITHSTOOD THE MOST SAVAGE ATTACKS OF NEIGHBORING INDIAN TRIBES AS THE SETTLEMENT GREW, BOONE MOVED WESTWARD TO "AVOID CROWDS", AND FOUNDED NEW SETTLEMENTS IN THE UNKNOWN LANDS WEST.

AMERICANA

by ERIC GODAL

THE JACK AND THE STRIPES

WAS THE AMERICAN FLAG IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION. IT WAS ON THE 14th OF JUNE, 1777, THAT THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS "RESOLVED, THAT THE FLAG OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES BE THIRTEEN STRIPES ALTERNATE RED AND WHITE. THAT THE UNION BE THIRTEEN STARS WHITE IN A BLUE FIELD."

THE FIRST U.S. AIRMAIL SERVICE WAS INAUGURATED ON MAY 15, 1918. IT COVERED THE 204 MILES BETWEEN NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON. PRESIDENT WILSON GREETED THE FIRST PILOT AT POTOMAC FIELD.

140 PERSONS, INCLUDING INDIANS, TOOK PART IN THE PILGRIMS' FIRST THANKSGIVING FEAST. GEESE, DUCKS AND TURKEYS WERE PLENTIFUL, ALSO VENISON, SEAFOOD AND BEER, "FOR ALREADY THE HOUSEWIVES HAD LAID DOWN THE FIRST BREWING OF THE NATIVE LAND," ACCORDING TO HISTORIC ACCOUNTS.

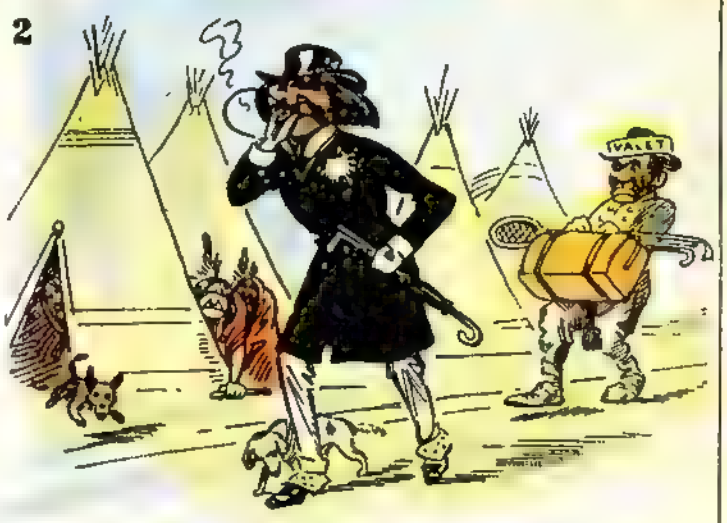
THINGS YOU WOULD NEVER DREAM.

BON BONS

1

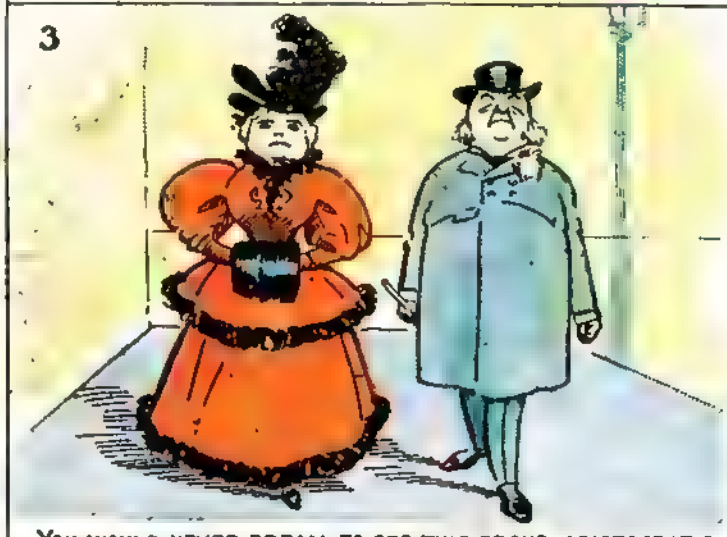
YOU WOULD NEVER DREAM, TO SEE THIS YOUNG INDIAN WARRIOR ENJOYING THE WILD LIFE IN THE GAME-INFESTED FORESTS OF THE ROCKIES,

2



THAT HE WOULD GO TO COLLEGE AND COME BACK TO THE RESERVATION LOOKING LIKE THIS

3

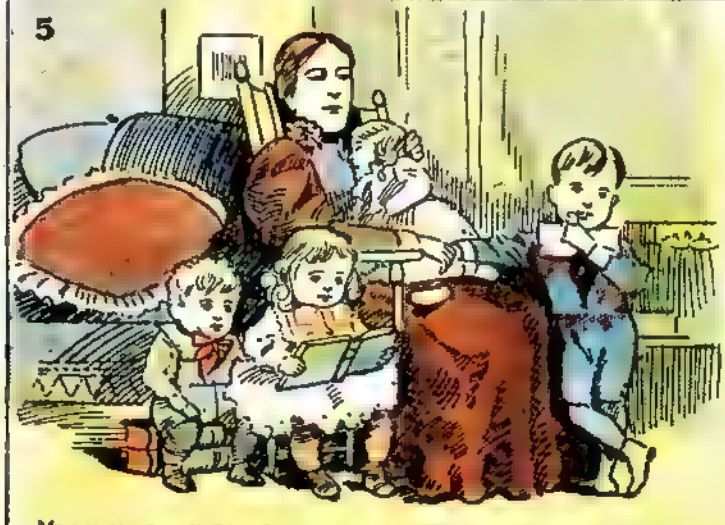


YOU WOULD NEVER DREAM, TO SEE THIS PROUD, ARISTOCRATIC COUPLE ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH ON A WINTER MORNING,

4

— THAT LAST SUMMER AT THE SEA-SHORE THEY LOOKED LIKE THIS.

5



YOU WOULD NEVER DREAM, TO SEE THIS WOMAN ENJOYING THE PEACEFUL SIMPLICITY OF HER HOME.

6

— THAT SHE WOULD DON A PAIR OF BLOOMERS AND GO SCORCHING WITH THE BOYS.

25th CENTURY A.D. BUCK ROGERS

ALURA AND I WERE CREATED ON A LITTLE ASTEROID, A TINY FRAGMENT OF A WORLD FLUNG IN SPACE BEHIND THE CREST OF MARS··

··THE KING OF THE ASTERITES TOLD US THE ASTEROID WERE THE WRECKAGE OF THE ONCE MIGHTY PLANET ASTER, DESTROYED A MILLION YEARS AGO··· HE TOLD US HOW HIS PEOPLE FLED AS SPACE SHIPS FROM THE DOOMED PLANET, AND HOW, HAVING LOST CONTROL OF THEIR SHIPS, THEY WERE FALLING AT TERRIFIC SPEED ON THE VAST PLANET, URANUS, WHICH IS NEARLY FIFTEEN TIMES LARGER THAN EARTH··

– Buddy Deering

AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

WEIGHT! THEY ALL SMASHED UP?

NO— BECAUSE—

··THE DENSE ATMOSPHERE OF GRASS CHECKED THEIR FALL SOMEWHAT - BUT THE HEAT OF AIR FRICTION CAUSED MANY OF THE METAL SPACE CRAFT TO BURST INTO FLAMES···

··THE ASTERITE SHIPS PLUNGED SIZZLING INTO A VAST OCEAN···

··· DEEPER AND DEEPER THEY PLUNGED, UNDER THEIR TERRIFIC MOMENTUM··· MILE AFTER MILE ··· THEIR CREWS INJURED AND UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE JOLT OF HITTING THE WATER··

··· THE OCEAN SEEMED BOTTOMLESS··· MANY OF THE SHIPS WERE CRUSHED BY THE FRIGHTFUL WATER PRESSURE··

···AT LAST A FEW OF THEM LURCHED GAILY UP FROM THE DEPTHS··

··· THE ASTERITES STAGGERED OUT··· SCARCELY ABLE TO STAND···

MY OWN WEIGHT IS CRUSHING ME DOWN!!

IT'S THE GREAT SIZE OF THIS PLANET IT MAKES EVERYTHING WEIGH A DOZEN TIMES AS MUCH!!

···NEVERTHELESS THEY MANAGED TO BRING THEIR SHIPS ASHORE··

PLANTS! ANIMALS! BUT SEE HOW SMALL THEY ARE!

THAT'S NATURAL — BONE AND FLESH ARE NOT STRONGER HERE. ONLY HEAVIER. THE SMALLER ANYTHING IS, THE STRONGER IT IS IN PROPORTION TO ITS WEIGHT!

··· BUT THEY HAD TO LIVE THERE -- THEY BUILT A VILLAGE·

OH, TO THINK OF IT! AS LONG AS WE LIVE WE'LL HARDLY BE ABLE TO CARRY OUR OWN WEIGHT!

I KNOW— BUT THESE STEEL BRACES HELP A LOT!

BUT WEIGHT CUT DOWN THE GROWTH OF SUCCEEDING GENERATIONS·· THEY WERE STURDIER AND STRONGER··

WHY HE'S A MUMMY! NO— IT'S GIGANTIC!

YES, THEY SAW OUR ORIGINAL SPACE SHIPS WERE SO BIG THEY COULD HARDLY CARRY THEIR OWN WEIGHT!

··· THE RACE GREW SMALLER AND SMALLER, THROUGH HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS UNTIL·····

I TELL YOU BEFORE LONG WE'LL BE THE SIZE OF INSECTS OR MICROBES IF SOMETHING FAST DOES ABOUT IT!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! WE MUST LEAVE THIS PLANET!

··· SO IN THE END, THEY BUILT ANOTHER SPACE FLEET, AND LEAVING URANUS, FLASHED OUT AGAIN INTO THE VOID OF SPACE··

··AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ASTERITES ON THEIR SECOND INTERPLANETARY MIGRATION? THEIR STORY WILL BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK·

ASTERITE SPACE SHIP

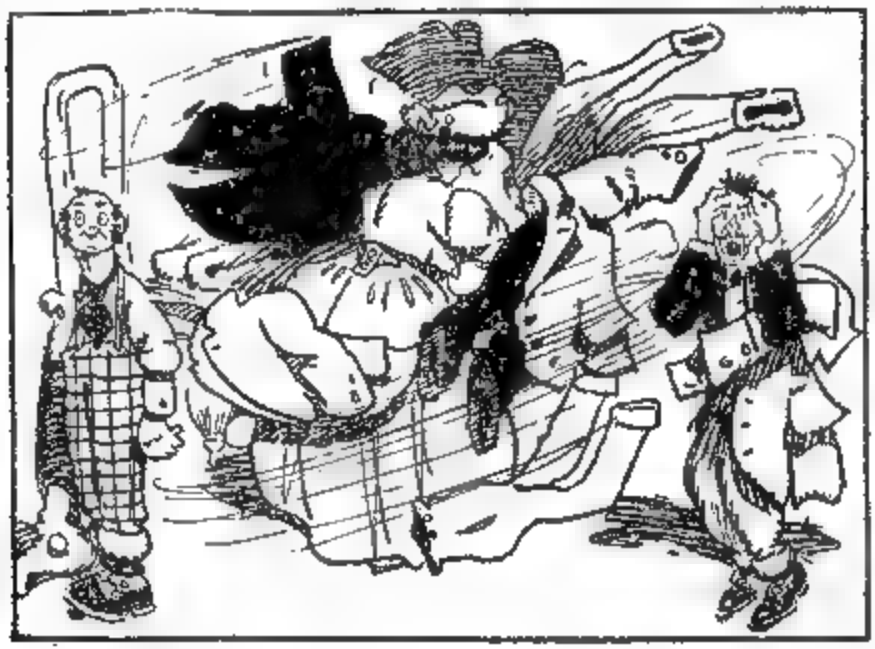
THIS BUCKTON PICTURES THE LATEST OF THE ASTERITE SPACE SHIPS HURTLING PAST SATURN·

DON'T FAIL TO CLIP THE NEXT BUCKTON · IT WILL BE A PICTURE OF BUDDY AND HIS SUPER-INTERPLANETARIUM TELLING ON SET·

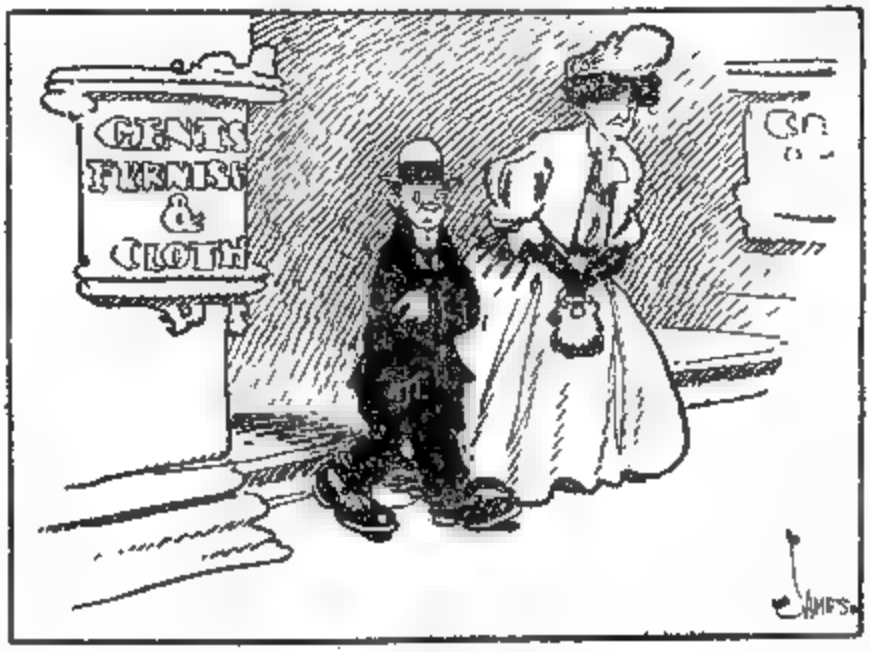
CHANGING HIS MIND

Mr. Pinkspot "Now, that's the only kind of a suit that is becoming to my style. I shall buy this"

Mrs Pinkspot—"Here! Horatio! Stop masquerading in those absurd garments! You ought to know better!



"I'll select a suit for you. I know exactly what you should wear."



Mr. Pinkspot (later)—"Well, after all a man can never tell what is becoming to him! It takes a woman to decide some things!"

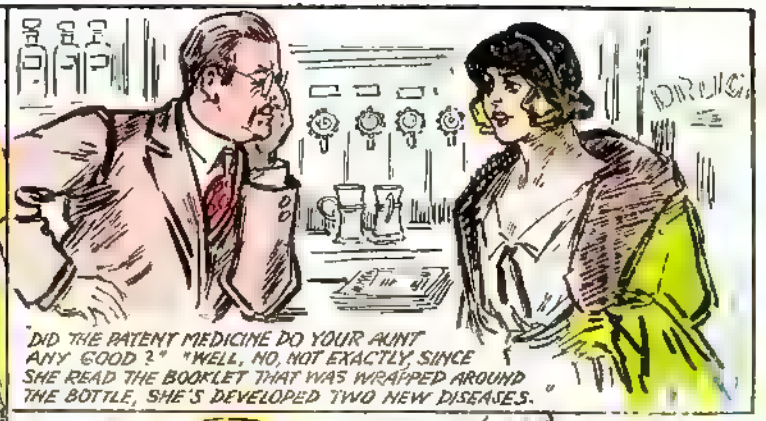
THE CORNER DRUG STORE

CHARACTER SKETCHES BY A. RUSSELL

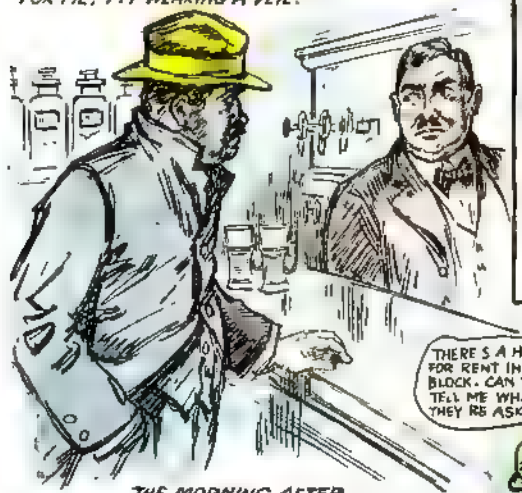
"LET ME HAVE A TWO CENT STAMP, PLEASE, AND WOULD YOU MIND PUTTING IT ON THIS LETTER FOR ME, I'M WEARING A VEIL."

VOICE AT OTHER END OF LINE— "HELLO, IS THIS MAUSHUND, THE DRUGGIST? THIS IS MR. NAMARA, YOUR NEIGHBOR. SAY, WOULD YOU MIND RUNNING OVER TO MY HOUSE AND TELL THE MRS. TO OPEN THE CELLAR WINDOWS. IT'S SUCH A NICE, WARM SPRING DAY."

"CAN YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR THIS BREAKING-OUT ON DOROTHY? YOU DONT SUPPOSE IT'S MEASLES OR SCARLET FEVER, DO YOU?" "YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE A DOCTOR MADAM. I'M NOT A PHYSICIAN."



"DID THE PATENT MEDICINE DO YOUR AUNT ANY GOOD?" "WELL, NO, NOT EXACTLY, SINCE SHE READ THE BOOKLET THAT WAS WRAPPED AROUND THE BOTTLE, SHE'S DEVELOPED TWO NEW DISEASES."



THE MORNING AFTER. "SAY, DOC, I'VE GOT A PAIN IN THE SIDE, CHILLS, FEEL DIZZY IN THE HEAD AND EVERY BONE IN MY BODY HURTS. I GET FAINT N' EVERYTHING. CANT YOU GIMME A LITTLE SUMPIN' TO TONE ME UP?"

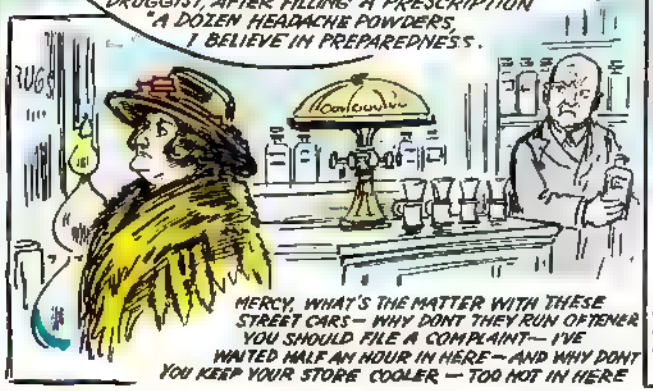
ONE OF THE MOST VALUED CUSTOMERS OF THE DRUG STORE IS THE GUY WHO READS THE MAGAZINES FOR AN HOUR OR TWO, THEN BUYS A POSTAGE STAMP AND WALKS OUT WITHOUT EVEN SAYING THANK YOU

"GIMME A MONEY ORDER ON SMEARS DOEBUCK. BETTER REWRAP THIS BUNDLE FOR ME, PUT ON HEAVIER STRING. LOAN ME A PENCIL. GOT SOME GLUE? THIS ENVELOPE WONT STAY SHUT. NOW I WANTA MAIL THIS LETTER AND BUNDLE TO SMEARS DOEBUCK. WANT IT REGISTERED AND RETURN RECEIPT DEMANDED. WHEN WILL THEY GO OUT AND WHEN WILL THEY GET IT? HERE'S A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL. YES, SMALLEST I GOT." (ALL THIS AND MORE WHILE THE CASH CUSTOMERS WAIT.)

THERE'S A HOUSE FOR RENT IN THIS BLOCK. CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT THEY RE ASKING?
IT'S TOO COLD IN HERE. YOU SHOULD KEEP YOUR STORE WARMER
MAY I USE THE PHONE
GIMME A EMPTY CIGAR BOX, MISTER

"CASH CUSTOMERS"

"ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?" ASKED THE DRUGGIST, AFTER FILLING A PRESCRIPTION "A DOZEN HEADACHE POWDERS, I BELIEVE IN PREPAREDNESS.



MERCY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THESE STREET CARS— WHY DONT THEY RUN OFTENER YOU SHOULD FILE A COMPLAINT— I'VE WAITED HALF AN HOUR IN HERE— AND WHY DONT YOU KEEP YOUR STORE COOLER — TOO HOT IN HERE

WHAT SHE BOUGHT A YEAR BEFORE SHE WAS MARRIED AND

HAIR REMOVER $1.00, ROUGE $1.00
EYE BROW PENCIL 50¢, LIP STICK 50¢
FRENCH POWDER $2.25, HAIR NET 25¢,
CUTICLE REMOVER 50¢
TOTAL $6.00

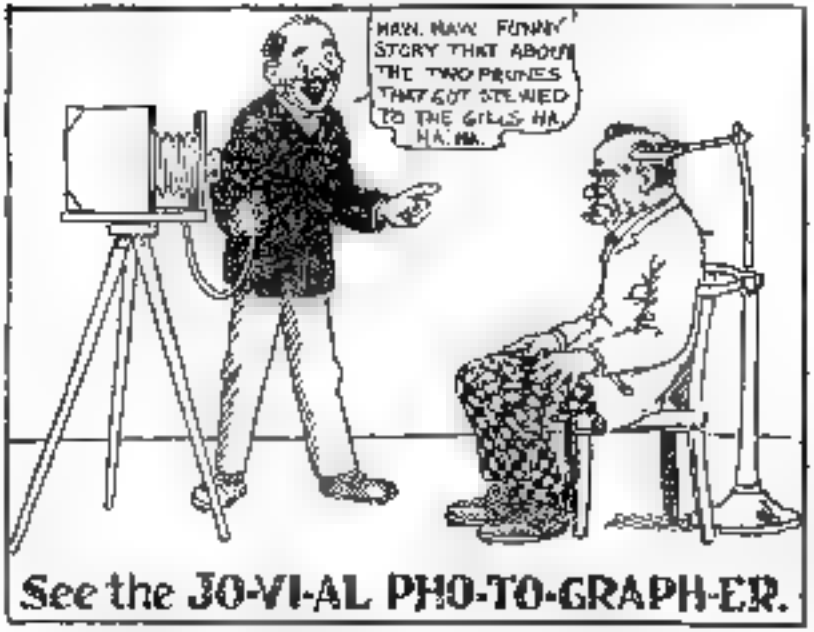
WHAT SHE BOUGHT A YEAR AFTER.

TWO NURSERY BOTTLES 15¢, FOUR NIPPLES 20¢, TALCUM 25¢, FENNEL TEA 10¢. TOTAL 70¢.

THE CHEERFUL PRIMER

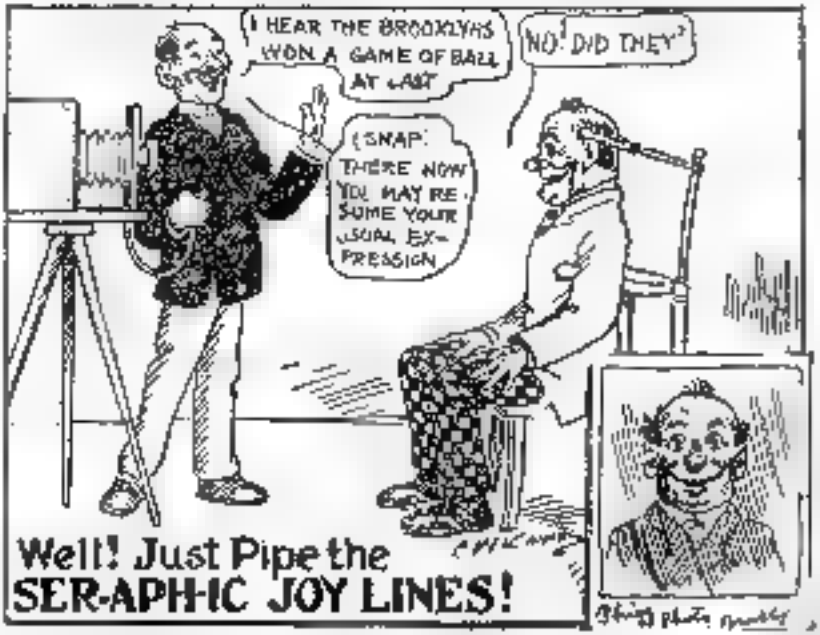
Drawn for Post-Dispatch
BY C. W. KALLES.

See the GRUM-PY PAR-TY.

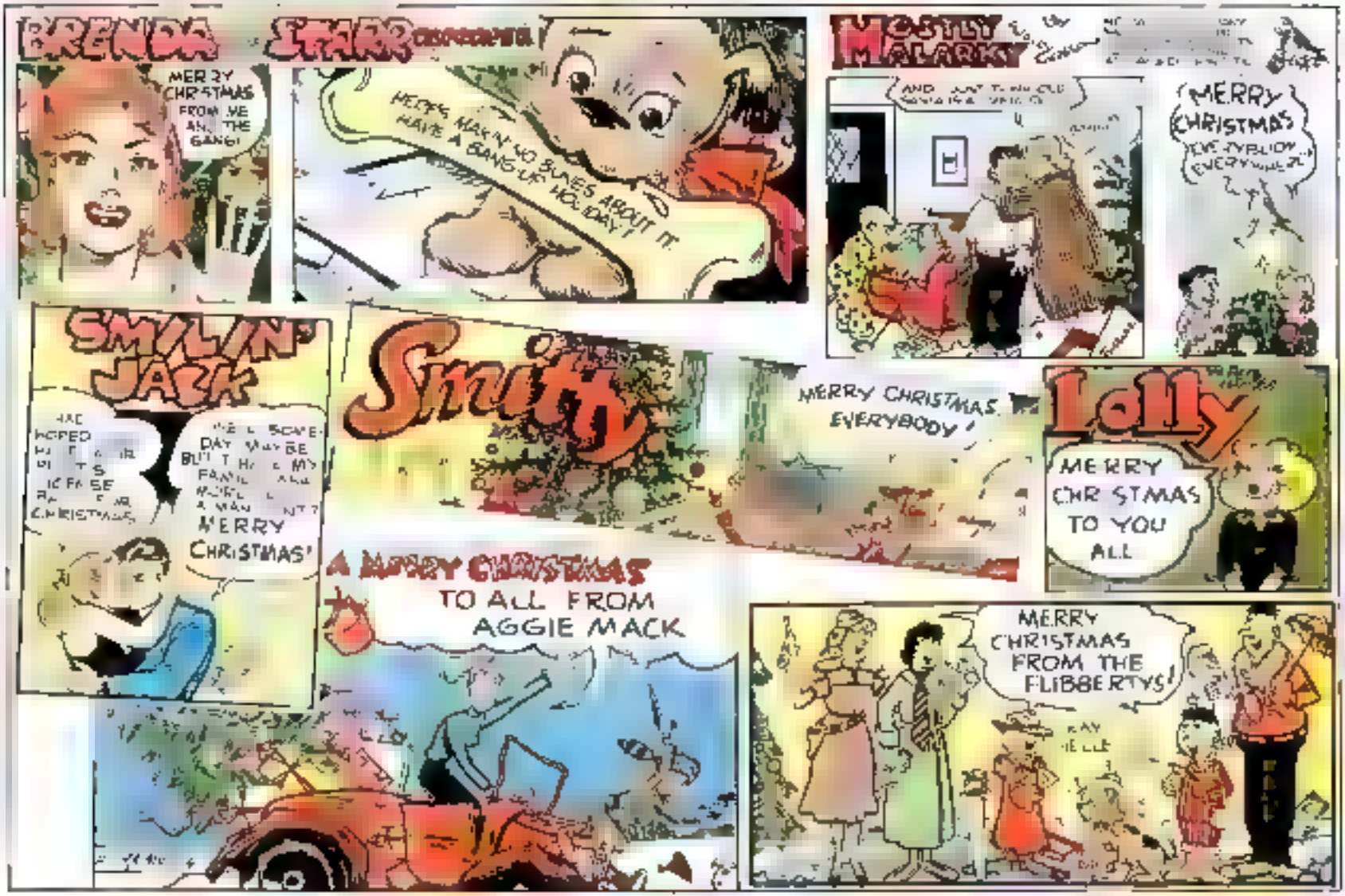


See the JO-VI-AL PHO-TO-GRAPH-ER.

Can the Jo-vi-al Pho-to-graph-er
Make the Grum-py Par-ty SMILE?



Well! Just Pipe the
SER-APHIC JOY LINES!


BRENDA STARR
MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM ME AND THE GANG!
HERE'S MAKIN' NO BLUES ABOUT IT. HAVE A BANG-UP HOLIDAY!
MOSTLY MALARKY
MERRY CHRISTMAS
SMILIN' JACK
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
Smitty
MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!
Lolly
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL
A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL FROM AGGIE MACK
MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM THE FLIBBERTYS!

DOMESTIC INFELICITY.

Mrs. Clubbs—You have disgraced our family, sir, by coming home in this disreputable condition.
Mr. Clubbs(just in from the club)—You're wrong 'gain, m' dearuh—a poker player very highly 'steems a king flush.

A MOST EXCELLENT REASON.

Tommy—You say dat he has looks, wealth, an' position. Den why don't you marry him?
Betty—Because he's never ast me to.

LOCATED IN A MOMENT.

Barber—Hair cut?
Stranger—Nope.
Barber—Hair singed to improve the growth?
Stranger—Nope.
Barber—Shampoo?
Stranger—Nope, but you can wash my neck.
Barber—How is business in Pittsburg, now?

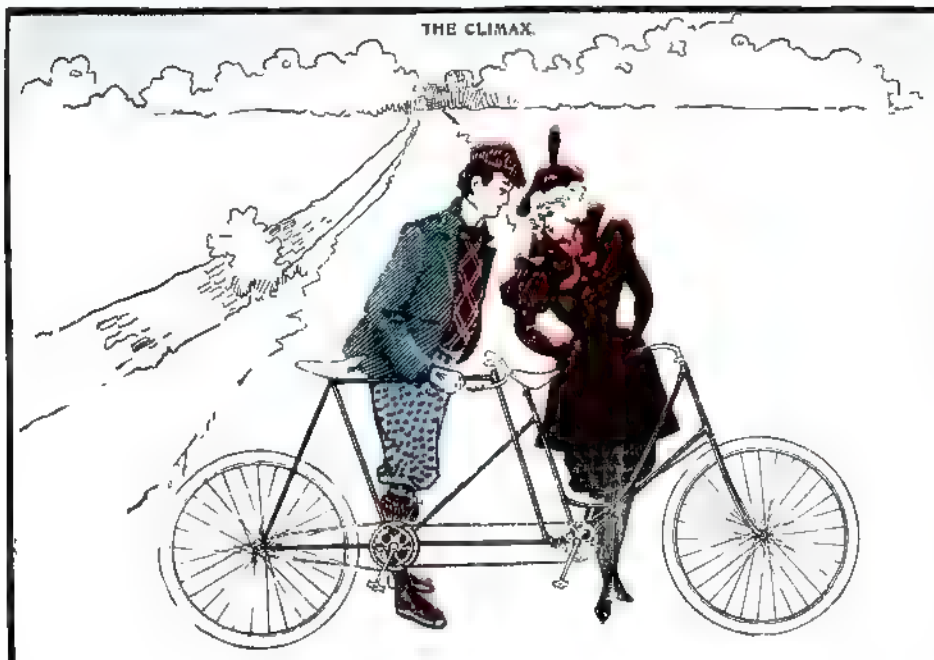
COULDN'T DODGE THE QUESTION.

Major Bobbles—What was the strongest argument used against you in your race for the Legislature?
Colonel Wobbles (disgustedly)—Eggs.

LACK OF ENTERPRISE.

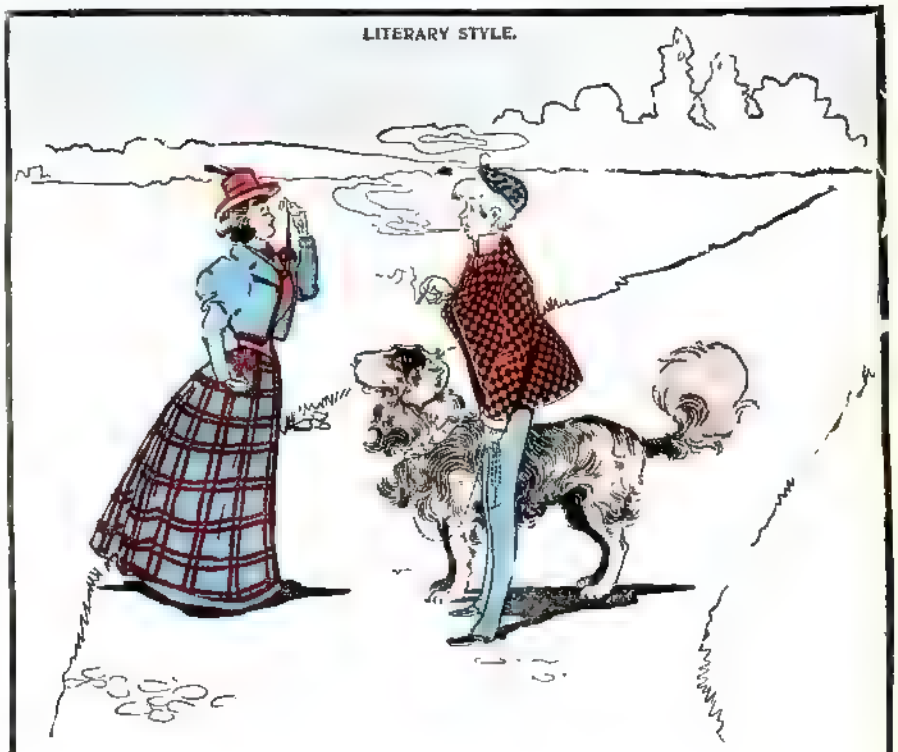
Editor—Why didn't you send the carrier pigeon from the Klondike with news as agreed?
Reporter—Couldn't, got hungry and ate the bird.

THE CLIMAX.



He (twenty miles from home)—Now, Miss Bell, I want your final answer. If you won't marry me you'll have to walk back.

LITERARY STYLE.

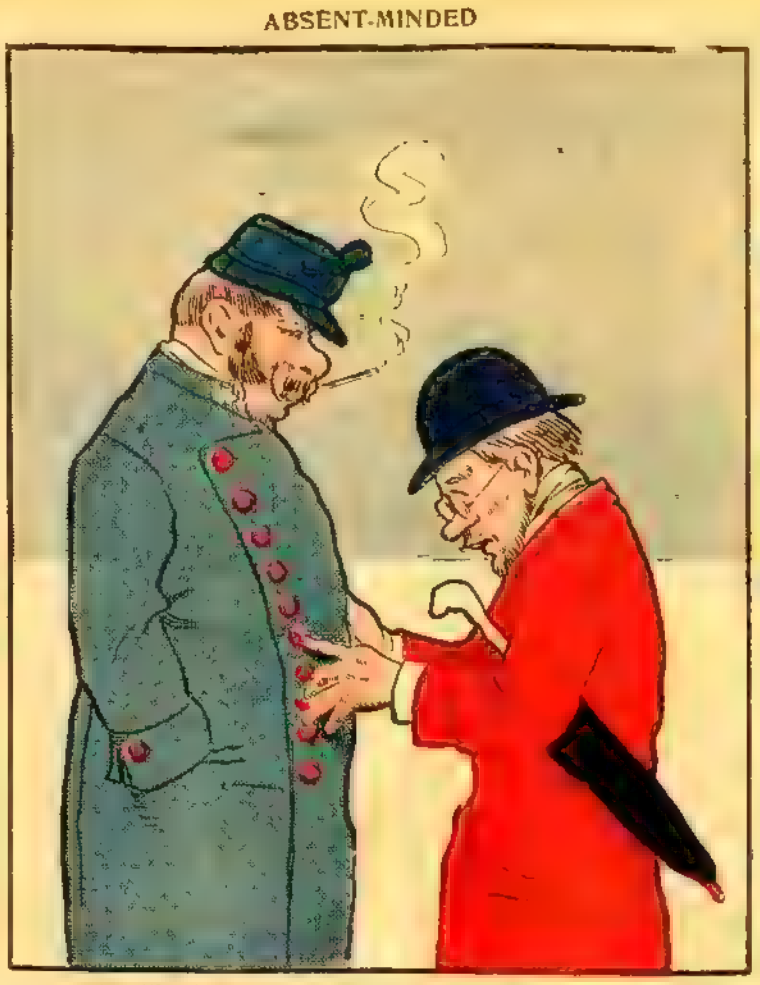


Young Poet—What do you consider my best literary style, Miss Sharp?
Miss Sharp—Your hair cut a trifle shorter

A DIFFICULT TASK.

Mother to her daughter—"If we should meet the Baron today I want you to blush at first, and, after a few steps, turn pale again!"—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

ABSENT-MINDED



A—"Why do you always finger my buttons while you are talking to me?"
B.—"Excuse me, but I am taking lessons in typewriting now and did not think of what I was doing!"—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

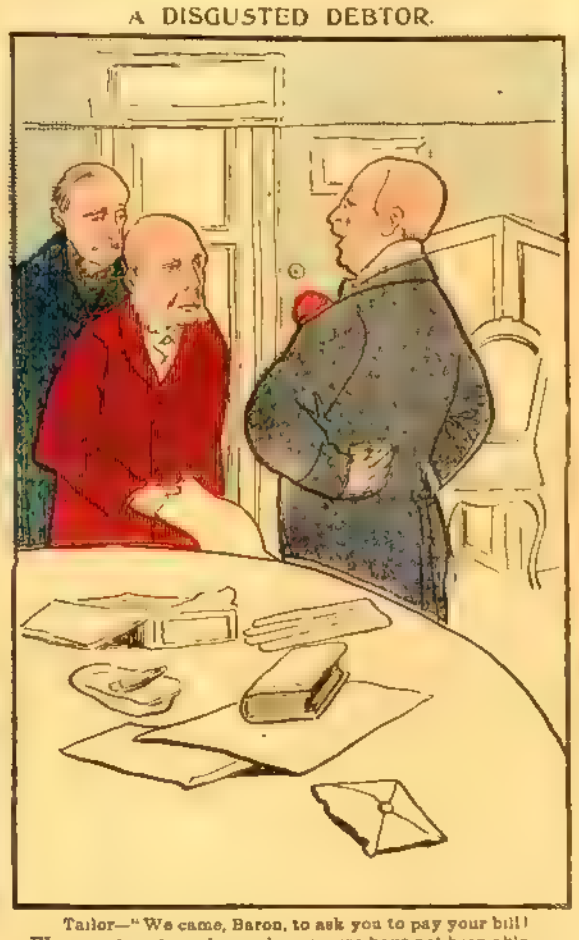
CONVINCED OF HIS IMPORTANCE

Lady—"Have you ever contemplated suicide, Lieutenant?"
Lieutenant—"No, indeed, madam—I could not imagine the world without me!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

INFERENCE.

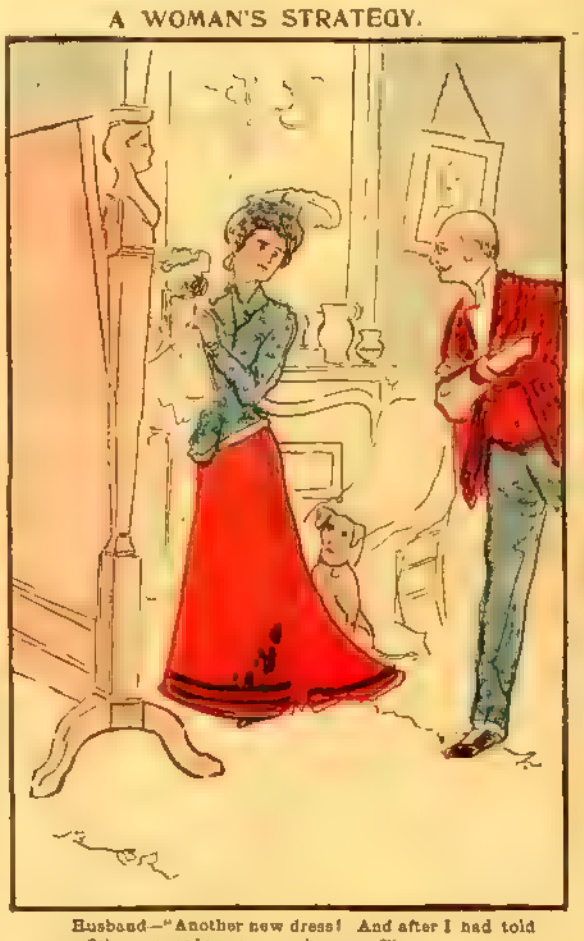
Little Tinkins (to gorgeous Chappie)—"Excuse me, old boy but who are you in mourning for?"—Punch

A DISGUSTED DEBTOR.



Tailor—"We came, Baron, to ask you to pay your bill! We cannot wait any longer because we have not been able to pay our own bills for cloth for three months!"
Baron—"Well, I declare—you fellows incur debts and then you come to me for money to pay them! What impudence!"—Heitere Welt

A WOMAN'S STRATEGY.



Husband—"Another new dress! And after I had told you of the serious losses in my business?"
Wife—"Why, didn't you tell me you did not want any one to know of your losses?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

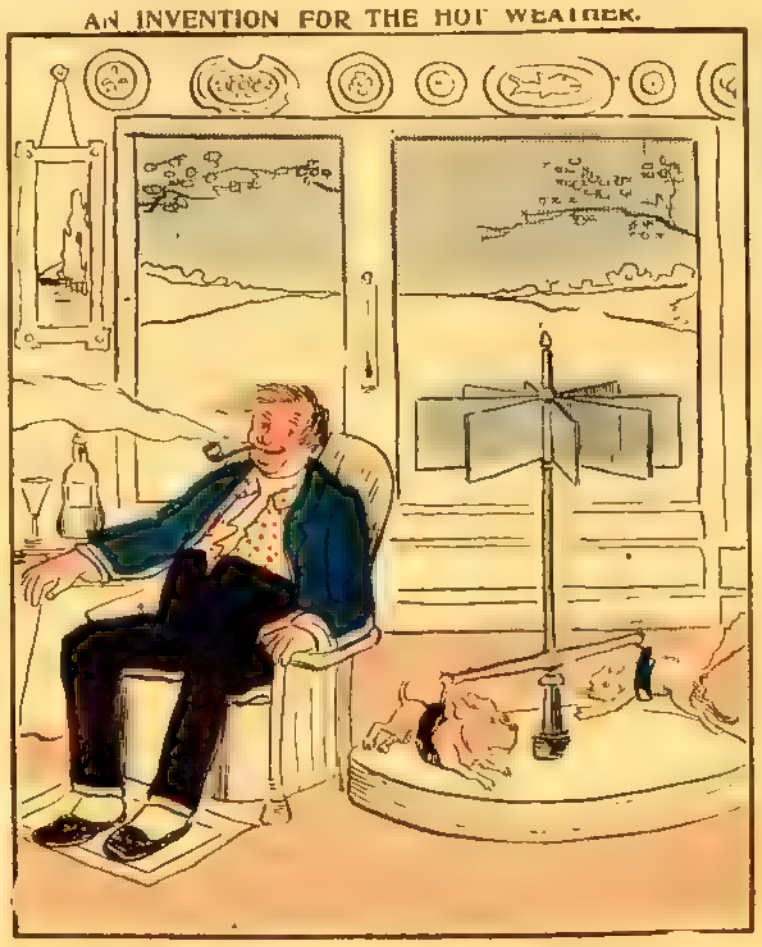
LIKE A TURK.

"Yes," said the man, who is impecunious but amiable, "I'm working like a Turk now.
"Like a Turk?"
"Yes. The Sultan of Turkey, for example. About the only exercise I get is dodging creditors."—Washington Star.

CONSIDERATE BEGGAR.

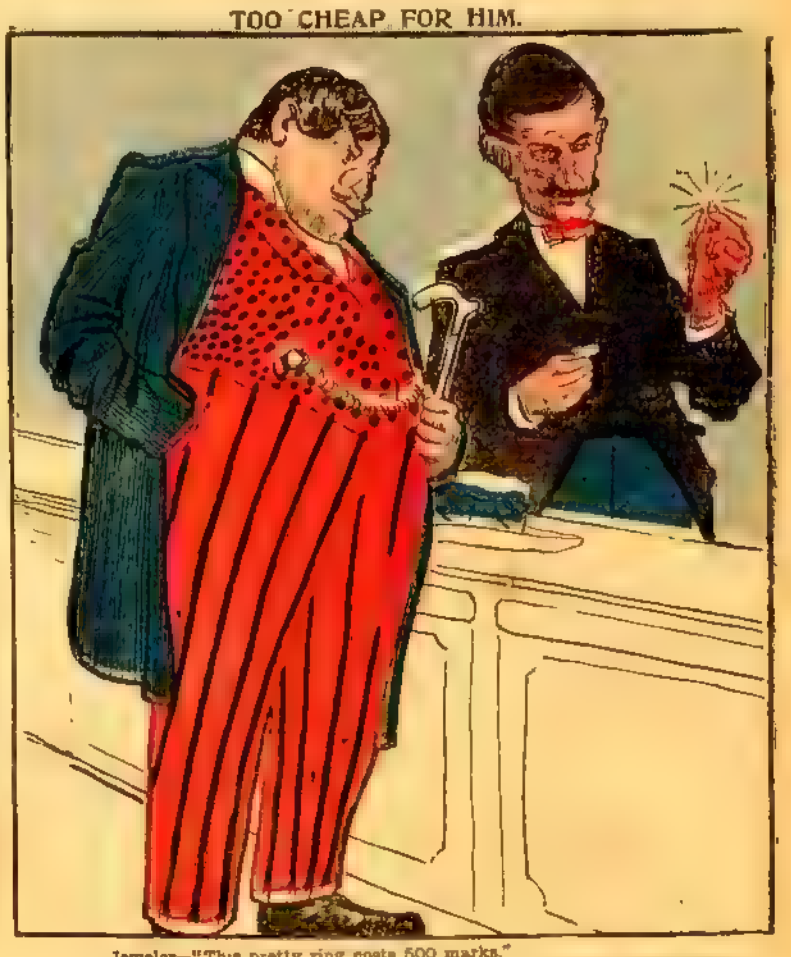
Widow—"Here is a pair of shoes which belonged to my deceased husband! You may have them if they fit you!"
Beggar (examining the wornout shoes)—"You better keep them, madam, you might get married again!"—Fliegende Blaetter

AN INVENTION FOR THE HOT WEATHER.



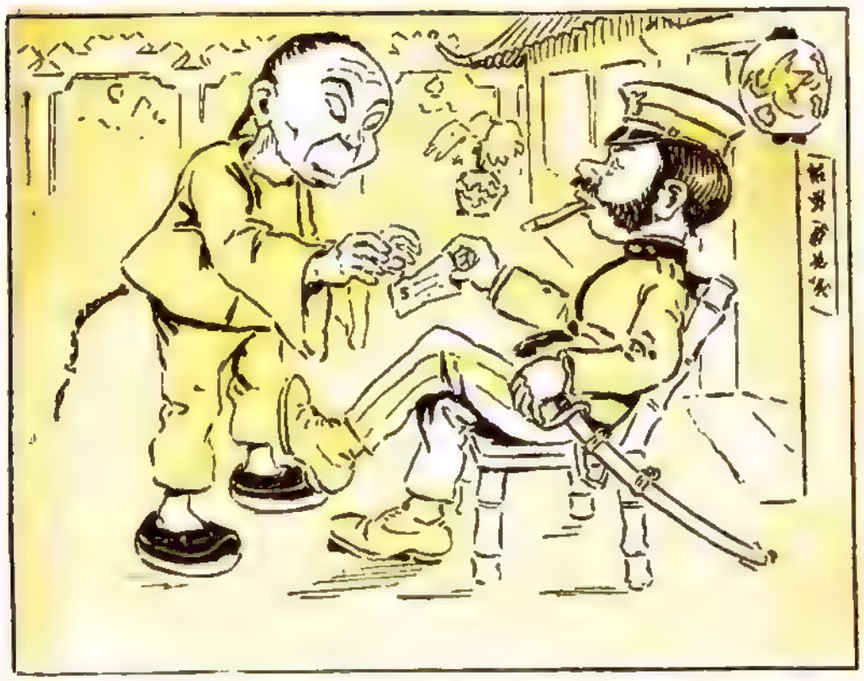
Start the dog after the cat and the fan will work—Pick-me-up.

TOO CHEAP FOR HIM.

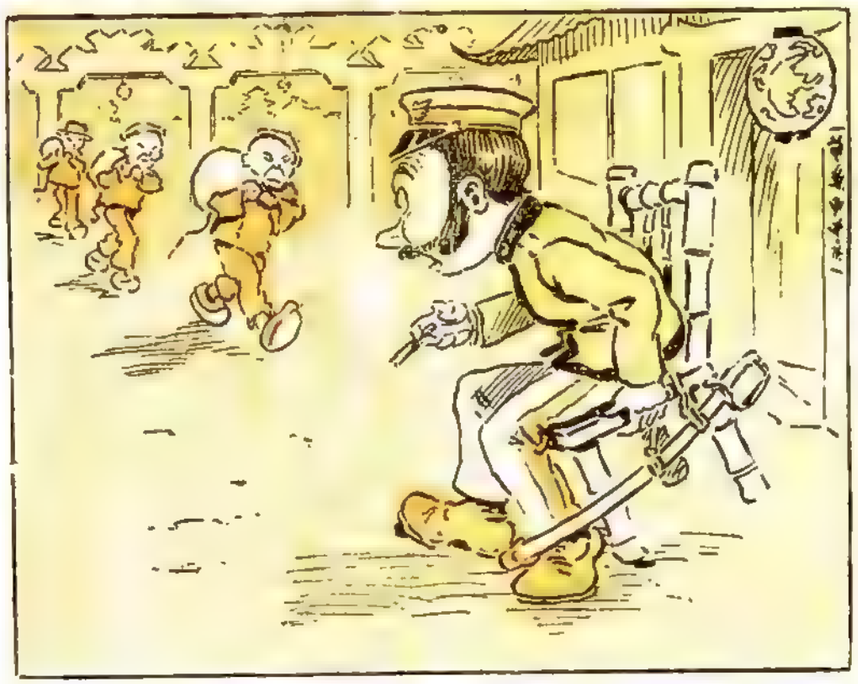


Jeweler—"This pretty ring costs 500 marks."
Parvenu—"Do people really buy such cheap things?"—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

CHINESE MONEY



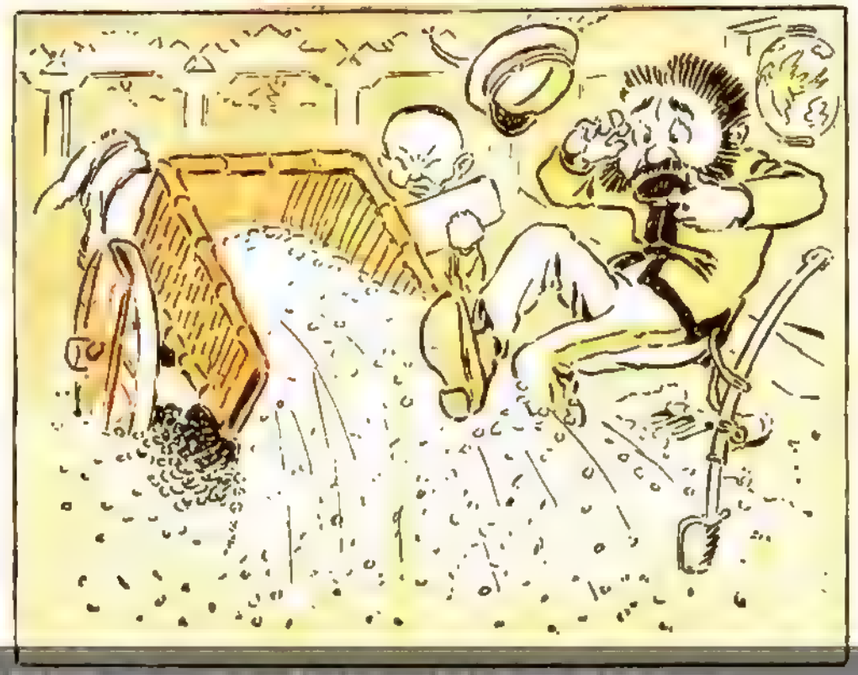
Captain Regan, U. S. A.—John, take this $5 bill and have it changed into Chinese money

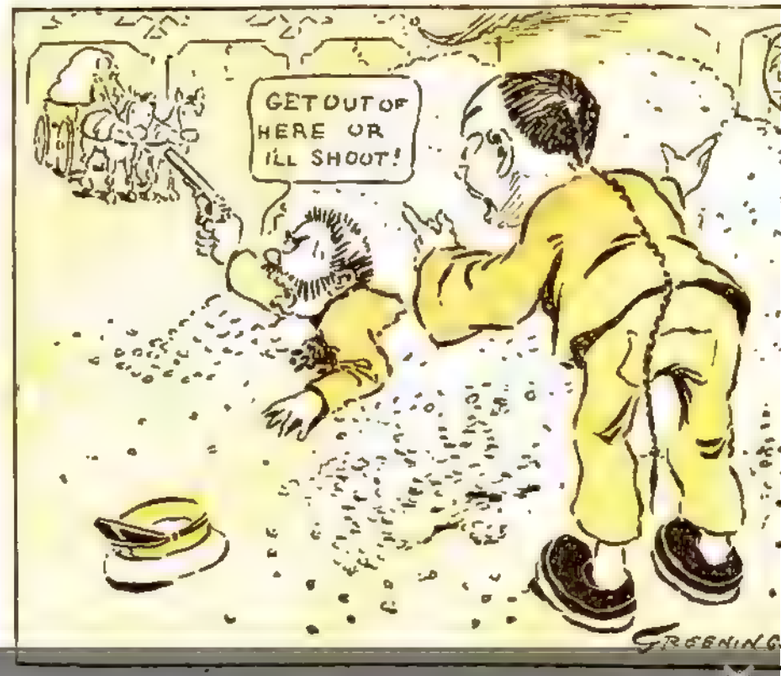


"What the deuce is this coming?"

John—You changee, Captain

Captain Regan—Morel





John—You only gottee two dollar an' a halluf!

A Christmas for Scrooge
BASED ON DICKENS A CHRISTMAS CAROL 1843
CARTOON by Martin Greer
WINTER HAS COME TO THIS SLEEPY VILLAGE CHRISTMAS TIME IS NEAR.
MARLEY & SCROOGE
EVERYONE LOVES CHRISTMAS, WELL, ALMOST EVERYONE.
MERRY CHRISTMAS MR. SCROOGE!
BAH! CRATCHIT CHRISTMAS IS A TIME FOR FOOLS
WHAT'S IT FOR YOU, BUT A TIME FOR PICKING MY POCKET, A DAYS WAGES FOR NO WORK. ALRIGHT HAVE YOUR CHRISTMAS, COME TO WORK EARLY THE NEXT DAY!!
MARLEY WAS DEAD, THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. HE AND SCROOGE WERE PARTNERS FOR MANY YEARS. MARLEY WAS NOT MISSED, EVEN BY SCROOGE, WHO WAS HIS SOLE HEIR AND MOURNER. SCROOGE FELT MARLEY'S DEATH WAS BENIFICIAL FOR THE BUSINESS.
JACOB MARLEY
MERRY CHRISTMAS! UNCLE!
BAH! HUMBUG!
WHAT MAKES YOU HAPPY, AREN'T YOU POOR ENOUGH!! BAH! HUMBUG!
COME NOW UNCLE! WHAT MAKES YOU SO SAD? AREN'T YOU RICH ENOUGH TO LOVE CHRISTMAS? DON'T BE CROSS UNCLE SCROOGE!
BAH! HUMBUG! WHAT ELSE CAN I BE WHEN I LIVE AROUND FOOLS LIKE YOU. GO HAVE YOUR CHRISTMAS, BUT LET ME BE!!
O-O-O-O-
OH-OH-OH
WHEN NIGHT COMES SCROOGE SETTLES DOWN.
THE FIRE FLICKERS— WEIRD THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN.
TING-A-LING
OH OH OH OH
CHANG CLANG BANG CLANG
IT ISN'T POSSIBLE, IT-IT CAN'T BE MARLEY, HE'S HE'S... DEAD!!!!
O-O-O-O- MAN OF THE WORLD, DO YOU BELIEVE IN ME? IN LIFE I WAS JACOB MARLEY YOUR PARTNER IN BUSINESS. O-O-O-
DREADFUL APPARATION, MARLEY, WHY DO YOU COME TO HAUNT ME? SPEAK COMFORT FOR ME JACOB!!!!
I HAVE COME TO WARN YOU. THESE CHAINS WE WEAR ARE WHAT WE FORGE IN LIFE. INSTEAD OF SHARING LIFE WITH OTHERS I MADE THIS HEAVY BURDEN, LINK BY LINK.
IT IS A HEAVY BURDEN, SPARE ME THIS!!
COMFORT IS NOT MINE TO GIVE. I CAN NOT STAY. OUR MONEY CHANGING HOLE WAS THE NARROW LIMITS OF MY LIFE. NOW I MUST ROAM THE WORLD. A WEARY JOURNEY IS AHEAD OF ME. O-O-O-O-
BUT, YOU WERE ALWAYS A GOOD FRIEND AND A GOOD MAN OF BUSINESS.
BUSINESS!, MANKIND IS OUR BUSINESS, THE COMMON WELFARE IS OUR BUSINESS, CHARITY, MERCY, FOREBEARANCE, AND BENEVOLENCE ARE ALL OUR BUSINESS. O-O-O- HEAR ME! MY TIME IS NEARLY SPENT. I HAVE COME HERE TO WARN YOU OF YOUR FATE.
O-O-O-O- HEAR ME SCROOGE - O-O-O- THREE SPIRITS WILL VISIT YOU. EXPECT THE FIRST WHEN THE CLOCK TOLLS ONE. O-O-O-

FEBRUARY 2[illegible]

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

COMIC AND CHILDREN'S SECTION.

THE CHUBBIES IN THE WEATHER MAN'S OFFICE

[illegible]
[illegible]
To form [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Since [illegible]
Was [illegible]
Then he [illegible]
As [illegible]

D. J. Driscoll

THUNDER

SHOWERS

ICE

BRELLS

RAIN

SUDDEN SHOWERS

CITY SNICKERS

by C.A. VOIGHT

HIS BATTING AVERAGE IS .192. HIS BUT-ING AVERAGE IS 1000!

BUT!

"I'M PLANTING ONIONS WITH MY POTATOES — THEIR EYES WILL WATER AND I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT A DRY SPELL."

"JACK DOESN'T COMPLAIN, BUT I MISS HIS TROUSER CUFFS — LAST YEAR I FOUND $3.87 THAT HAD FALLEN INTO 'EM — AND THAT GOES A LONG WAY AT OHRBACH'S."

"FUNNY, I CAN'T GET HIM BY THIS PLACE — THERE MUST BE SOMETHING."

?

REALLY, EMMY? I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT! — ALL BLACK AND BLUE?

WHY EMMY! — YOU HONESTLY CAN'T TELL ME OVER THE PHONE?

I'LL BE RIGHT OVER — MY!

?

SO NOW YOU'VE GOTTA GO OVER THERE! YOU'D RUN A MILE FOR A SCANDAL!

SCANDAL NOTHING! SHE GOT A NEW OUTFIT AT OHRBACH'S AND I JUST MUST SEE IT.

OH WELL THAT'S DIFFERENT

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

For town or for countr

has everythin
and your ch
merchandis
moving at
you come

ch
ou
d
ng
ver
ew

r airy, convenient floors,
dly salespeople. And you'll
ppreciate like the amazingly low
made possible by our unique
policy—"a business
predly in pennies."

OHRBACH'S

14th STREET *facing* **UNION SQUARE**

Open Tuesdays and Thursdays Till 8:30 P. M.

NEWARK Store: MARKET *and* **HALSEY Sts.**

"A business in millions • A profit in pennies"

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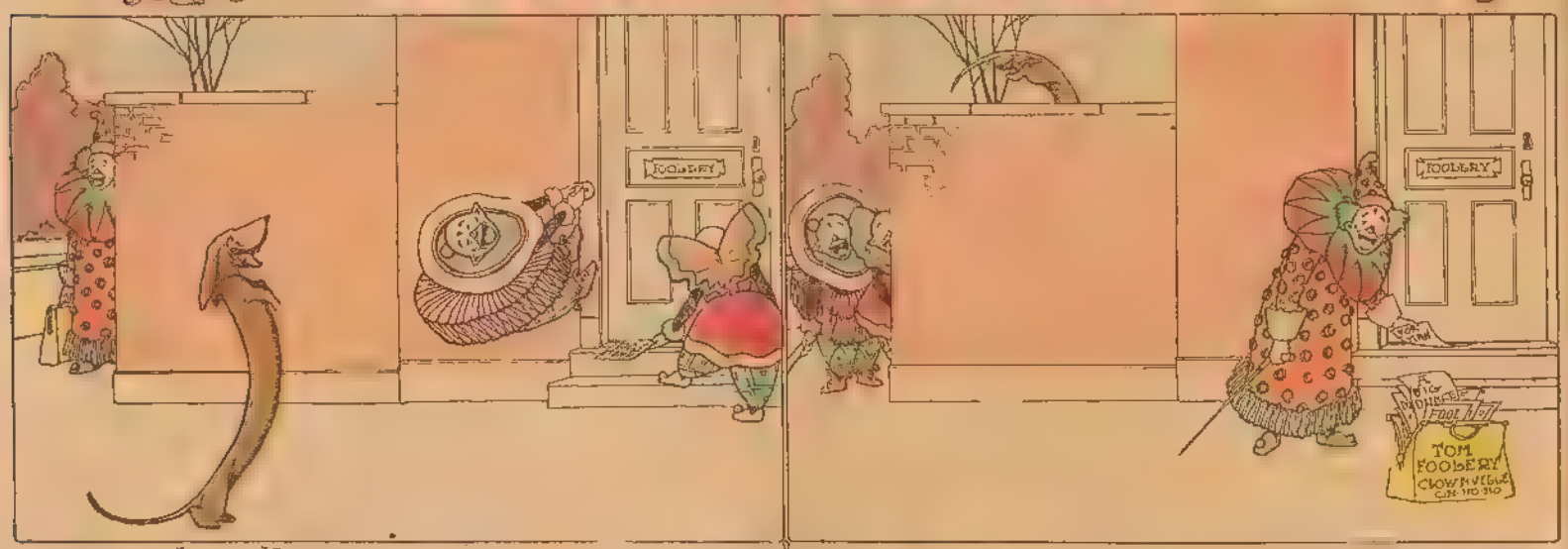
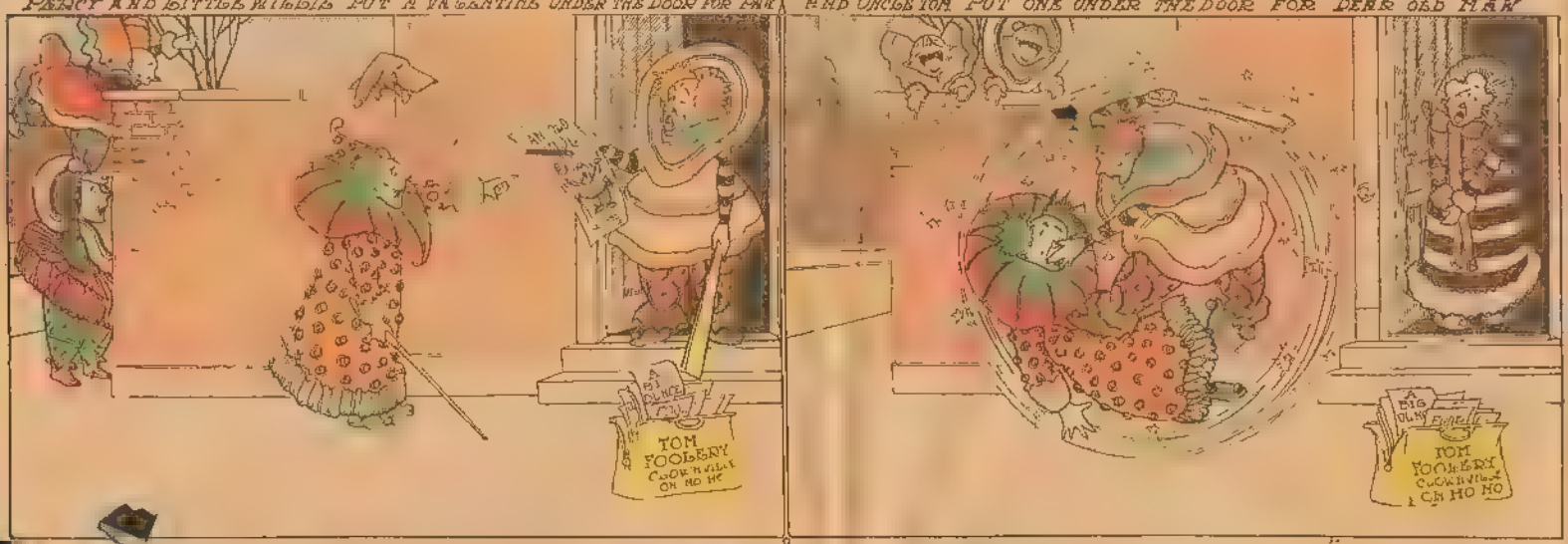
CLOWN
ALLEY

THE CLOWN FOLKS SEND SOME VALENTINES.



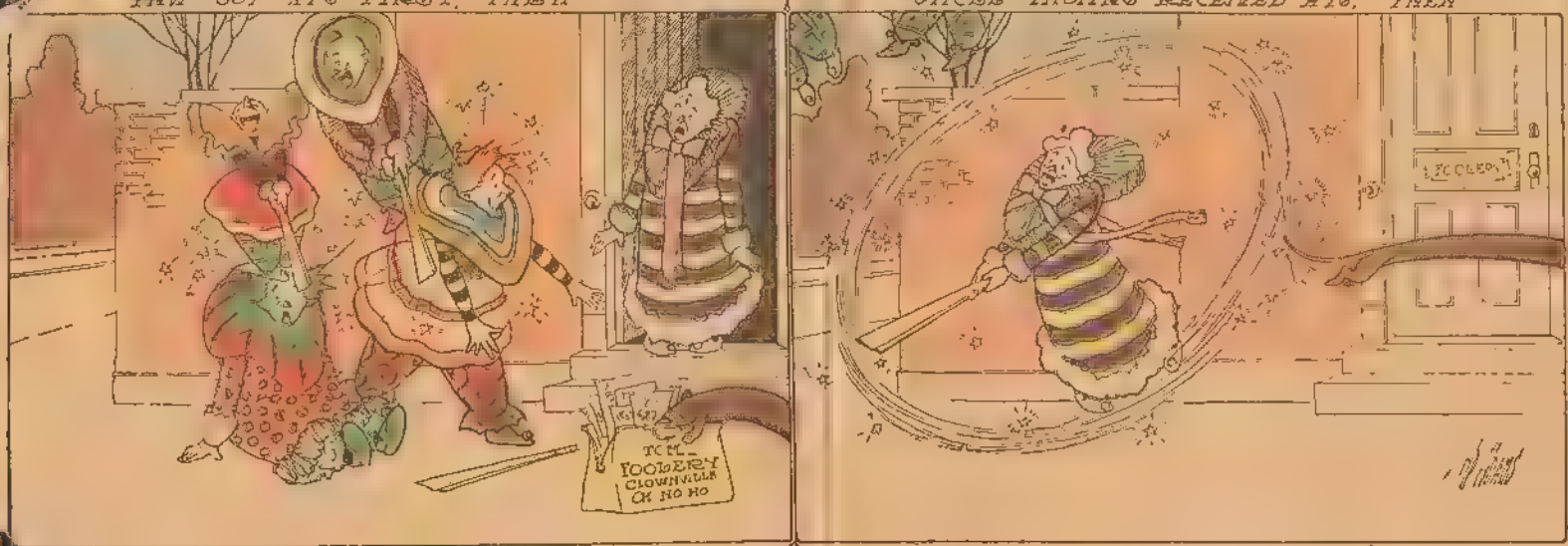
PERCY AND LITTLE WILLIE PUT A VALENTINE UNDER THE DOOR FOR PAW

AND UNCLE TOM PUT ONE UNDER THE DOOR FOR DEAR OLD MAW



PAW GOT HIS FIRST, THEN

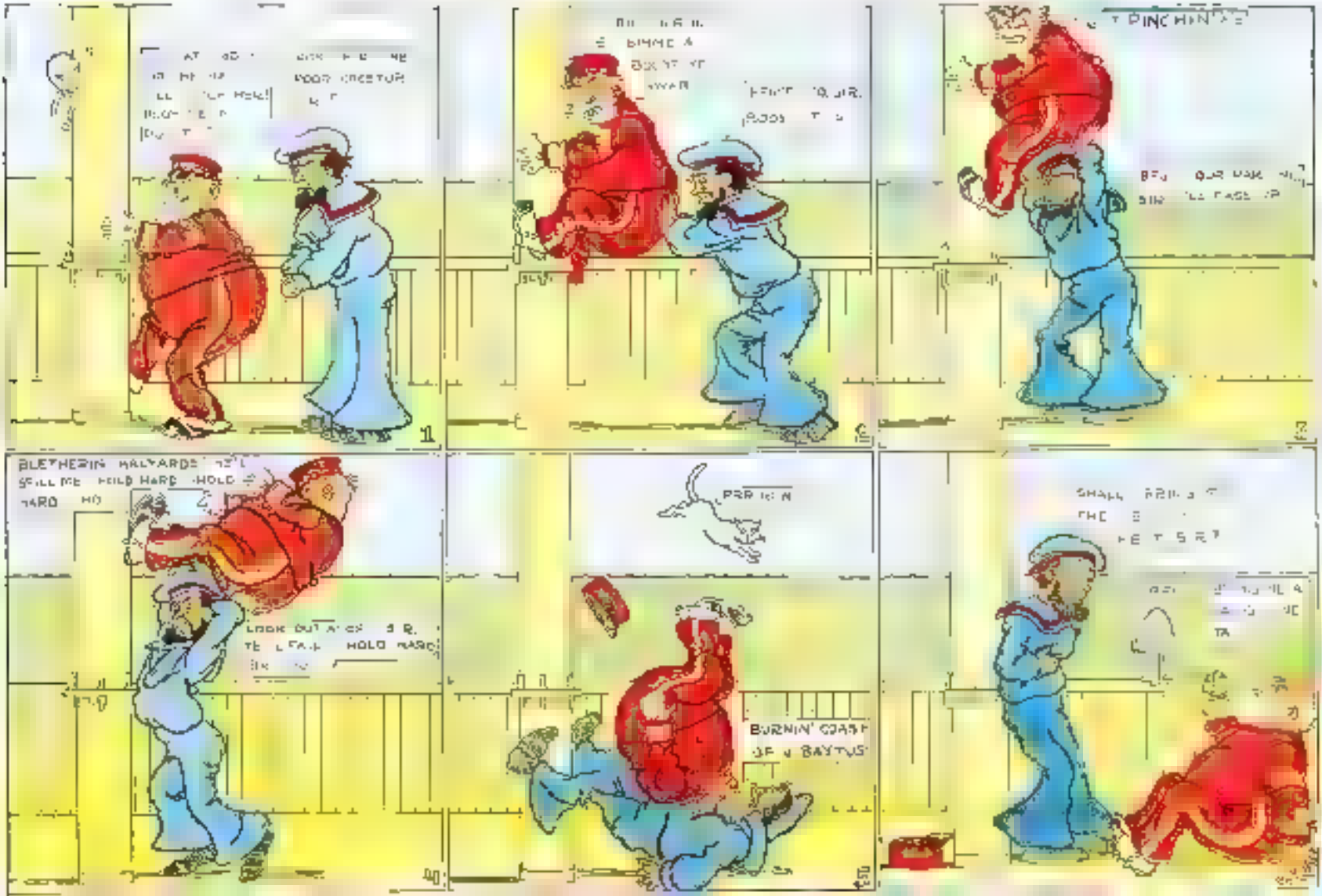
UNCLE THOMAS RECEIVED HIS, THEN



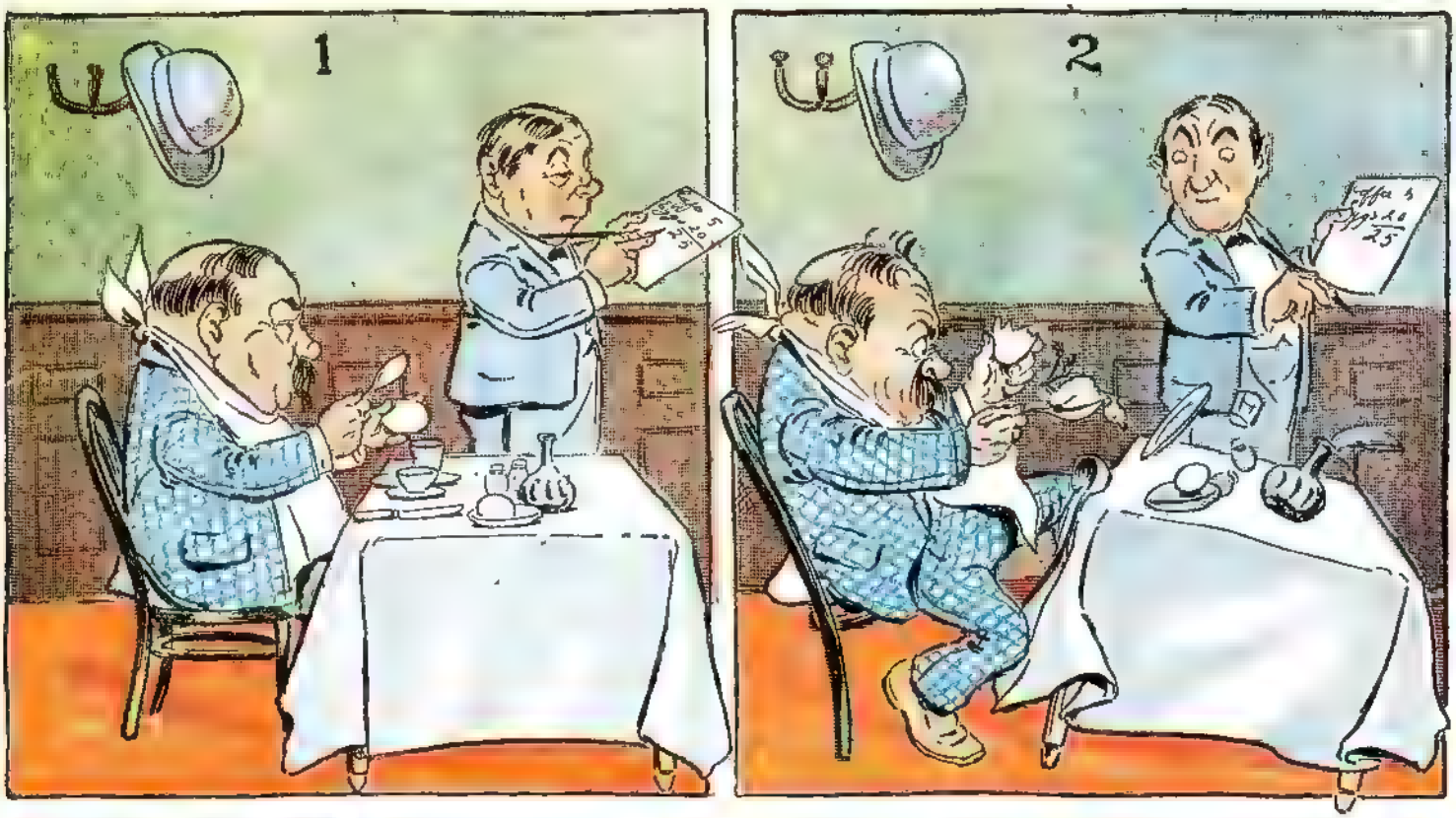
PAW AND UNCLE TOM GOT THEIRS TOGETHER.

PERCY AND LITTLE WILLIE GOT THEIRS, AND WIENER GOT THE WORST OF IT.

THE ADMIRAL HAS A GREAT FALL.

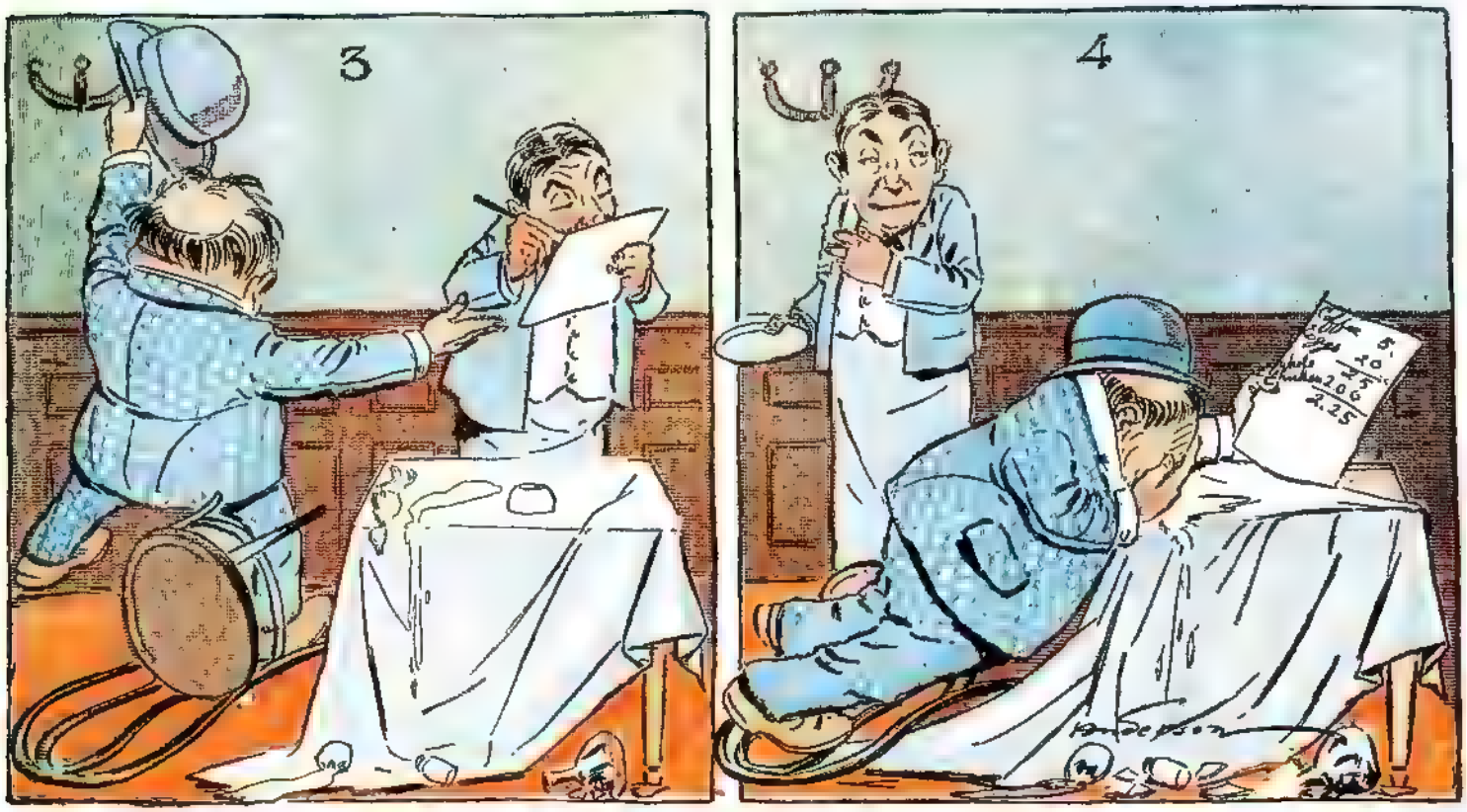


The Conscientious Waiter



As Tompkins prepared for his morning repast,
And unshelled his first egg to begin it,
He was much disconcerted, and started aghast
When he saw that a chicken was in it.

Very often before he'd seen birds the same age,
And found solace in cussing and kickin'
But the waiter had never awakened his rage
By charging full rates for the chicken.



terview."

A shadow crossed the face of Enpeck, Sr.

"My boy," said he gravely, "I would advise you not to marry just now. You're too young yet to think about anything of that sort. Wait until you're thirty."

"But, father," exclaimed the young man, his voice trembling with anxiety, "when I'm thirty I may not want to marry."

"No doubt of it!" No doubt of it!" said his father with animation, backing out of the room.

Young Harry Enpeck is still perplexed to know exactly what the old man meant.

"What is a great danger on the road of life?" the Sunday school teacher inquired. "A puncture," yelled the class in unison.

TED—Rather hard lines, eh? Of course he could get along all right in the Summer, but since the Winter set in he must have got froze out.

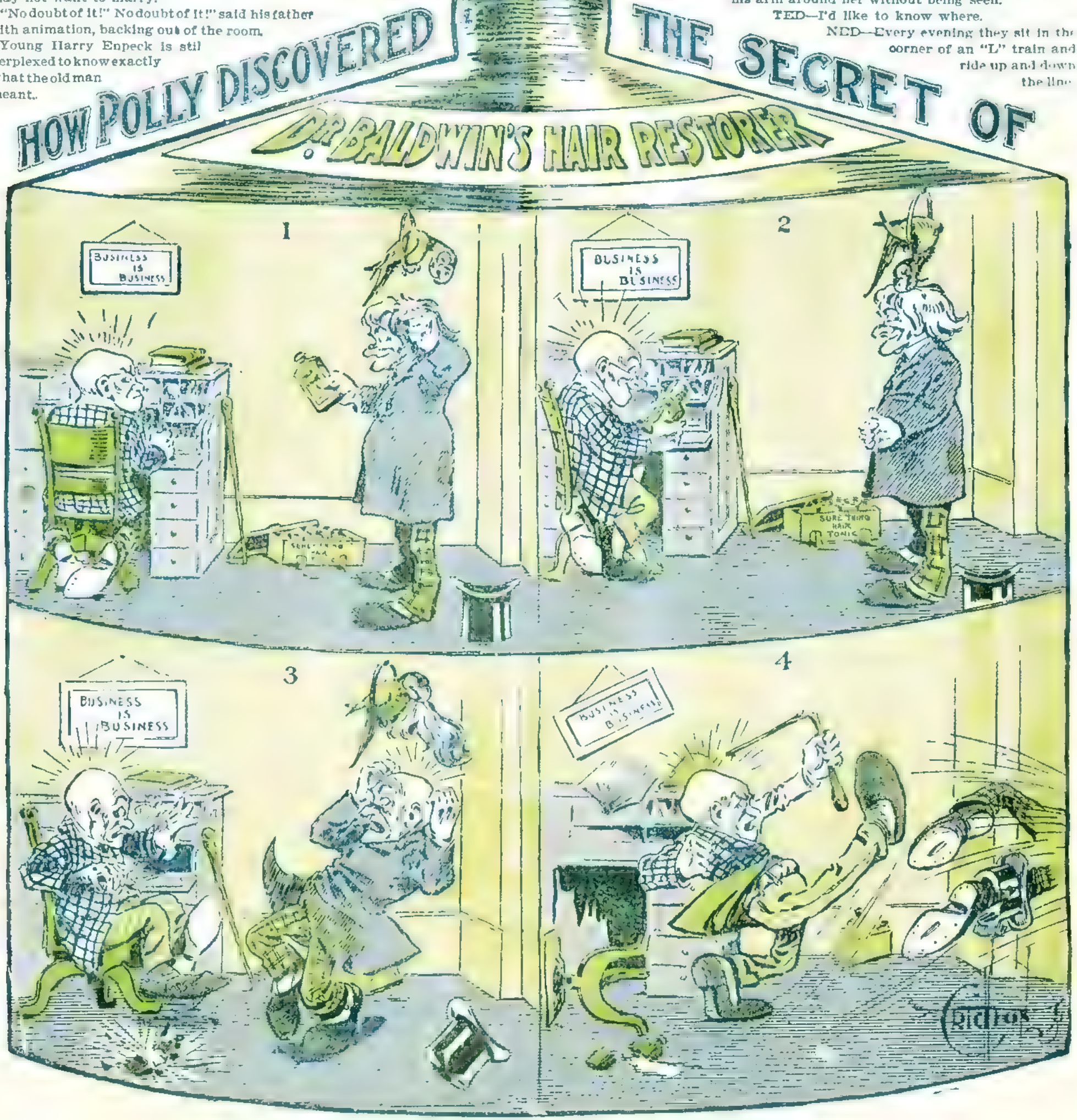
NED—Not a bit of it.

TED—You don't mean to tell me they sit out on a Park bench in this weather!

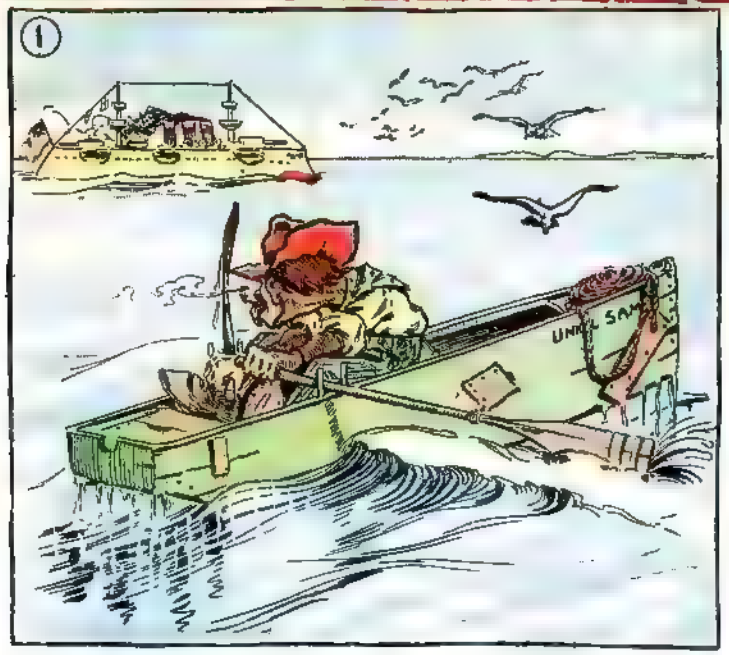
NED—Decidedly not. Tom soon found a warm place where it was dark enough for him to put his arm around her without being seen.

TED—I'd like to know where.

NED—Every evening they sit in the corner of an "L" train and ride up and down the line.

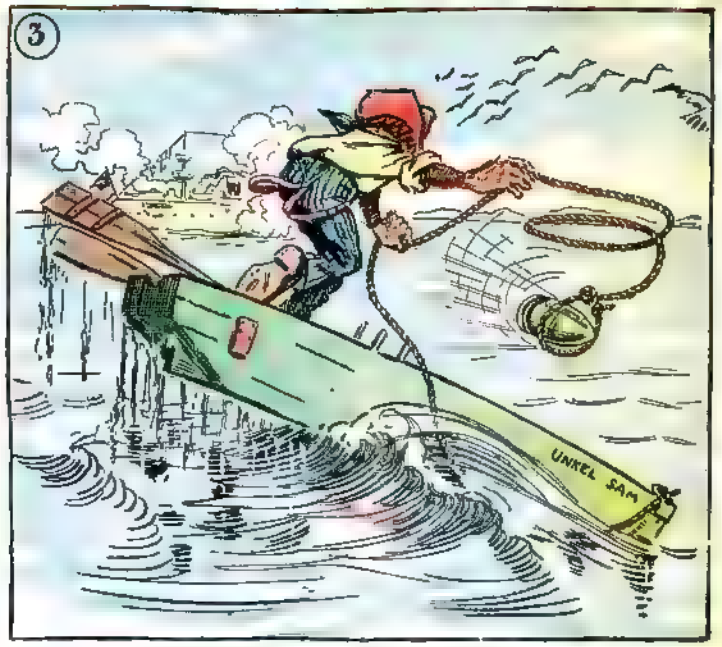


How Lassoo Lorenzo Sunk The Battle Ship, Toted By Himself

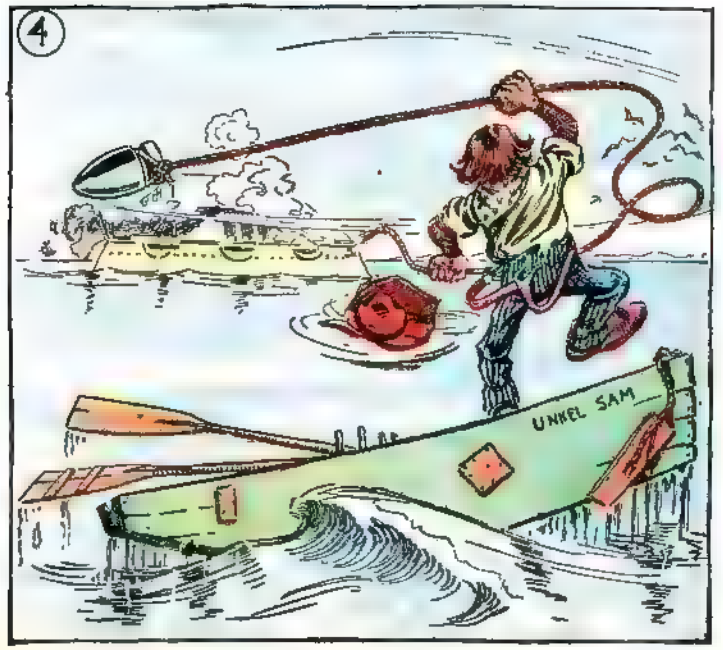


1. "Yaas, there she wus, steamin' down on me an' telling me ter stop.

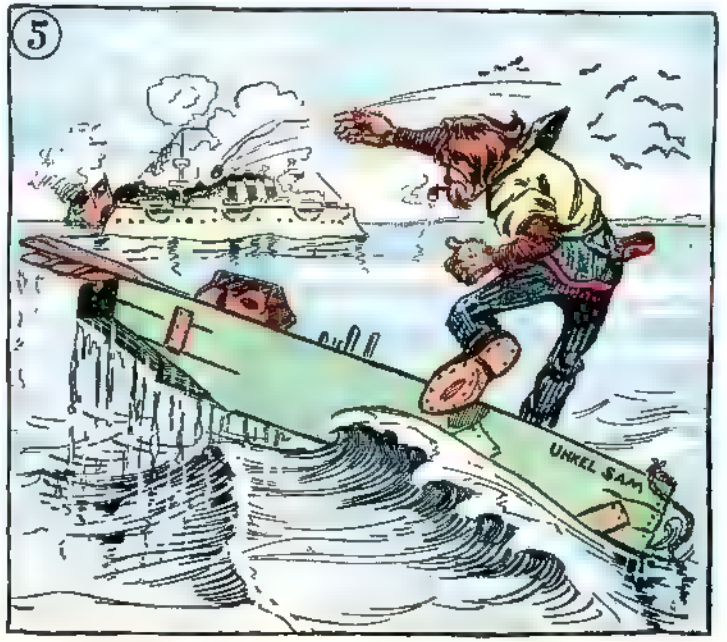
2. "But, sez I, never, fer no foreigner. An' then"—



3. —"she fired a tremenjus shot at me. I see it comin', an' "—



4. —"out with my lassoo an' caught it as it kem a-whizzin'."



5. "Whirlin it roun' my head, I sent it skootin' back, an' "—

6. —"strikin' the gol-durned ship, she sunk like a stone! Yaas, sir!"

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND OR THE FOILED FOOTPAD

1. Cried Horace Holdup in the dark.
"Hurrah! Here comes an easy mark"'

2. "Hand out yer cash!" he boldly said
But the stranger smiled, all undismayed

3. And said: "You're 'way behind the times,
I'll sell you a pistol fit for crimes.

4. And see, a nice dark lantern, too,
Equipped with all improvements new.

5. "I'd like to insure you, ere you go,
In the Footpads' Mutual Benefit Co."

6. "And"—— But Horace Holdup grabbed his head
And off in wildest fear he fled

KRAFT CANDIES

good, like all Kraft foods

Wanted–Kraft Caramels! *Wanted everywhere*

Reason: Kraft makes 'em the good old fash'oned way

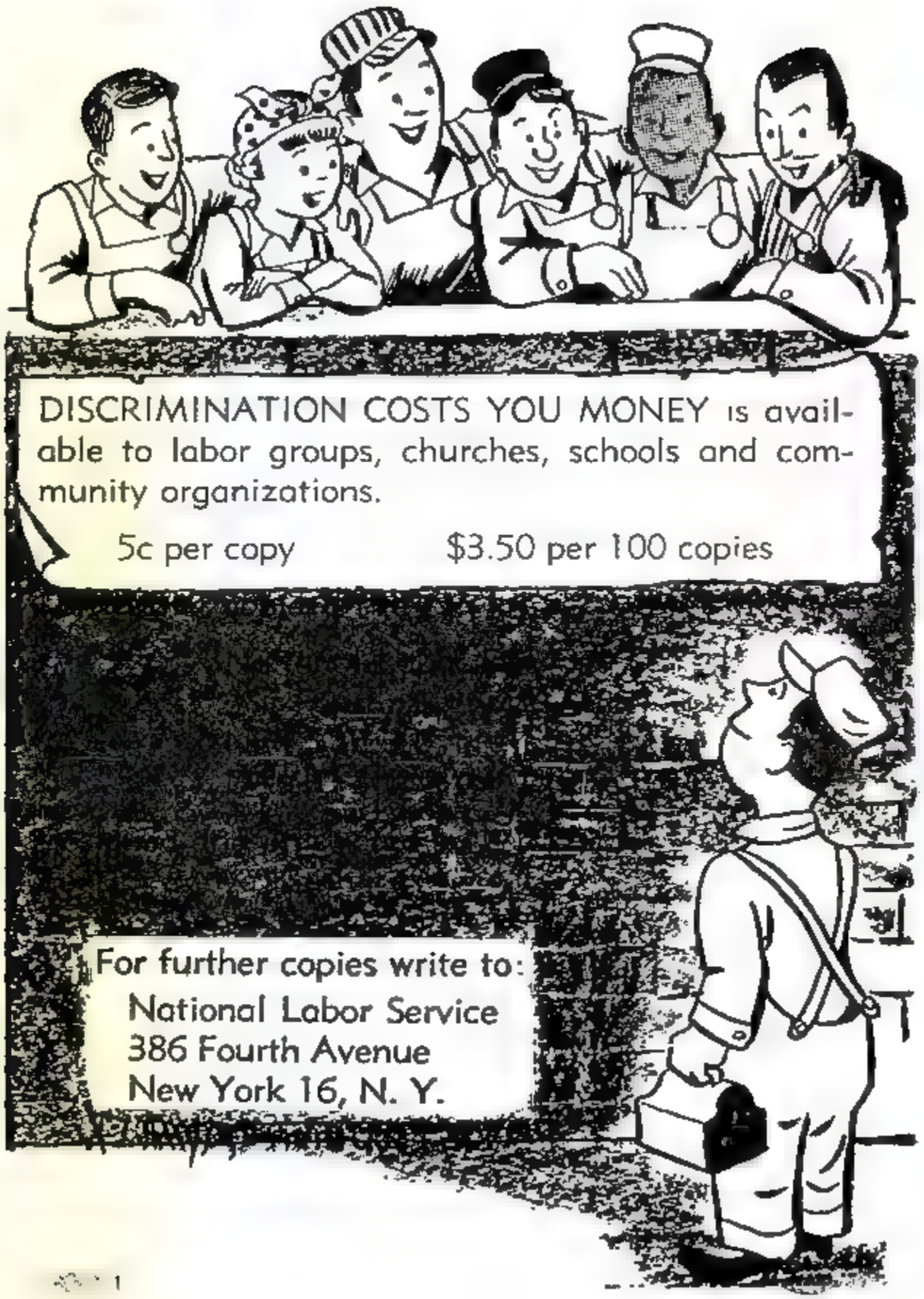
Chewy buttery smooth rich n true caramel flavor

Hungry for real caramels? Have some Kraft Caramels

Kraft makes wonderful Fudgies and Marshmallows, too!

DIGBY

Harry Lampert



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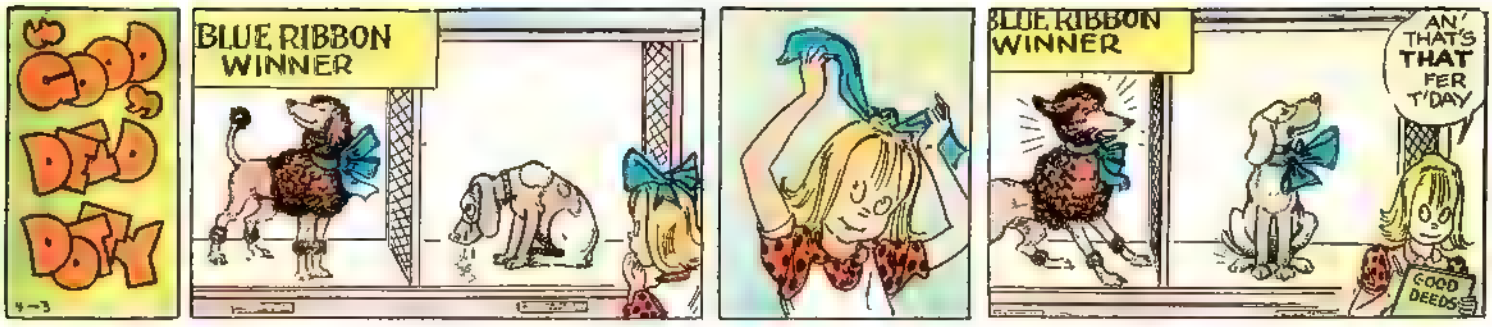


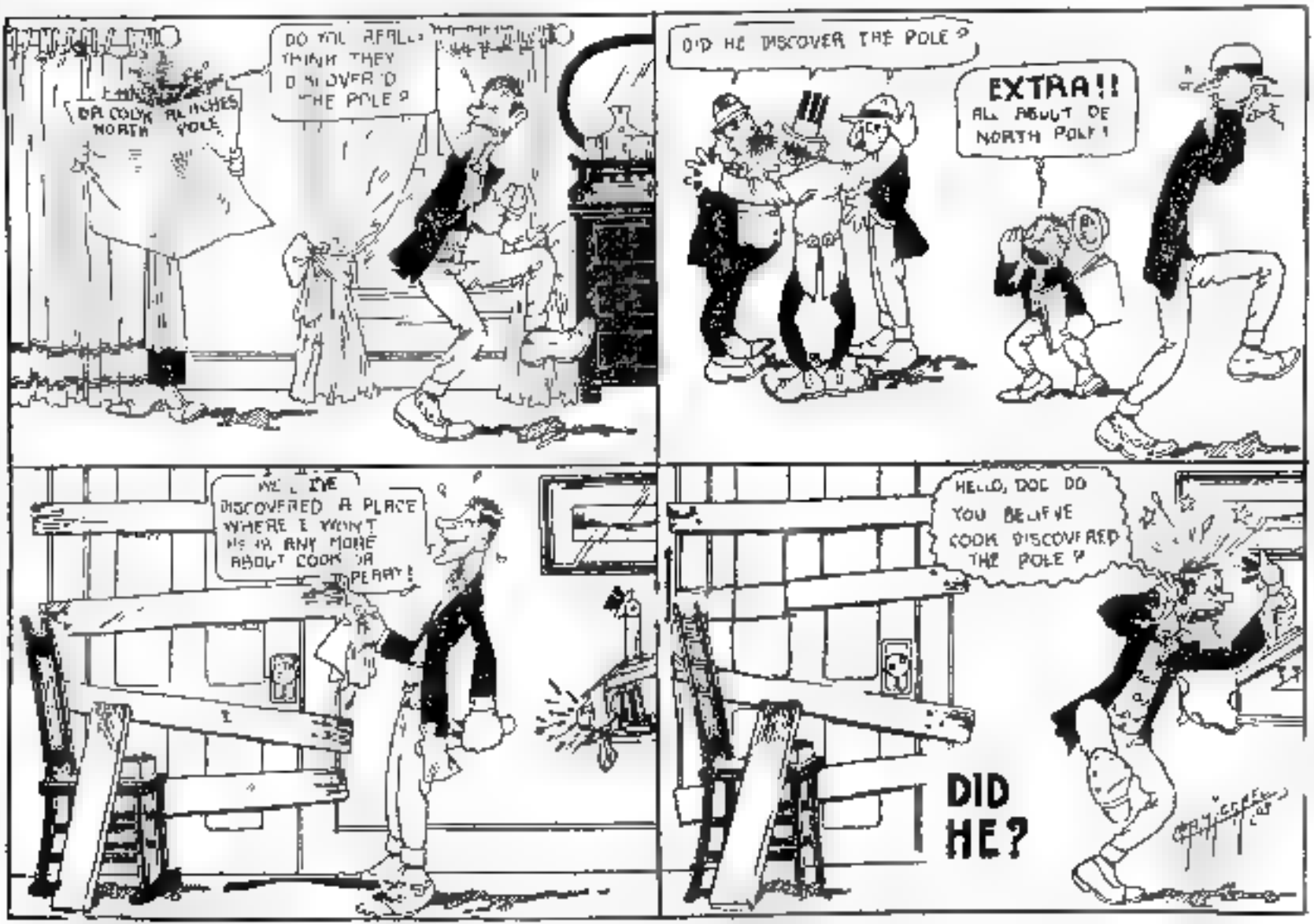
DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL

OH, HELLO, TOMMY! DO COME IN!
HULLO .... DIXIE ....
UH —— NICE WEATHER WE'RE HAVING
YES! YES INDEED!
AHEM
YES??? - YOU WERE GOING TO SAY SOMETHING???
TH' PAPER SAID IT'LL BE FAIR AND WARMER TOMORROW. I - I LIKE FAIR WEATHER!
FAIR ENOUGH!
WELL .... I GUESS I BETTER GO NOW - WE MIGHT GET AN APRIL SHOWER AN' I FORGOT MY RUBBERS!
OH... I'M SO SORRY YOU MUST GO!
THANK GOODNESS!!
A WEEK LATER
OH, DO COME OVER, TOMMY, IF YOU WANT TO!
MUMBLE .... MUMBLE ... MUMBLE ....
HELLO, TOMMY DO COME IN!
HULLO .. . DIXIE ....
"IT'S GOING TO REMAIN COOL TODAY AND TOMORROW. . TUESDAY WILL BE WINDY... FOLLOWED BY RAIN ON WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY. . CLEARING ON FRIDAY AND MILD ON SATURDAY!!"
J. STRIEBEL
WELL ???—YOU WERE GOING TO SAY SOMETHING???

Dr. Spooks's Explorations.

By A. P. Carmichael.


DR COOK REACHES NORTH POLE
DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY DISCOVERED THE POLE?
DID HE DISCOVER THE POLE?
EXTRA!! ALL ABOUT DE NORTH POLE!
WELL I'VE DISCOVERED A PLACE WHERE I WON'T HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT COOK OR PEARY!
HELLO, DOC DO YOU BELIEVE COOK DISCOVERED THE POLE?
DID HE?

Don't Tell Auntie

By R. F. James

Wedding Bells Ring For All Hands

SUNDAY, MAY 29, 1932

Trade Mark Registration Applied For

1 HERE come the brides-to-be. Yes, sir! Jane and Elaine slipped one over on Auntie last night when they tiptoed out and slept at Grandma's. Lady Ella wasn't going to get a chance to muffle their wedding bells. Look at Jed waving those marriage licenses. Let's go!
2 SHADES of Mendelssohn! Look who got to the church first! Auntie, no less, and her boy-friend, Warner Beansbury Smyth, and from all appearances Auntie has just slipped one over on the girls. "She's just married him," gasps Elaine.
"We'll never get a cent of her money now," adds Jane.
"Hang the money, darlings," say Jed and "Sonny." "Tell the parson the double wedding party's here and waiting."
NO SMOKING
FIRST CABIN ONLY
3 "TOODLE-OO!" flips Auntie and her blushing bridegroom to the other newly-weds.
"We'll be back," Lady Ella adds, as the liner slowly moves away, "after we've seen Europe and maybe all the rest of the world. There is a little wedding present for each of you in the mail, enough to enable you to follow us on the next boat if you want a real honeymoon."
(The End)

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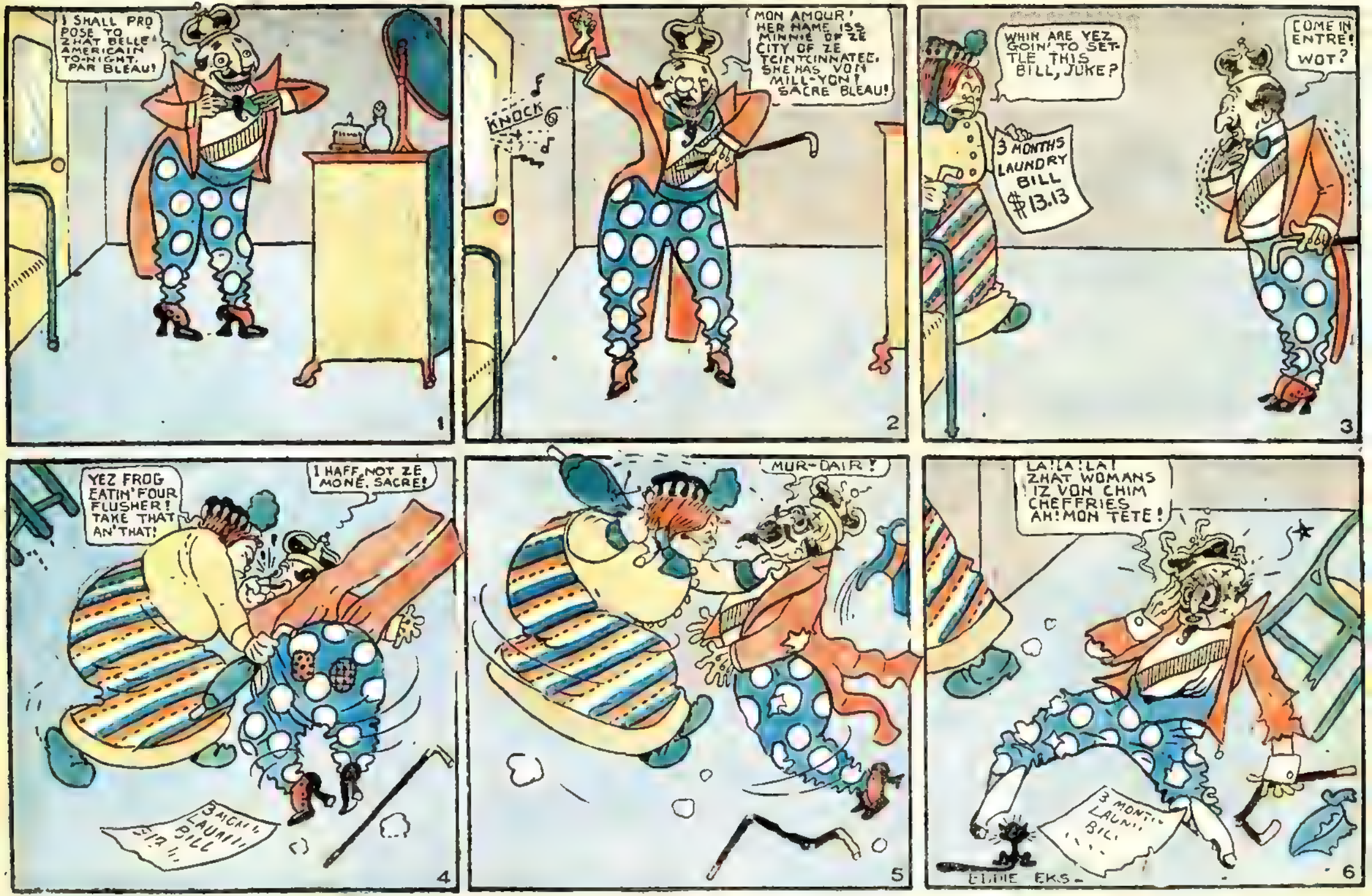
"DUKE DE PLASTER PARIS"


I SHALL PRO POSE TO ZHAT BELLE AMERICAIN TO-NIGHT. PAR BLEAU!
1
KNOCK
MON AMOUR! HER NAME ISS MINNIE OF ZE CITY OF ZE TCINTCINNATEE. SHE HAS VON MILL-YON! SACRE BLEAU!
2
WHIN ARE YEZ GOIN' TO SET-TLE THIS BILL, JUKE?
3 MONTHS LAUNDRY BILL $13.13
COME IN ENTRE! WOT?
3
YEZ FROG EATIN' FOUR FLUSHER! TAKE THAT AN' THAT!
I HAFF NOT ZE MONE. SACRE!
3 MONTHS LAUNDRY BILL $13.13
4
MUR-DAIR!
5
LA! LA! LA! ZHAT WOMANS IZ VON CHIM CHEFFRIES AH! MON TETE!
3 MONTHS LAUNDRY BILL
EDDIE EKS
6

when mother was a girl

BY BIL DWYER

HEAVENS - OSCAR, WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING - YOU BARELY MISSED THAT MUD PUDDLE - THINK I WANT TO GET ALL SPLASHED UP ?

—AND CAN'T YOU AVOID THOSE BUMPS ? I NEVER SAW ANYONE SO **RECKLESS!**

But DAUGHTER — OH!

HENRY — YOU DIDN'T MISS THAT STREET CAR BY MORE THAN AN INCH! - LOOK OUT FOR THAT TRUCK!

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1-5

HENRY — YOU DROVE RIGHT THROUGH THAT RED LIGHT — HENRY, WILL YOU **SLOW DOWN** ? YOU DRIVE LIKE A MANIAC!

I SWEAR — YOU SEEM TO PICK THE ROUGHEST STREETS IN TOWN! HENRY — WILL YOU PAY ATTENTION TO WHERE YOU'RE DRIVIN G ? YOU'RE THE THE MOST **RECKLESS** MAN I'VE EVER SEEN!

Dumb Dora

Registered U. S. Patent Office

NOW, WHY IN TH' HECK DID I BRING THIS ALONG ON A SWELL DAY LIKE THIS ?

OKAY, GOOF WHATCHA LAUGHIN' ABOUT ?

WHERE YA GOIN' WITH TH' UM-BRELLA, LIL LORD FAUNTLEROY ?

HI-YA, MAMAS BOY ? WHERE'S YER EAR MUFFS ?

HUH!

YA DON'T NEED THET, BING, YER ALL WET T' START WITH!

PS-S-ST, CLARENCE! CAN I SPILL WORDS WITH YA ?

WHO, ME ? **SURE!**

DO ME A FAVOR AN' CHASE THIS BUMBER-CHUTE OVER TO MY ROOM — THERE'S TWO BITS IN IT

HOKAY DOKAY!

TH' TWERPS CAN GIVE CLARENCE TH' HEE-HAW FROM NOW ON!

HI YA, SUGAH! GOIN' PLACES ?

HELLO, BINGY!

HOW'S FER MY WALKIN' YA HOME ?

TSK, TSK **RAIN!**

IT AIN'T RAININ' **MUCH**, DORA!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

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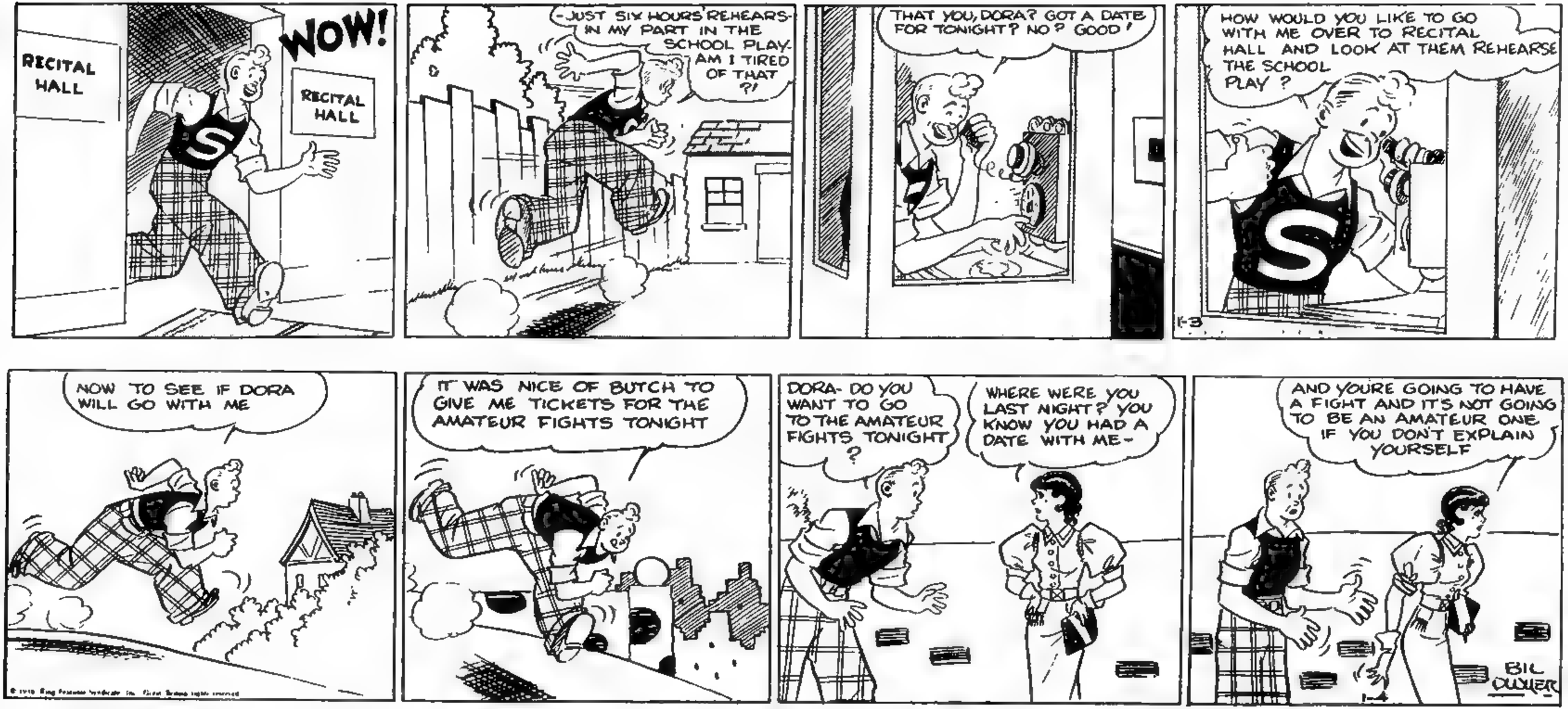
1-5

GOIN' MY WAY, DORA ?

SORRY, OL' BOY. I'D ASK YOU IN ONLY THERE AIN'T ENOUGH ROOM!

BEANS


RECITAL HALL
WOW!
RECITAL HALL
-JUST SIX HOURS REHEARSIN MY PART IN THE SCHOOL PLAY. AM I TIRED OF THAT ?!
THAT YOU, DORA? GOT A DATE FOR TONIGHT? NO? GOOD!
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO WITH ME OVER TO RECITAL HALL AND LOOK AT THEM REHEARSE THE SCHOOL PLAY?
1-3
NOW TO SEE IF DORA WILL GO WITH ME
IT WAS NICE OF BUTCH TO GIVE ME TICKETS FOR THE AMATEUR FIGHTS TONIGHT
DORA- DO YOU WANT TO GO TO THE AMATEUR FIGHTS TONIGHT?
WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT? YOU KNOW YOU HAD A DATE WITH ME-
AND YOURE GOING TO HAVE A FIGHT AND IT'S NOT GOING TO BE AN AMATEUR ONE IF YOU DON'T EXPLAIN YOURSELF
BIL OLIVER
1-4

THE EDUCATION OF MASTER TOMMY PIP

ARE YOU GOING TO WASH THE WINDOWS SAM?

DAT'S WHAT I IS! JES' AS SOON AS I GETS RESTED!

LET ME DO IT - I CAN AS WELL AS YOU!

CAN YOU? WELL DEN GO RIGHT AHEAD - I'LL TAKE A SNOOZLE WHILE YO'S DOIN' IT!

I WONDER WHAT THAT BOY'S UP TO NOW?

SAM'S GOT SOME SENSE - HE KNOWS I CAN DO THINGS!

SNORE! SNORE!

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT WINDOW AND WATCH ME CLEAN IT IN A JIFFY!

SPLUT - SPLUT - SPLUT - SPLUT!

?

YOU - YOU SCAMP - SAM BRING HIM IN TO ME AT ONCE!

HA! HA! HE DON' MISTOOK HIS PA'S FACE FO' A WINDOW!!

HERE HE AM - SAH!

THEY SAY "ALWAYS TO LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP" BUT IT OUGHT TO BE LOOK BEFORE YOU WASH WINDOWS PARTICULARLY IF YOU HAVE A PA THAT'S JEALOUS OF YOU AND MOVES THE WINDOW OUT OF THE WAY JUST WHEN YOU NEED IT - PA SAYS I HAVEN'T ANY SENSE BUT I'VE GOT MORE SENSE THAN TO STICK MY FACE RIGHT IN A MOP LIKE HE DID AND GET SOUSED!

YOURS TOMMY

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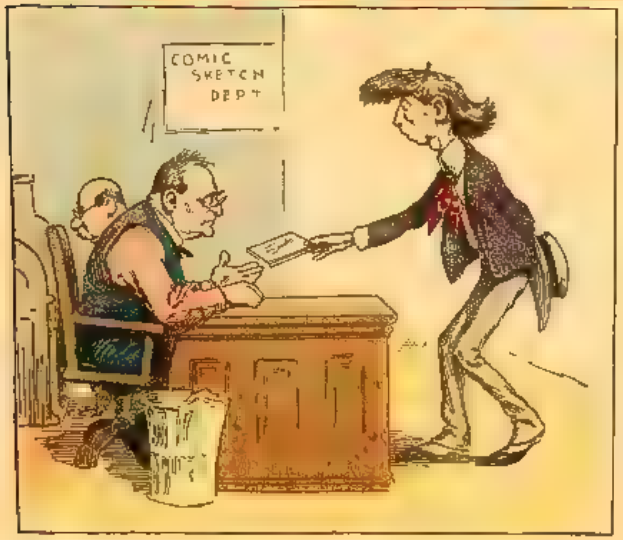
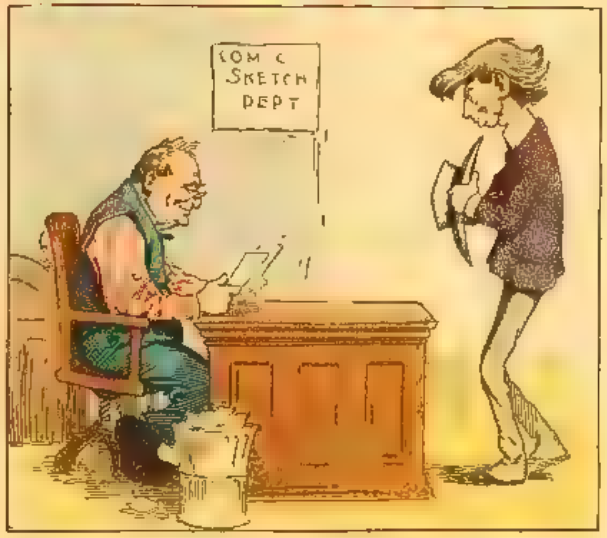
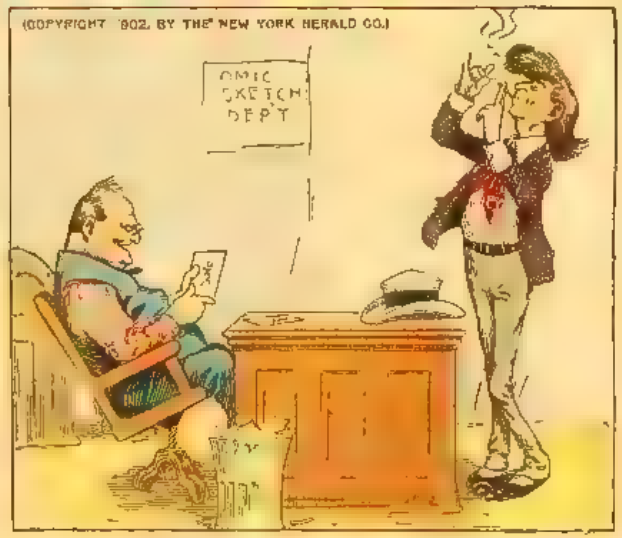
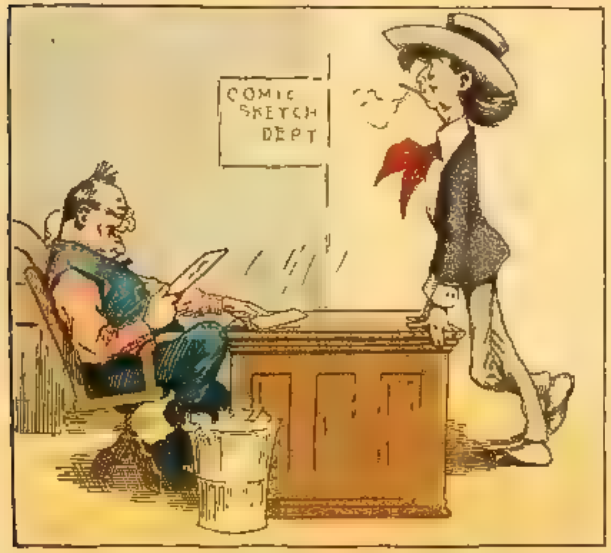
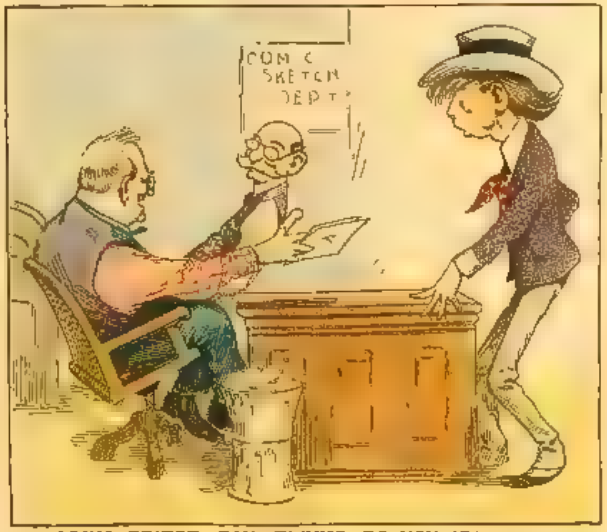
THE SMILE THAT MOLDED







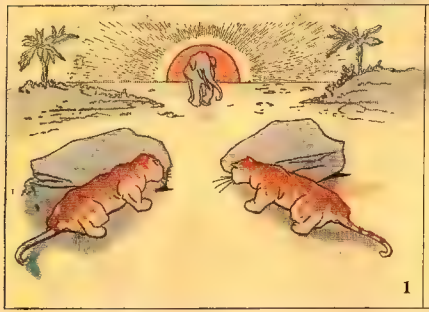




COMIC EDITOR—SAY, BLINKS, DO YOU KNOW I CAN'T HELP LAUGHING.

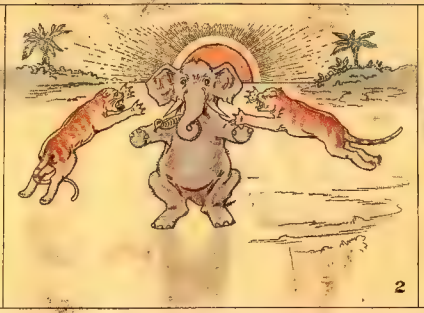
"EVERY TIME I THINK OF THE EXPRESSION ON OLD BOZZLE'S FACE WHEN YOU HELD THAT AGE FULL ON HIM."

How the Elephant Overcame His Ambushed Foes.



1

At lunch time on a Summer's day
Two varmints waited for their prey.



2

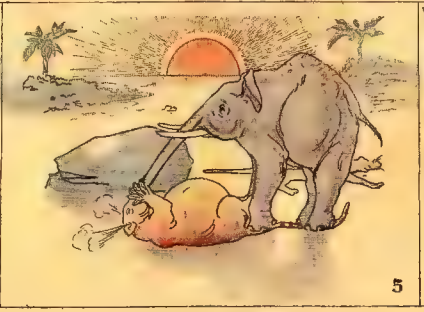
And as he sauntered with precision
They double-banked him with decision.

3

One tackled low, the other feller
Swung for, and landed on his smeller.

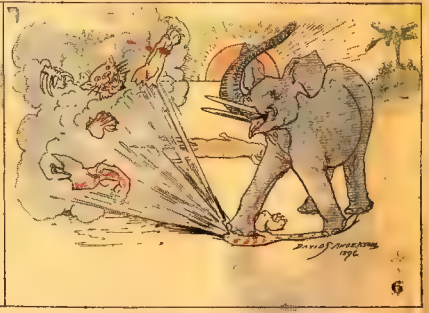
4

They did not know their foeman's graft
Was rough-and-tumble, fore and aft



5

The enemy who made his flank ache
He rolled as flat as any pancake.



6

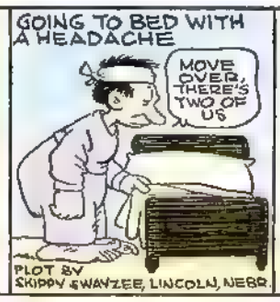
Inflating then his pal's tough hide,
He strewed his fragments far and wide.

ALEXANDER SMART, ESQ. BY DOC WINNER.

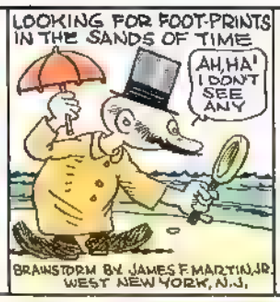
Registered U. S. Patent Office.

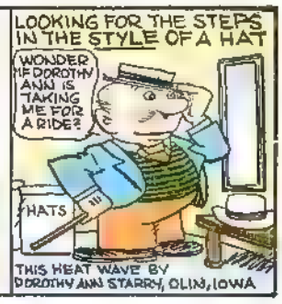
DAFFY-DOODLES

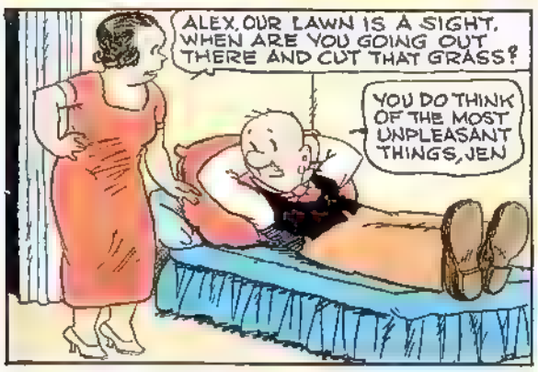
IT'S THE HEAT THAT MAKES THEM THINK OF THESE THINGS

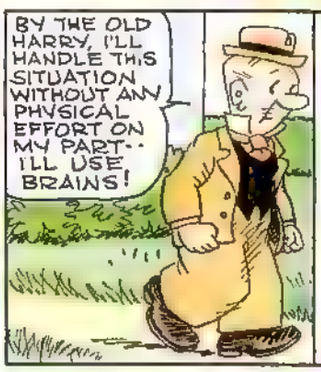


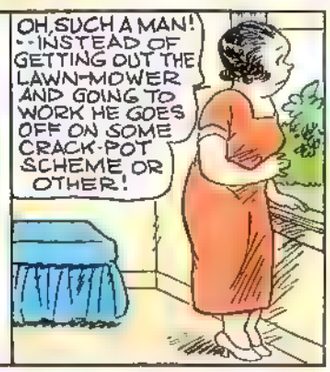
LISTENING TO THE MOOING OF THE CALF OF HIS LEG
BE STILL, GENTLE, LITTLE KINE
THIS DIZZY THOUGHT BY MARGGREAT MCGEE, DALLAS, TEX.

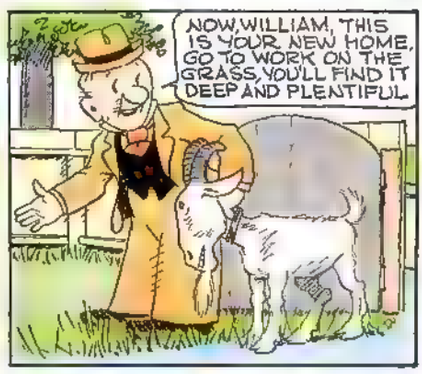


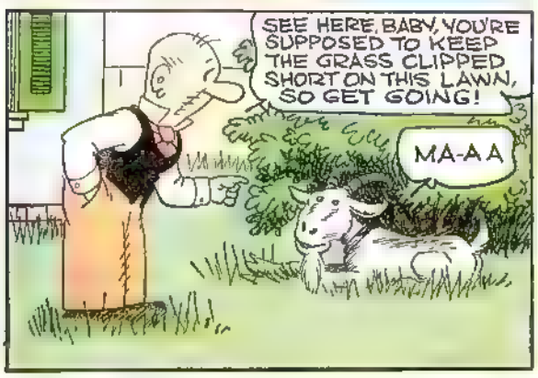

LOOKING FOR THE STEPS IN THE STYLE OF A HAT
WONDER IF DOROTHY ANN IS TAKING ME FOR A RIDE?
HATS
THIS HEAT WAVE BY DOROTHY ANN STARRY, OLIN, IOWA

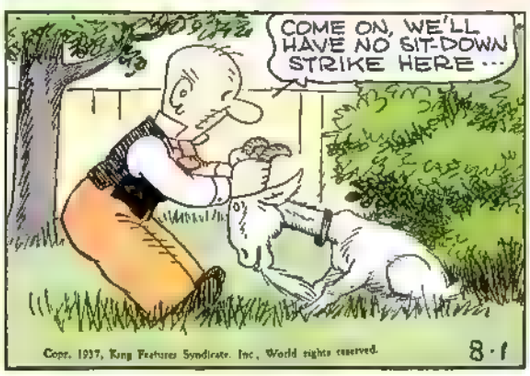


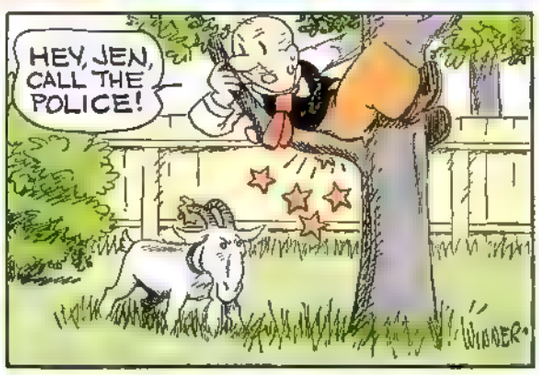




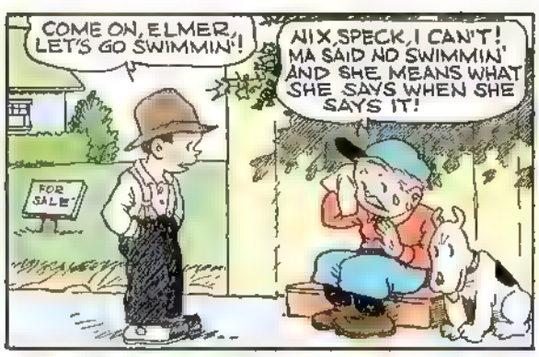


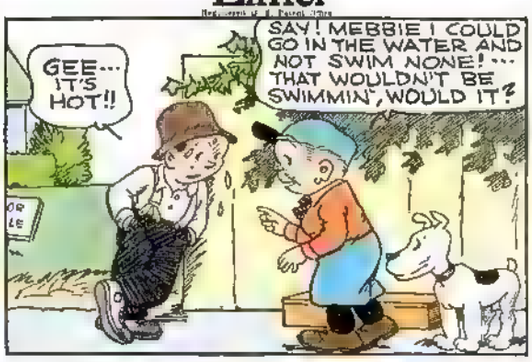


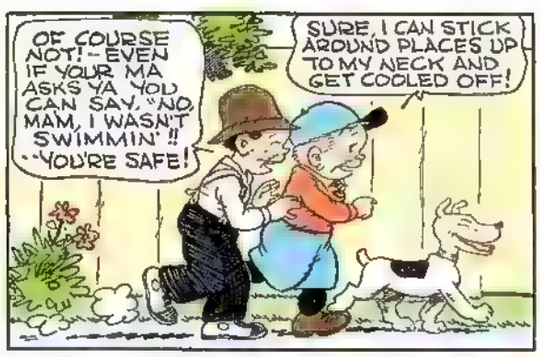


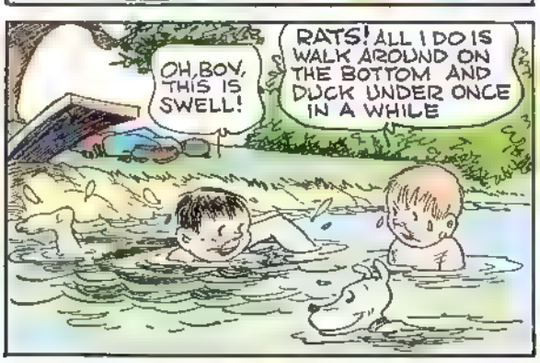


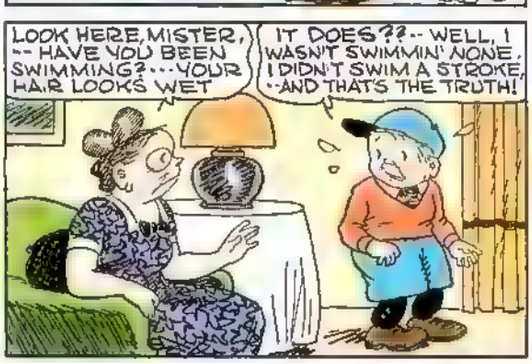
Elmer

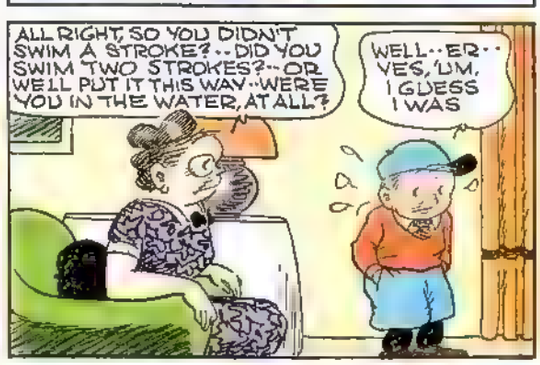


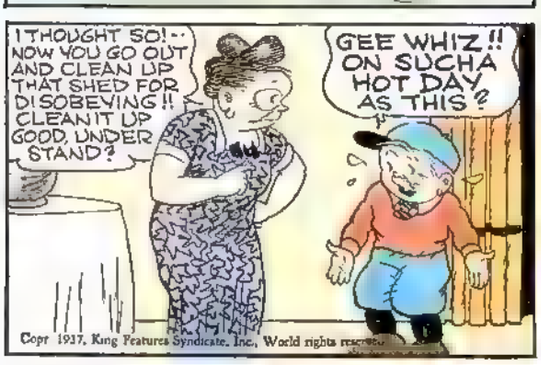


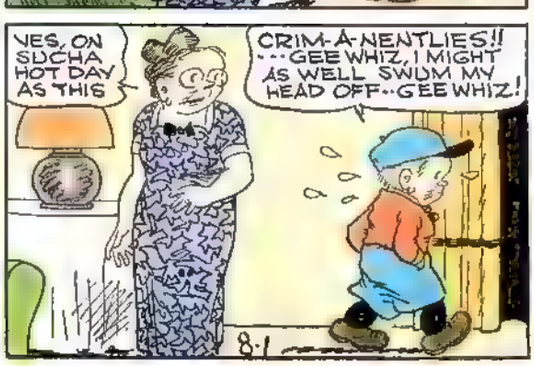

OF COURSE NOT! - EVEN IF YOUR MA ASKS YA YOU CAN SAY, "NO MAM, I WASN'T SWIMMIN'!! .. YOU'RE SAFE!
SURE, I CAN STICK AROUND PLACES UP TO MY NECK AND GET COOLED OFF!

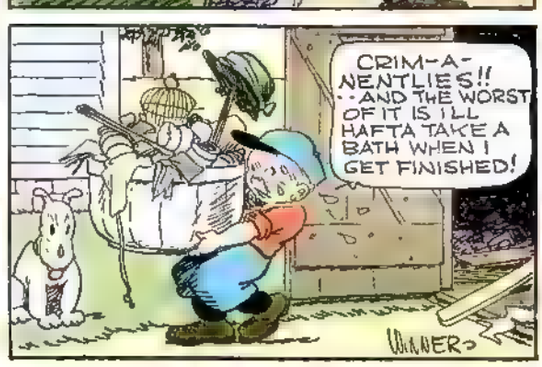



LOOK HERE, MISTER, -- HAVE YOU BEEN SWIMMING? ... YOUR HAIR LOOKS WET
IT DOES?? .. WELL, I WASN'T SWIMMIN' NONE, I DIDN'T SWIM A STROKE, .. AND THAT'S THE TRUTH!


ALL RIGHT, SO YOU DIDN'T SWIM A STROKE? .. DID YOU SWIM TWO STROKES? .. OR WELL PUT IT THIS WAY .. WERE YOU IN THE WATER, AT ALL?
WELL .. ER .. YES, UM, I GUESS I WAS


I THOUGHT SO! .. NOW YOU GO OUT AND CLEAN UP THAT SHED FOR DISOBEYING!! CLEAN IT UP GOOD, UNDER STAND?
GEE WHIZ!! ON SUCHA HOT DAY AS THIS?
Copr 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.





WATCH FOR JIGGS AND MAGGIE DAILY IN THE STATES COMIC PAGE

EPITAPHS FOR LIVE ONES.

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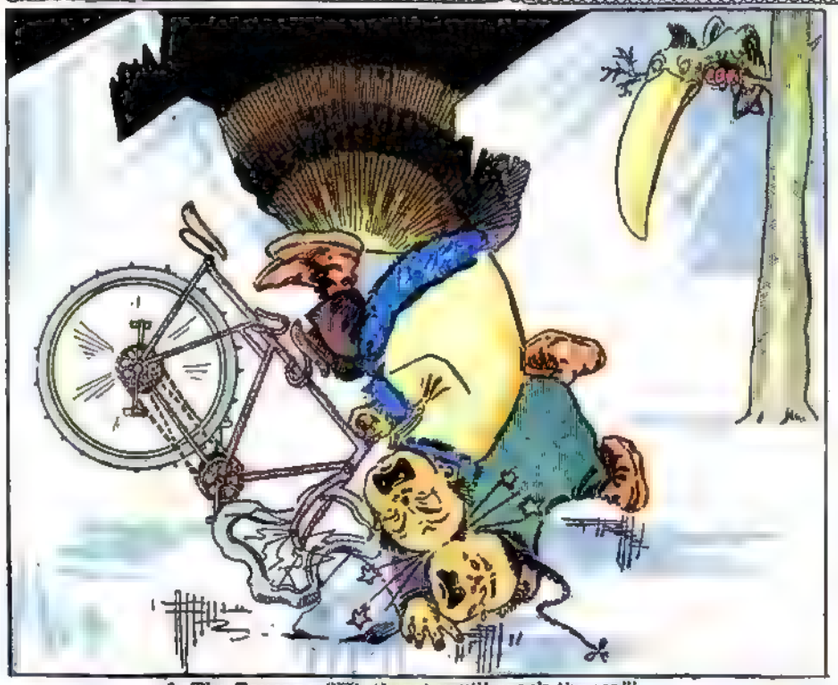
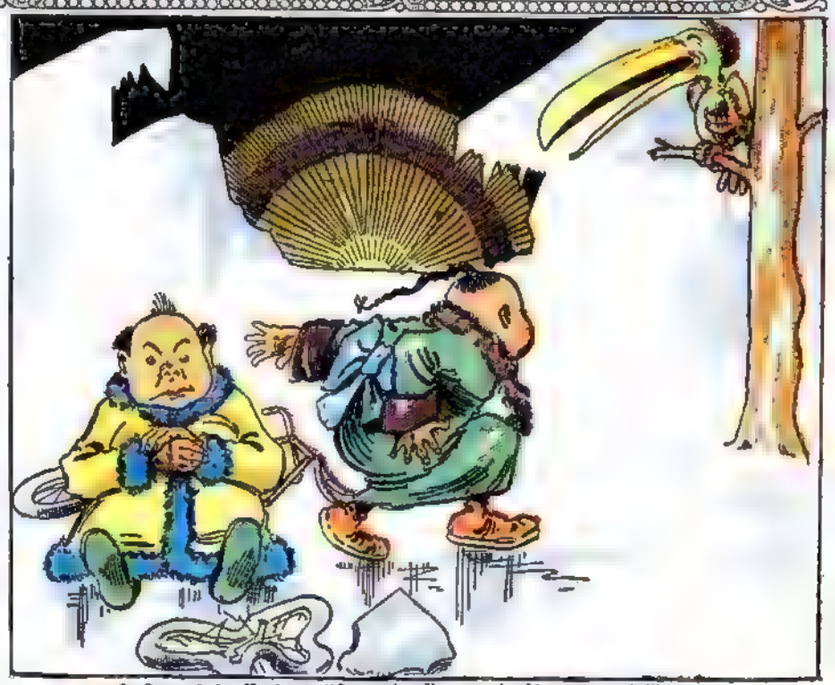
EVERYTHING HAS ITS USE; OR, THE TOUCAN THAT BECAME A BICYCLE.

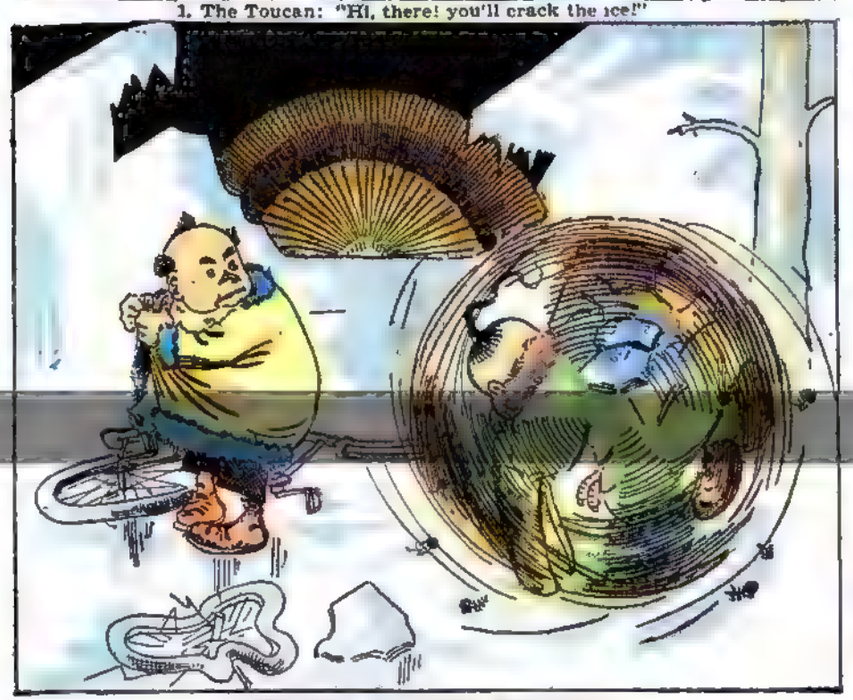


1. The Toucan: "Hi, there! you'll crack the ice!"

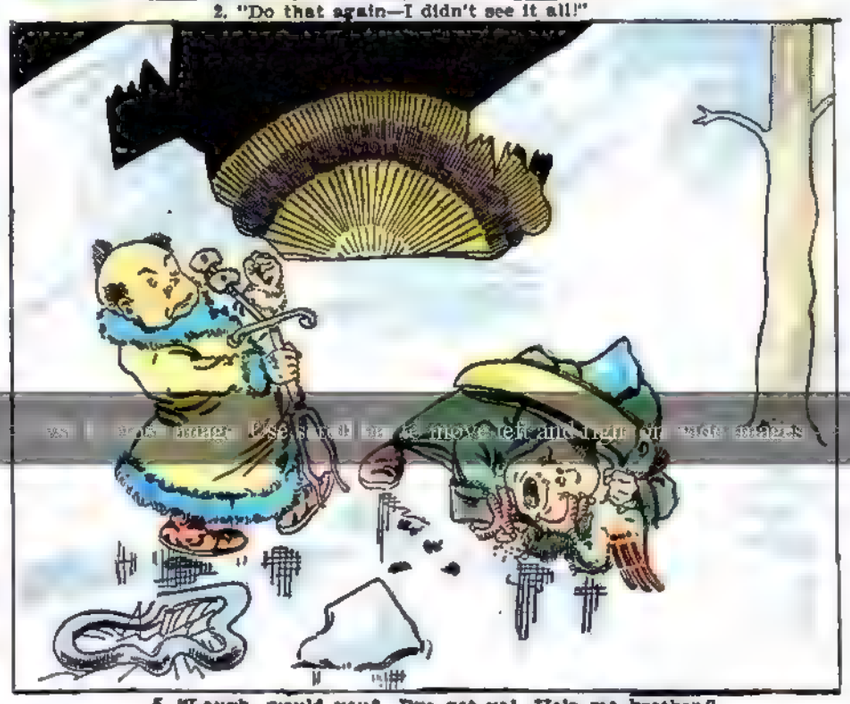
2. "Do that again—I didn't see it all!"



3. One of the Twins: "Our wheel's smashed! But wait!"



4. "Something is evidently happening.



5. "Laugh, would you? I've got ya! Help me, brother."

6. "Oh, we're not so cold!"

AMERICAN HUMORIST
COLORED COMIC WEEKLY OF THE
NEW YORK JOURNAL

NO. 24 NEW YORK JOURNAL, SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1897. Copyright 1897, by W. R. Hearst.

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THE APRIL FOOL DUDE

"WERRY SORRY MADLY-SMARTIN PLACE SOME"

"SIR BUT THE BALL HAS TOOK TIME AGO!!"

"NO YOUNG MAN I REGRET TO SAY THAT TOTTIE COUGHDROP DOES NOT LIVE HERE!"

PAYING TELLER

THE APRIL FOOL CHECK.

FOOLING ONE OF THE FINEST

SPECIAL PERFORMANCE ON APRIL 1ST

THE COMPLETE LETTER WRITER

"HURRY UP BOSS! DERES A SCRAP ROUN DE CORNER - HULLY GEE!"

ARCHIE GUNN

EVERY DAY IS APRIL FOOL'S DAY IF A PRETTY WOMAN WILLS.

FUNNY PAPER

BOSTON SUNDAY POST

FIVE CENTS— BOSTON, FEBRUARY 12, 1905

EXPLOITS OF MAMMA'S ANGEL PET

She Had Seen the Song-Sheet at the Theatre and So Improvised One at Home

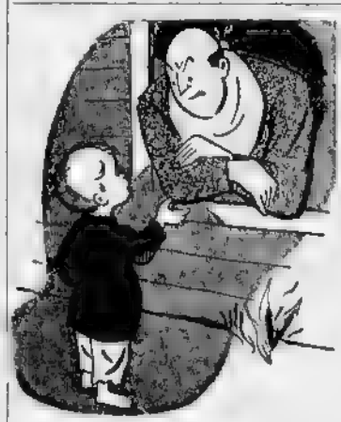
I MUST HAVE A SONG SHEET PAPA!
THAT SOUNDS LIKE MRS BROWN'S RING
OOF!
1
NO, I CAN ONLY STAY JUST A MOMENT DEAR
2
OH SUCH A FLOOD OF GOSSIP I MUST TELL YOU SOME-
COME, I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT THE SONG SHEET I SAW AT THE MATINEE
3
GEE!
LOVELY
OH WE MUST PLAY SONG SHEET IT IS GREAT, GIRLS
4
GEE!
AND WE ALL SING
THIS WILL LOOK JUST LIKE IT WHEN YOUR FACES ARE IN IT.
5
GOOD, GOOD, THAT'S LIKE THE THEATRE
WE SHALL MEET
WE SHALL ME-EET
BEYOND THE RIVER-
BOW-WOW!
6
LET'S STEAL IN TO ENJOY THE CONCERT
THOSE ARE MY THREE LITTLE DARLINGS SWEET VOICES SINGING
MY COUNTRY-
MY COUNTRY-TIS
TIS OF THEE-E
WOOF! OOF!
7
GRACIOUS!
MY DARLINGS, OH!
"AND THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER, LONG MAY IT WA-HAVE"
LOUDER
WOOF! OOF!
8
IT WOULD TAKE A MILLIONAIRE TO SUPPORT THAT KID
MY BEAUTIFUL JAPANESE SCREEN ALL RUINED
SUCH AN EVIL MINDED CHILD YOU HAVE, DEAR
SHE MADE US DO IT MA.
9
NORMAN

(Reprinted from a pamphlet of Community Relations Service, 386 Fourth Ave., New York City.)

"Now look, Sonny, you're spoiling my dinner. Don't stand here. Go someplace."

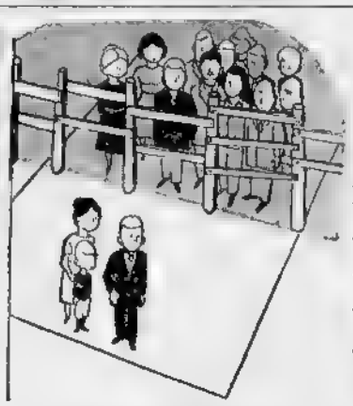
"But, sir, I am one of the homeless displaced persons of Europe. I cannot return to the country where I was born—the ruins of my home—the memory of religious persecution—the danger of oppression by dictatorial governments."

"That's ridiculous. There are plenty of countries where you can go. Right here in the U.S.A., we have an immigration law to let in people like you."



"I see you don't know much about the workings of your immigration law. 150,000 people are permitted by law to come to the U.S.A. each year. Each foreign country is given a quota, but the nations with the largest quotas have never used them up.

"Unused quotas are lost. They cannot be carried over from one country to another, from one year to the next, or in some cases from month to month.

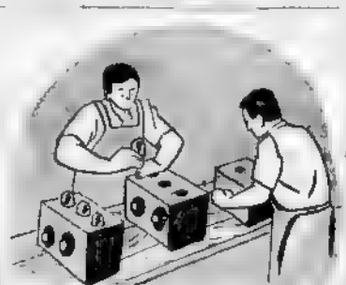


"Of every five persons who could come in under the law each year, only one actually enters the U.S.A."

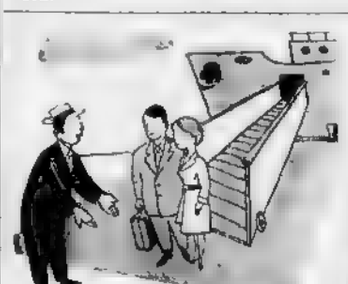
"Is that so? But tell me, who are all these displaced persons in Europe?"

"They come from many lands—Hungary, Austria, Poland, the Baltic countries. About 500,000 are Catholics, 250,000 are Jews, and 100,000 are Protestants. They are the ones who bore the brunt of Hitler's tyranny. Half of them are women. 150,000 are children under 18, and almost half of these are less than five years old."

"But why should the United States let them in?"



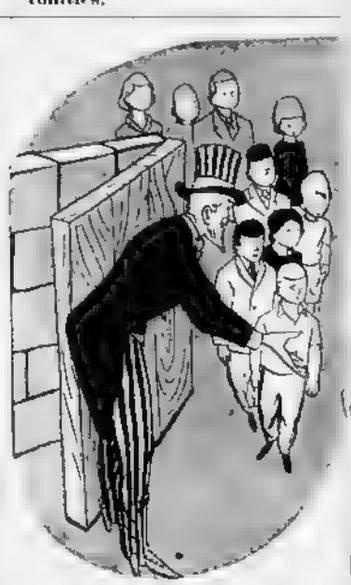
"The U. S. has always welcomed people from other lands. Since the days of the Pilgrims, America has been a refuge for the oppressed. It has pointed the way for other nations to follow. Immigrants coming to America have brought new skills, new ideas. They create new jobs and new job opportunities.



"Immigrants become good citizens. And among them have been great scientists, artists, and statesmen. No newcomers become public charges—their support must be guaranteed under the law by individuals or organized welfare groups. And our State department makes sure that they are loyal to American principles of government."

"I get the idea. Now what we need is an emergency law—a temporary law to admit America's fair share of the displaced persons."

"Now we have the story straight, Sonny, suppose you just step into the house and share my dinner, while I sit down and write a letter to my congressman, telling him that the U. S. must admit its fair share of the displaced persons."



MRS. ROOSEVELT says:

DAVID LAWRENCE declares:

FAT BURNS

A Woman's Fault

By Frank Ward

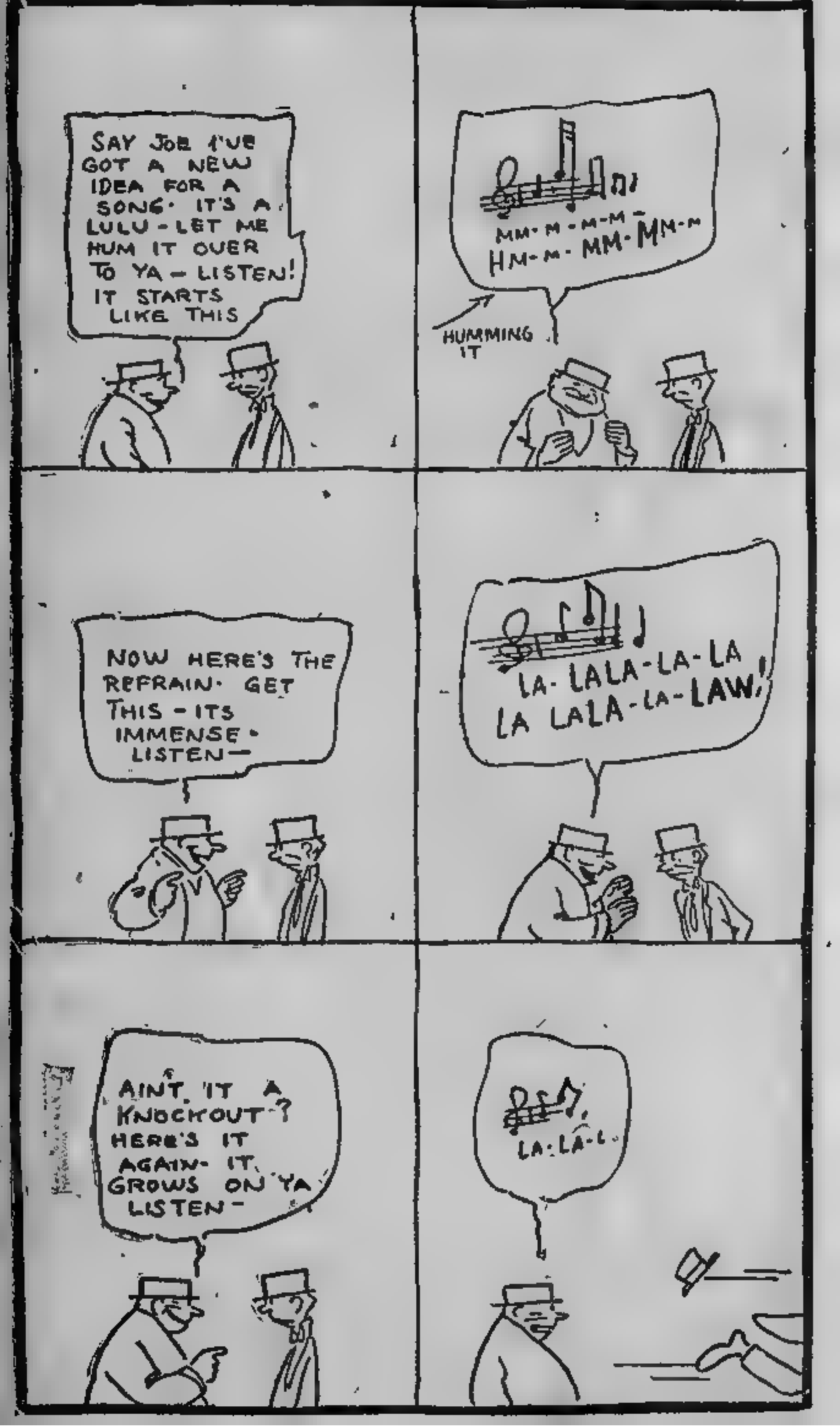
I'LL ASK MOM
MOM DOES MRS. POTTS TALK TOO MUCH?
SOME PEOPLE THINK SO
DOES SHE BURN UP WHEN SHE TALKS A LOT?
NOT THAT I KNOW OF SON—WHY?
CAUSE I HEARD MRS. JONES SAY SHE GETS SO HOT IF SHE KISSED A COW Y'D HAVE ROAST BEEF

The Inter Ocean

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT

FIVE MINUTES

"IT WAS SAID OF LINCOLN HE KNEW THE VALUE OF FIVE MINUTES"


SAY JOE I'VE GOT A NEW IDEA FOR A SONG· IT'S A LULU - LET ME HUM IT OVER TO YA - LISTEN! IT STARTS LIKE THIS
MM-M-M-M-M
HM-M-MM-MM-M
HUMMING IT
NOW HERE'S THE REFRAIN· GET THIS - ITS IMMENSE· LISTEN—
LA-LALA-LA-LA
LA LALA-LA-LAW!
AIN'T IT A KNOCKOUT? HERE'S IT AGAIN· IT GROWS ON YA LISTEN -
LA-LA-L

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

COPR. 1940 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Did you ever drive that e-normous limousine of his?"
"Uh-uh—I can't handle those two-garage cars."

Head Scratching Inspires Famous "Toonerville" Gags

FONTAINE FOX
. . . Toonerville Folks' Creator

Fontaine Fox Admits His Cartoons Do Not Spring Full-Fledged From Head But Need Assistance; Blames War For His Close Shorn Neck

By SUE WOOLF
(In Greenwich Time)

If a man is named simply Fontaine Fox, that's one thing. But when his parents christen him Fontaine Talbot Fox, III, it is plain that great things are expected of him.

The Greenwich cartoonist of Toonerville folks" (his home is in Iturl Towers) may not be Rembrandt van Rijn, and his work will probably never be included in a Thomas Craven collection; but he has brought more genuine enjoyment into millions of home through the media of some 300 newspapers, than the Dutch artist ever dreamed of.

Mr. Fox, who works with his assistants, Jack Morley and Arthur Clark, in two small rooms on West Elm Street, is strictly a head-scratcher inspirationalist.

His greatest ideas come to him just as he delivers a final jab at his long-suffering head with a ragged fingernail.

Gives Demonstration

When this reporter asked Mr Fox how he worked and created the lovable "Toonerville Folks," he demonstrated, and with gestures.

"I sit in here," he called out from the other room, (he has his office in the front room, so bill collectors will think he is the office boy) "and scratch. Then I get an idea and hastily put it down. Then I call in the boys and show it to them proudly."

"The boys," Mr. Morley and Mr Clark guffaw noisily and proceed to sound very much like Brooklyn fans on a losing day.

"The boys" then submit their ideas to the boss, who is frank to admit that he thinks theirs are "just as lousy as they think mine are."

Hit Happy Medium

Eventually the three cartoonists strike a happy medium and work proceeds. Mr. Fox sketches the idea, and inks it in. Mr Morley and Mr. Clark clean it up and do the lettering and coloring.

This sort of thing goes on to the tune of six cartoons a week and a full-page strip for the Sunday papers.

And "the boys," according to Mr Fox, are "very able assistants."

"They keep me from feeling that anything I turn out is simply wonderful," he explained with a twinkle in his eye.

"You might say they are the antithesis of the Hollywood 'yes' men."

"Sometimes I get very angry and accuse them born of 'yessing' me again. I leave in a huff and don't come back for hours. When I do saunter in again, I apologize, but I still think they're 'yessing' me."

Loses Back Hair

The cartoonist is a native of Louisville Ky., and calls himself a "double paradox."

"I'm a Southerner who likes damyankees," he explained. "And a Democrat who doesn't like Roosevelt."

The political discussion which ensued nearly upset the coffee cups, but eventually the conversation veered around to the Second World War raging abroad.

"You know," Mr. Fox said "This war enters every phase of American life. It's far-reaching grasp takes hold of you wherever you go.

"For the first time in my life I had to buy a muffler the other day. My barber became very excited over some war news on the radio and shaved off nearly all my back hair.

"Why, our studios here didn't get cleaned for a week because of a poster I drew for my sister's British war relief unit in Atlanta."

The Clean-Up Boys

"It was a large poster, six feet by nine feet, of a pathetic little boy standing in the midst of ruin and desolation, looking around dazedly.

"The old English woman who cleans up here was so affected by it that she broke down completely and had to be taken home.

"But we managed to keep clean," the artist answered our worried query. "Jack and Art are very efficient in many ways.

"Why Art here," he pointed to his sandy-haired Scottish aide, "is the fastest two-fingered stenographer in the world. Occasionally he goes so fast he scorches a fingernail. Then he'll pull your scorched fingernail. A

Mr Clark obligingly tore himself away from his doodling long enough to hold up a hand only slightly damaged at the finger tips by super-speedy typing.

What Mr. Fox would like to do, he confessed, is to buy a small newspaper ("And if it were small, I guess it would be a weekly.") in Florida some place and settle down to a life of ease among the alligators and palms.

---

in the east at Kitros, on the bay of Salonika.

Hedwig's cathedral immediately back of the opera.

FORTY-SECOND COUSINS

Getting On Into Cold Weather

By J. W. McGURK

WHEN PEOPLE GET CROSS:
"IF YOU'LL REMEMBER, OLD BOY, I WASN'T SO KEEN ABOUT MARRYING YOU. YOU PROPOSED TO ME SIX TIMES."
"YES, I KNOW - THEN I RAN OUT OF LUCK."

"DID MR ORTSPAY SHOW YOU A GOOD TIME WHEN HE TOOK YOU TO DINNER LAST NIGHT?"
"I'LL SAY HE DID - GEE! I'M NOT HUNGRY YET!"

"DID YOU KNOW THAT IT'S MY GRANDSON WHO HAS THE JOB OF OFFICE BOY IN YOUR OFFICE, MR UGMAY?"
WELL, WELL, THAT IS FUNNY—HE WENT TO YOUR FUNERAL LAST WEDNESDAY."

"OH DEAR I WISH I HAD A JOB, A REGULAR STEADY JOB."
"LIKE WHAT?"
I LIKE BRIDESMAID TO ONE OF THOSE FILM QUEENS IN HOLLYWOOD."

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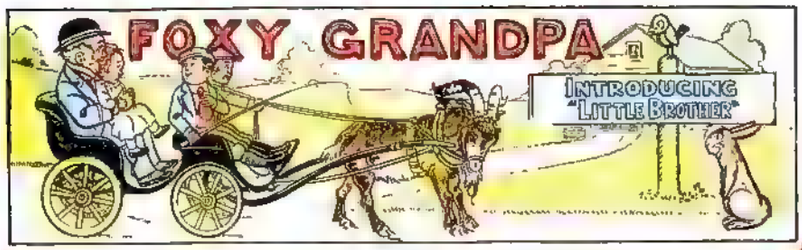
"I WANT SOME LEGAL ADVICE ABOUT MY HUSBAND, PLEASE. HE LEFT ME FLAT EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO, AND I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE - HOW DO I GO ABOUT GETTING A SEPARATION?"

"YOUR HUSBAND IS A PRETTY SICK MAN, MRS PANCAKE, IN FACT I DOUBT IF HE'LL EVER BE ABLE TO WORK AGAIN."
"I'LL GO AND TELL HIM DOCTOR, IT'LL CHEER HIM UP."



1. BOYS—Yum! Yum! Yum! Oh, say, but wasn't it great jam!

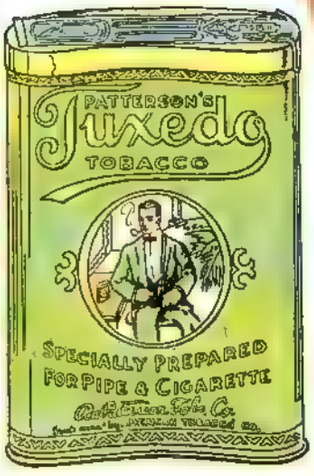
2. BOYS—Oh, see who's here! Come in, Little Brother; you are just in time to lick the spoon.

We made it **best**

Its friends made it **famous**

3. BOYS—Goodness! Here comes Gran'pa! Quick, let's be looking out of the window. He will think Little Brother captured the jam.

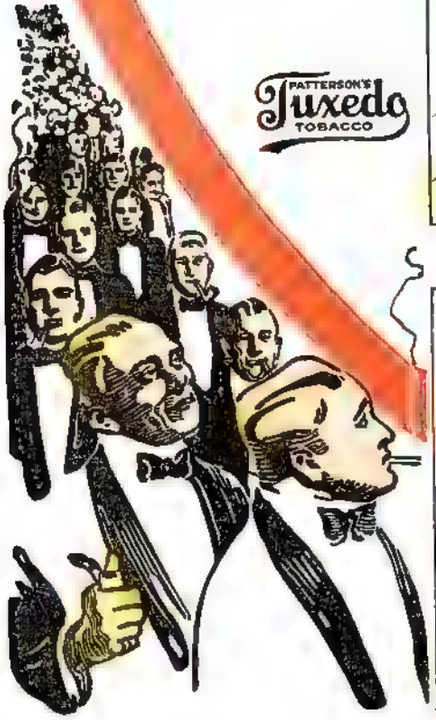
4. GRANDPA—Why, hello, here you are, baby. I've been looking everywhere for you. And what's this —in my jam, hey!



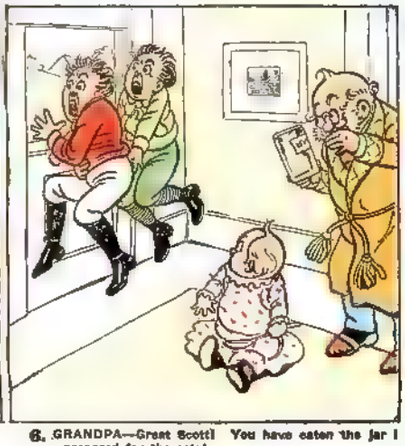
The Pipe Smoke for Gentlemen

10¢

PATTERSON'S Tuxedo TOBACCO



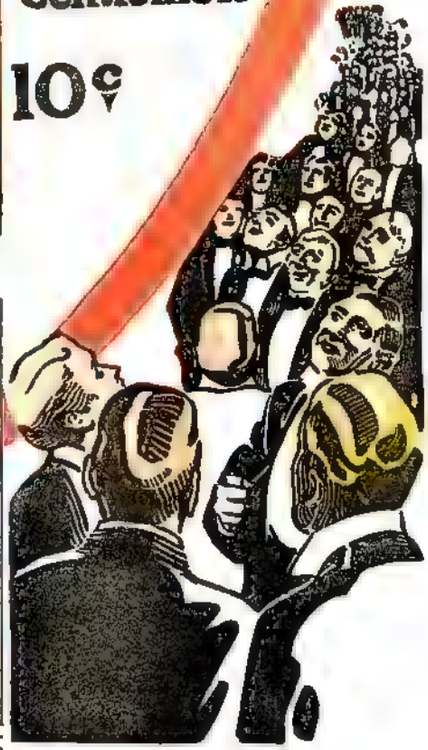
5. GRANDPA—Dear me, but you have made a clean job of it for such a little fellow.



6. GRANDPA—Great Scott! You have eaten the jar I prepared for the rats!

7. BOYS—Help! Help! Grandpa, help! We ate the jam.

8. GRANDPA—Hurrah, boys! Hurrah! I made a mistake. It's another jar, after all. Now, come, let us all go for a ride in our goat wagon.



Fun With Fenwick

ENGLAND'S greatest satiric artist since Max Beerbohm was at his peak, the man who makes Britons laugh at themselves in the midst of war, is Major Ian Fenwick, a paratrooper. These drawings typify his regular work in London *Tatler & Bystander*.

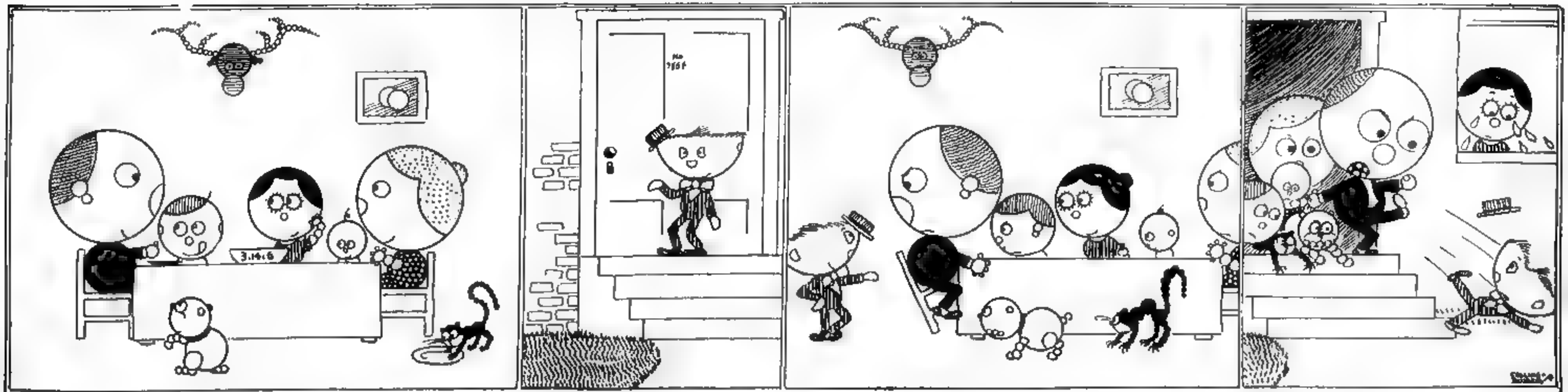
"Never seen an I.O.U. before?"

"Does it come out of its hire?"

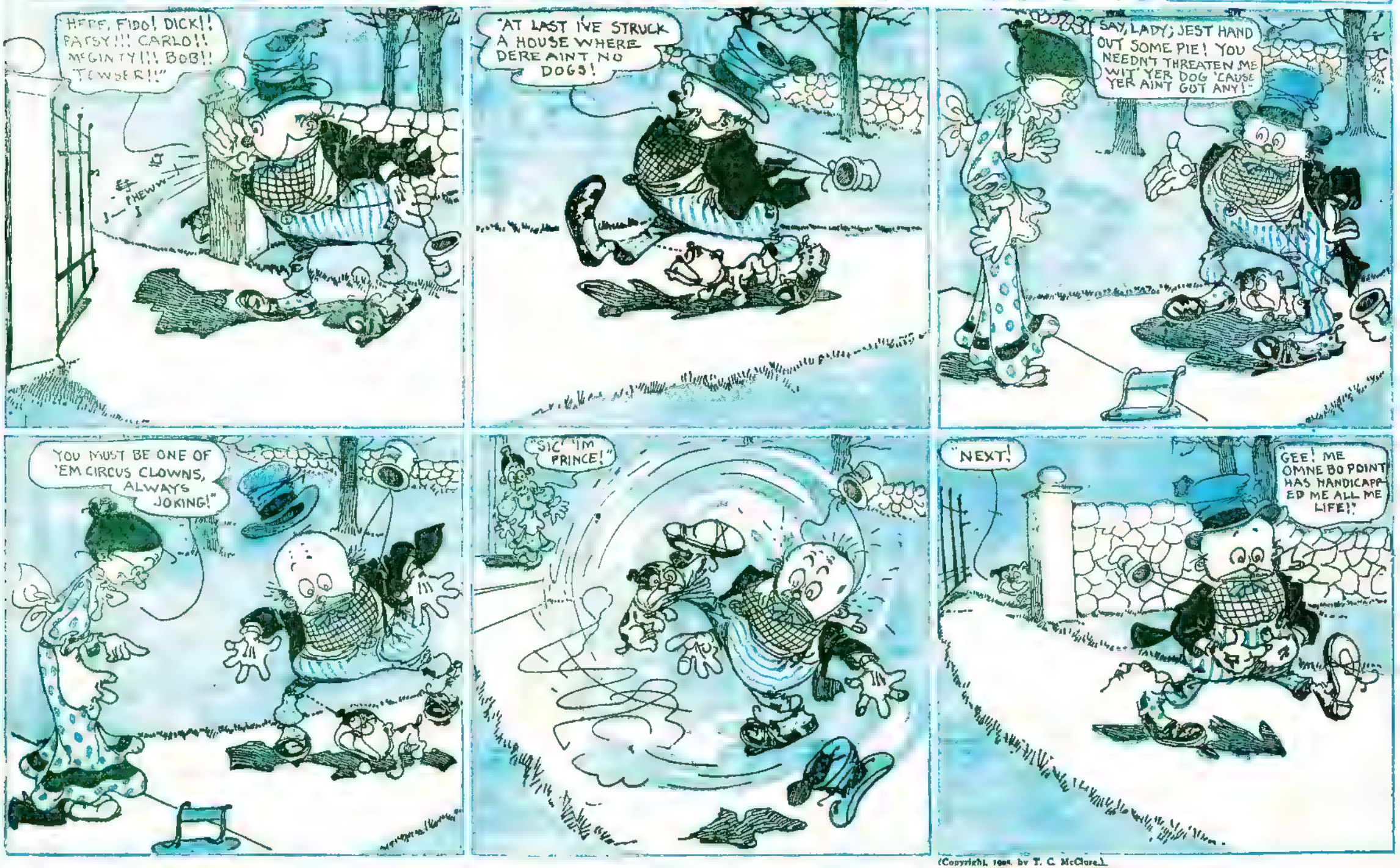
"I've never known a pilot like you. Always taking risks in the air, a plain crazy guy, in fact."

"Oh, thank you for the ride."

NO. 1—THE GEOMETRIC KIDS—SAMMY SNUBBED BECAUSE HE'S ONLY HALF A MAN


3.1416
CY CIRCLE CAME FROM GOOD OLD STOCK
AND HAD AN ALL-ROUND HAPPY FLOCK
SAMMY SEMI-CIRCLE CAME
AND TRIED TO WORK A LITTLE GAME
HE HANDED OUT SOME CLASSY STUFF
BUT CY SOON SCENTED SAMMY'S BLUFF
FOR OLD CY KNEW THAT SAM WAS WISE
AND FOND OF CELIE CIRCLE'S EYES

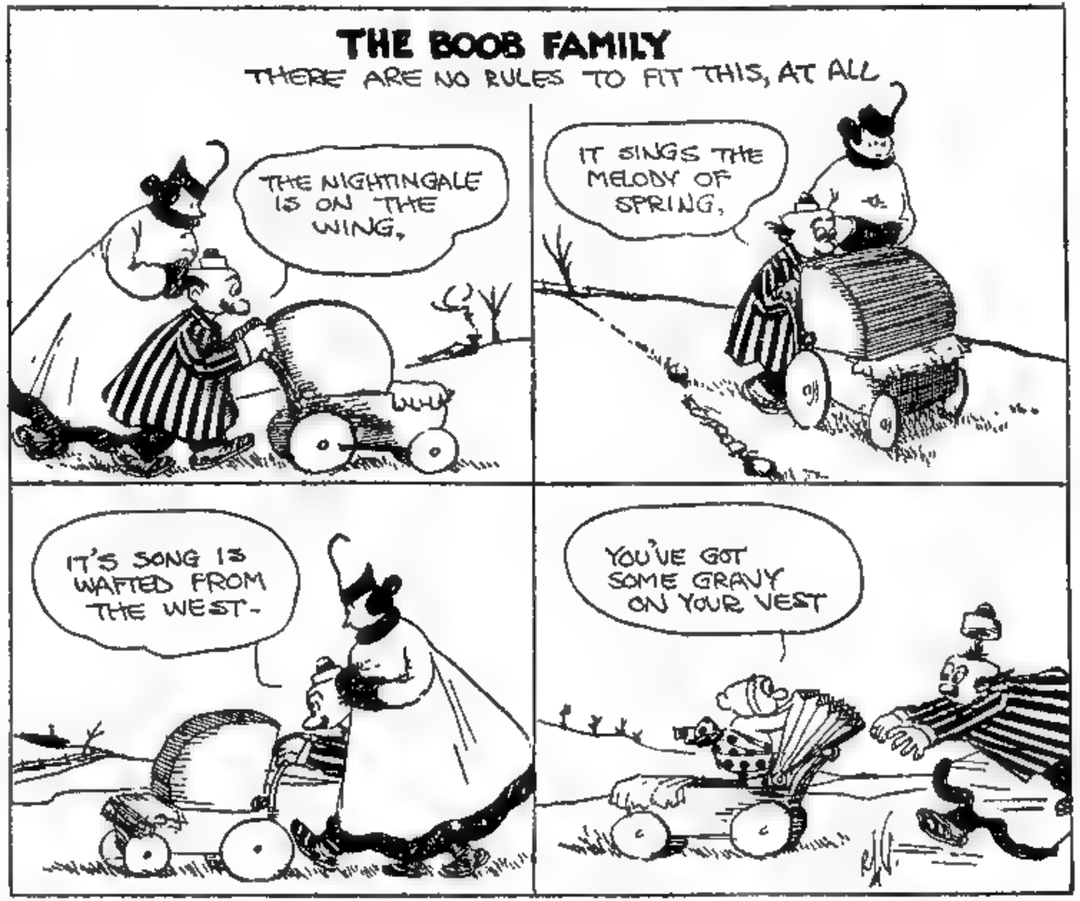
"GLAD RAG" THE CORPULANT TRAMP


HERE, FIDO! DICK!! PATSY!!! CARLO!! MCGINTY!!! BOB!! TOWSER!!"
PHEWW
"AT LAST I'VE STRUCK A HOUSE WHERE DERE AINT NO DOGS!
SAY, LADY; JEST HAND OUT SOME PIE! YOU NEEDN'T THREATEN ME WIT' YER DOG 'CAUSE YER AINT GOT ANY!"
YOU MUST BE ONE OF 'EM CIRCUS CLOWNS, ALWAYS JOKING!"
"SIC 'IM PRINCE!"
"NEXT!
GEE! ME OMNE BO POINT HAS HANDICAPPED ME ALL ME LIFE!"

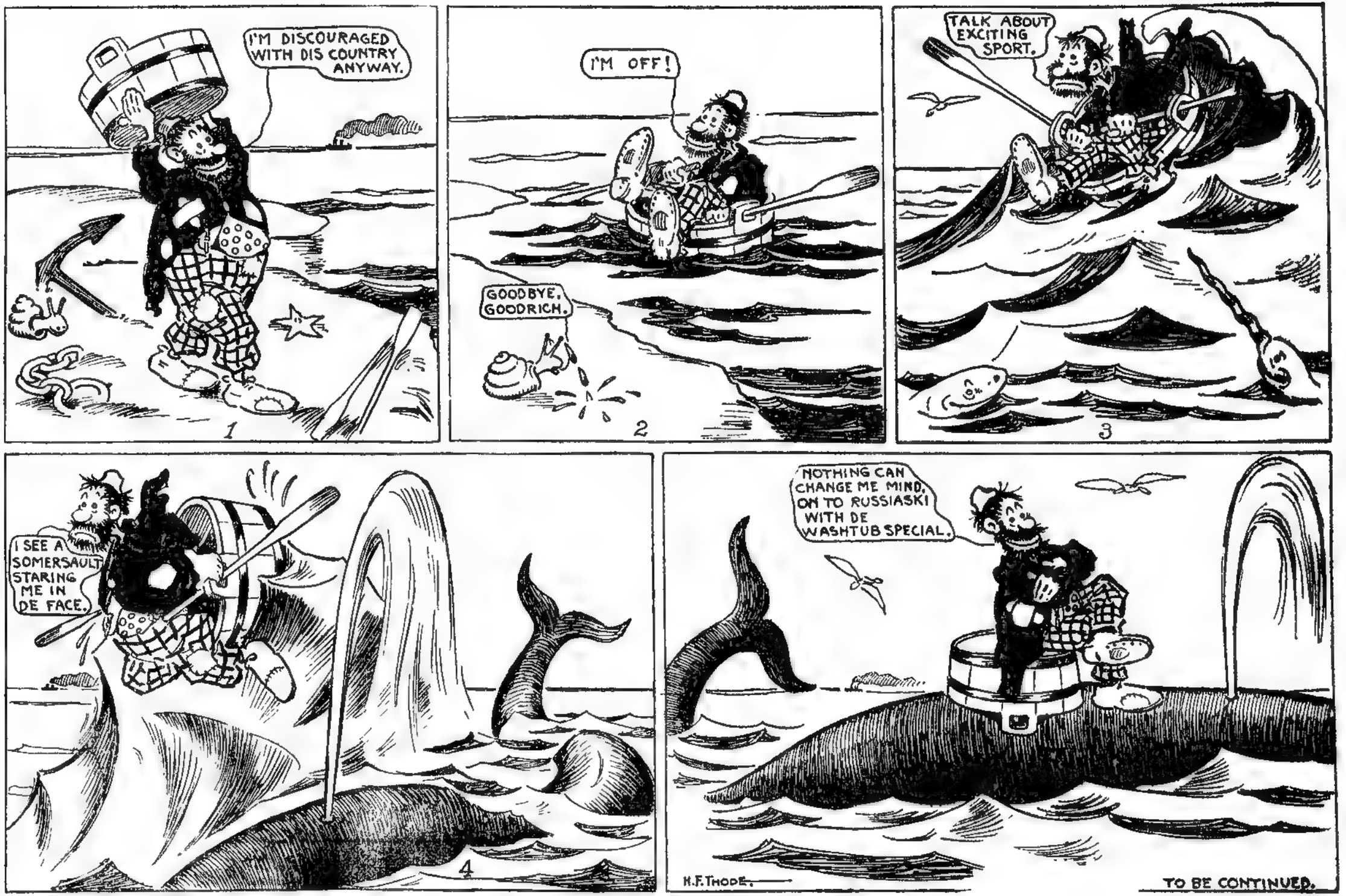
(Copyright, 1924, by T. C. McClure.)

You Don't Know How Big a Sunday Paper Really Is Until You Open It . . *By Goldberg*

I'LL GLANCE THROUGH THE SUNDAY PAPER WHILE THE WIFE IS BUSY OUT IN THE KITCHEN
I SEE WHERE KID FLATNOSE AND YOUNG THICKDOME ARE MATCHED TO FIGHT TWO ROUNDS FOR $75,000 IN PROMISES OR $3.00 IN CASH
I NEVER MISS THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT BECAUSE I DON'T FEEL LIKE LAUGHING MUCH ON SUNDAY ANYWAY
BULGARIAN ARMY STORMS IMPHPIMZ FORT AND CAPTURES 20,000 SHAVING MUGS AND A FRIED EGG
IT SAYS HERE IN THE MAGAZINE SECTION THAT A MAN IN OKLAHOMA HAS DISCOVERED HOW TO MAKE ICE CREAM OUT OF OLD POOL BALLS
HELLO, IS THIS THE BONEHEAD DETECTIVE AGENCY.? MY HUSBAND HAS DISAPPEARED VERY MYSTERIOUSLY AND I THINK HE RAN OFF WITH AN ACTRESS


THE BOOB FAMILY
THERE ARE NO RULES TO FIT THIS, AT ALL
THE NIGHTINGALE IS ON THE WING,
IT SINGS THE MELODY OF SPRING,
IT'S SONG IS WAFTED FROM THE WEST-
YOU'VE GOT SOME GRAVY ON YOUR VEST

GOODRICH MUDD SAILS FOR RUSSIA.



GOODRICH MUDD'S TROUBLES IN MANCHURIA.

TIS SAD TO BE IMPRISONED BY DE CRUEL JAPS.
1
HORRORS! THEY ARE STORMING DE JAIL. WILL I BE LYNCHED?
2
WE NEED THOSE CANNON BALLS RIGHT NOW!
TAKE 'EM! YOUSE JAPS FASTENED 'EM TO ME FEET.
3
JUST A FEW LICKS TO SHOW YOU HOW, AND I'LL LET YOU SWING THE SLEDGE.
NOT IF I GET YOUR GUN FIRST.
4
NOT BAD, NOW GIVE ME YOUR UNIFORM SO I'LL LOOK NEAT WHEN I MEET GEN. LINEVITCH.
5
PUT HIM IN JAIL HE WEARS A JAPANESE UNIFORM.
DIS IS A INSULT TO YOUR CZAR.
GEN. LINEVITCH
6
H.K.THODE
TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

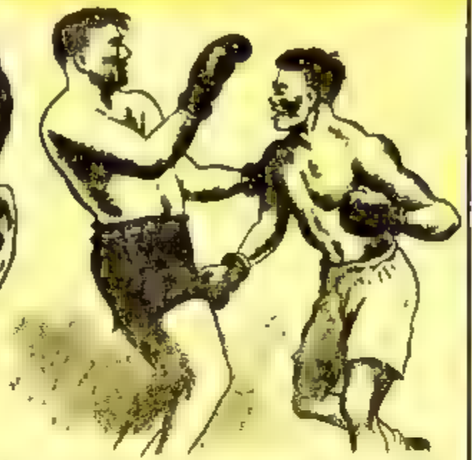
by Erwin L. Hess

America's Glorious, Painful Past...

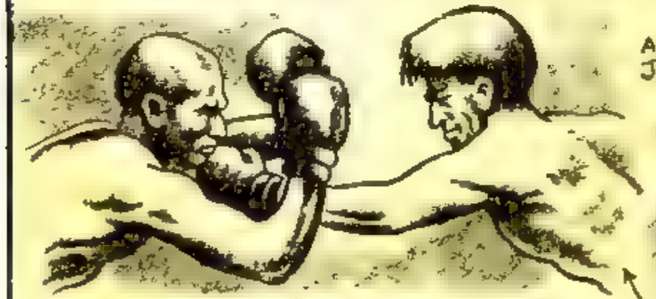
YEARS AGO, THERE USUALLY WAS A CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT ON THE FOURTH OF JULY....

ON JULY 4 IN 1910 IN RENO, JIM JEFFRIES, THE RETIRED CHAMPION, FAILED TO COME BACK AGAINST JACK JOHNSON. ALMOST ON EVERY FOURTH OF JULY THERE WAS A FIGHT.

JACK DEMPSEY WON THE TITLE IN TOLEDO ON THE 4TH

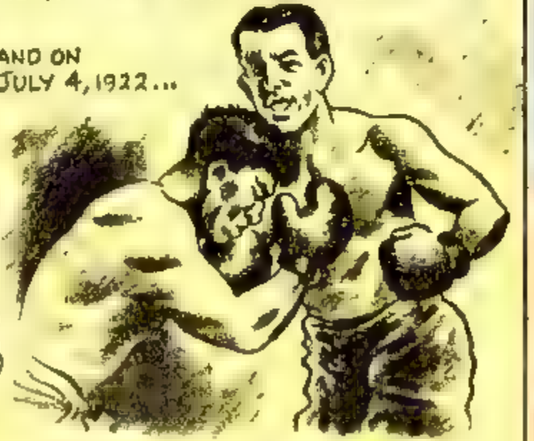


IT WAS IN 1919 WHEN HE WON OVER WILLARD BY A K.O. IN 3 ROUNDS.

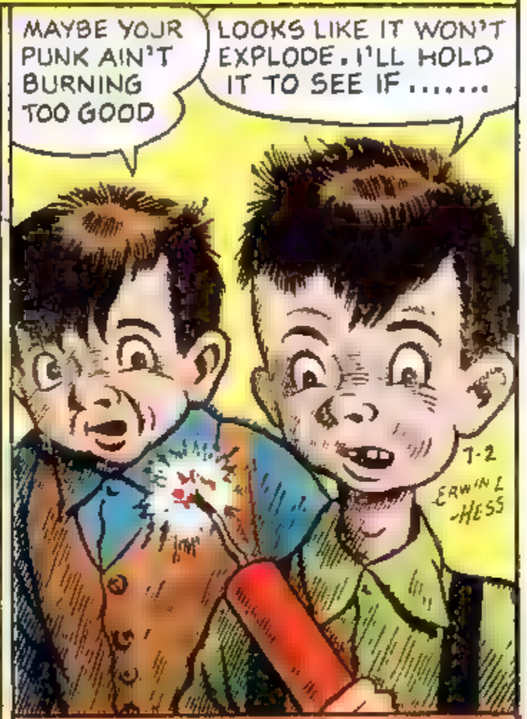


DEMPSEY K.O.'D CARPENTIER IN 4 ROUNDS IN JERSEY CITY ON JULY 2, 1921 (*ALMOST ON THE FOURTH*) AND HE WON OVER GIBBONS ON JULY 4, 1923 AT SHELBY. THERE WERE MEMORABLE LIGHTWEIGHT TITLE FIGHTS ON JULY FOURTHS, TOO. BATTLING NELSON, THE DURABLE DANE, K.O.'D JOE GANS, THE OLD MASTER, IN 17 ROUNDS IN SAN FRANCISCO ON JULY 4, 1908.

AND ON JULY 4, 1922...



BENNY LEONARD KNOCKED OUT ROCKY KANSAS IN 8 IN MICHIGAN CITY.

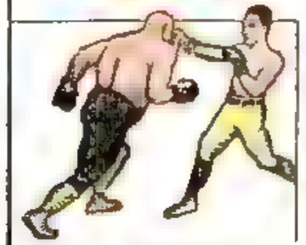


AND THERE WERE MANY MORE FAMOUS FIRECRACKER DAY FIGHTS, INVOLVING AD WOLGAST, MEXICAN JOE RIVERS, FREDDIE WELSH, WILLIE RICHIE AND OTHERS.... BUT, THE MOST PAINFUL MEMORIES WERE THE MANY, MANY TIMES WHEN THE KIDS THOUGHT THE "GIANTS" WOULD NOT GO OFF....

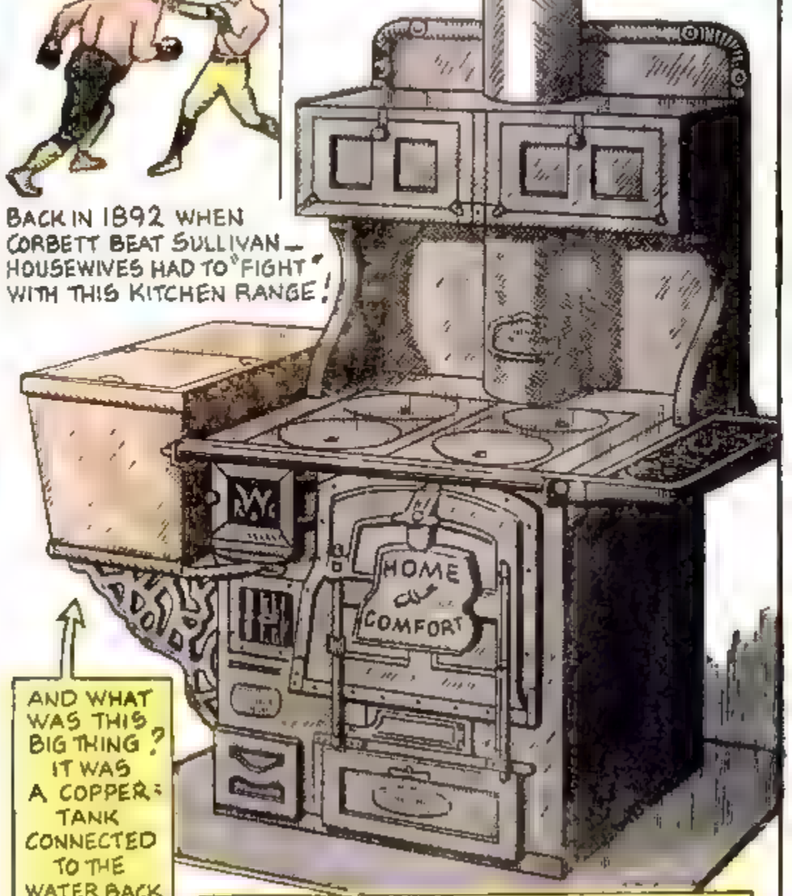
BUT THEY DID!

ANTIQUES FAIR

by Erwin L. Hess



BACK IN 1892 WHEN CORBETT BEAT SULLIVAN— HOUSEWIVES HAD TO "FIGHT" WITH THIS KITCHEN RANGE!



AND WHAT WAS THIS BIG THING? IT WAS A COPPER TANK CONNECTED TO THE WATER BACK IN THE FIRE BOX

SKETCHED FROM SIMON & SCHUSTER'S BOOK OF OLD-TIME ADS, "THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS".

BUT, WIVES WERE MIGHTY TICKLED TO HAVE THIS "LATEST" STOVE!

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

by Erwin L. Hess

Merry Christmas!

THIS TREE'LL LOOK FESTIVE IN OUR FRONT ROOM, GLEAMING WITH LIGHTED CANDLES. CHRISTMAS EVE'S NEAR. THE SNOW IS SOFT AND SPARKLING, SLEIGHBELLS JINGLING AND NEIGHBORS CLOSELY KNITTED TOGETHER. FOLKS'LL PLAY PARLOR ORGANS AND SOON BELLS WILL CHIME IN THE STEEPLES.
12-23
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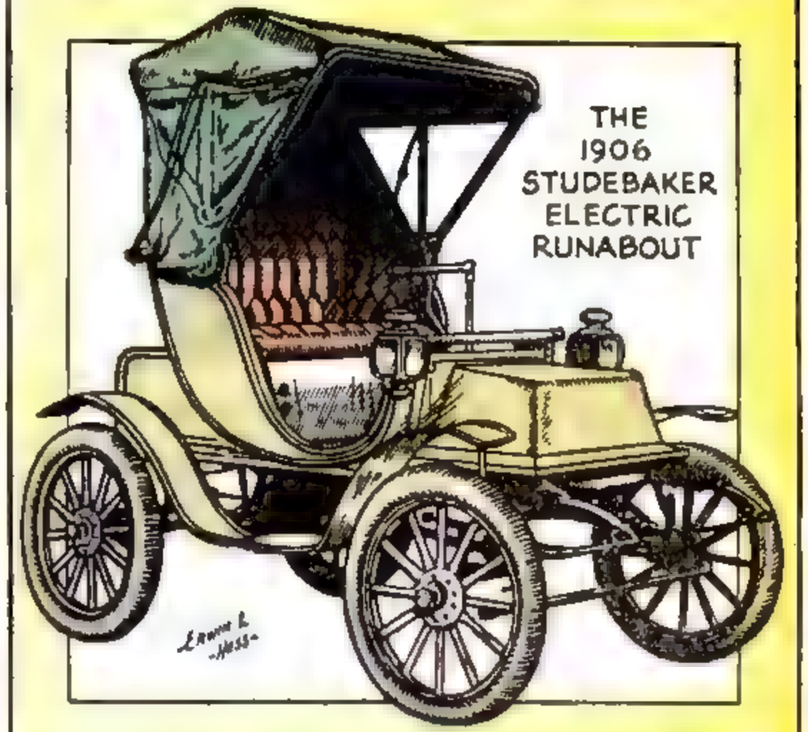
ANTIQUES FAIR

by Erwin L. Hess

A DANDY CHRISTMAS GIFT, BACK IN 1906.



THIS CAR HAD A SPEED OF 20 M.P.H. AND COST $1,110 WITH TOP. IT WAS POPULAR WITH THE LADIES AND SUITABLE FOR SHORT TRIPS.

--AS AN ADOPTED SON, JNC I FEEL A FILIAL DUTY TO WARN YOU THAT
YOU HEAD MRS. GONZALEZ LIST OF INTERNATIONAL TREASURES!
2-25
ONE SHE HAS STRIVEN FOR OVER FORTY YEARS TO ACQUIRE!
IN HER NEW WORLD, "ARTEMIS" SHE'S EVE"
AND SHE MEANS TO HAVE YOU AS HER ADAM!
SHALL I GO PACK YOUR FIG LEAF, SIR?
IT'S HER BALL GAME JNC! SHE'S PITCHING--AND IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL, YOU'LL BE CATCHING IT! THIS EVE MEANS TO HAVE HER ADAM!
2-26
AND WITH HER LATEST HIGH-TECH METHODS OF SUBLIMINAL MIND CONTROL, YOU DON'T STAND THE CHANCE OF A PEANUT IN A BRITTLE FACTORY!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I CAN THINK OF TO SAVE YOU THIS TIME!
YOUR LAST CHANCE ON EARTH!
WHAT? WHAT? WHAT?
RUTHLESS THOUGH SHE MAY SEEM TO BE IN BUSINESS MATTERS, ARTEMISA GONZALEZ IS AN HONEST REALIST!
A LOVING PERSON OF SURPRISINGLY HIGH MORALS!
2-27
THE ONLY THING THAT WILL STOP HER FROM MARRYING YOU THIS TIME JNC. IS FOR YOU TO BE ALREADY MARRIED!
AND I MEAN NOW! RIGHT NOW!
R-RIGHT NOW? T-TEHUANA MAMA?
SUUURE! COME RUNNING TO MAMA!

TEHUANA MAMA! W-WILL YOU MARRY ME?
IS THE TREMOR IN YOUR VOICE FROM PASSION LOPEZ? OR FEAR OF THE WIDOW GONZALEZ?
1-28
I'LL MARRY NO MAN WHO HASN'T EVER SAID "I LOVE YOU!"
ALICIA! I DO LOVE YOU! I WANT TO BECOME DUST TOGETHER WITH YOU ON THIS PRECIOUS PLANET!
MAKE EARTH MY PARADISE! SAY YOU'LL BE MY WIFE TODAY! NOW!
OH, LADY SAY YES AND WE GET A LIVE-IN LAP!
TO THE PALACIO FOR A CIVIL CEREMONY! HURRY!
ON ONE CONDITION! WILL YOU PROMISE A CHURCH WEDDING AFTER?
SAINT PETER'S IN ROME! I PROMISE! COME! PLEASE?
NOT 'TIL YOU SEAL IT WITH A KISS, MI AMOR!
I'LL DO BETTER WHEN MY HEART'S NOT IN MY THROAT!
STOP TALKING!
HURRY DEARS! EVERYONE IN THE COMET! I'LL NEED WITNESSES!
JUST MARRIED
Y'ALWAYS CRY AT WEDDINGS, DOG?
IT'S NOT THE WEDDING, OWL! LOOK!

DEAR FRIENDS — AFTER 45 YEARS OF RELENTLESS DELINEATION, TODAY WE DRAW — A CONCLUSION.
THROUGH THIS POPULAR MEDIUM WE HAVE TRIED TO MAINTAIN A DAILY AWARENESS OF OUR SOUTHERN NEIGHBOR CREATING AN INTEREST IN ITS HISTORY AND CULTURE WITH ENTERTAINING HUMAN INTEREST SITUATIONS. WE HOPE THAT IT HAS MADE SOME MEASURABLE CONTRIBUTION TO INTER-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING.
GIVEN THE NATURE OF CURRENT RISING TIDES, IT BEHOOVES US TO STEER GORDO'S LITTLE ARK OF DECORUM TO SAFER SHORES.
TO ALL OF YOU WHO HAVE WRITTEN SUCH WARM WORDS OF APPRECIATION AND TO THE PUBLISHERS WHO PROVIDED THE FORUM, HEARTFELT GRACIAS. WE LEAVE WITH A LINE FROM YEATS — "BUT I BEING POOR HAVE ONLY MY DREAMS; I HAVE SPREAD MY DREAMS UNDER YOUR FEET; TREAD SOFTLY BECAUSE YOU TREAD ON MY DREAMS."
TA TA! HASTA LA VISTA! LOVE, MARY FRANCES SEVIER AND GILBERT A. HERNANDEZ 1985

GOT WHAT THEY WERENT LOOKING FOR

O'Flynn. "Look at that cow." Dusty Rhodes. "A peach!"

O'Flynn— Wow Dusty Rhodes— Wouldn't dat jolt yer"

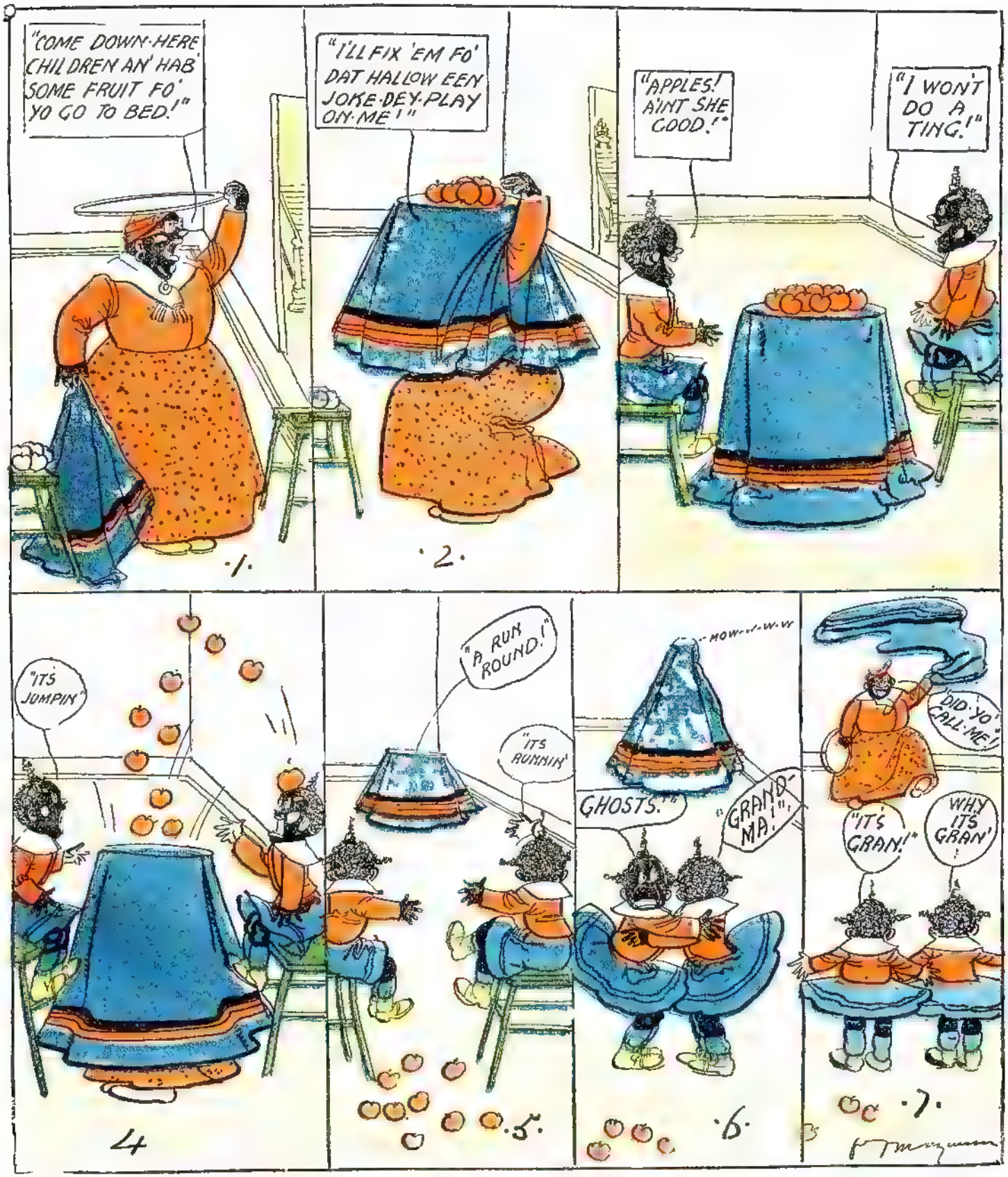
Dusty Rhodes—"Can't you look where yer goin'?"

O'Flynn "Yes [illegible]"

O'Flynn. "Begorra, I bin cookin for you."

"I wasn [illegible]

GRANDMA SHOWS THE BLACK BLOSSOMS HER VANISHING TABLE



8 PAGES OF COMICS

Chicago Sunday Tribune.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 11, 1931

8 PAGES OF COMICS

THE GUMPS

SIDNEY SMITH

WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT KID UP TO NOW?

HIS MOTHER JUST BAKED A CAKE FOR HER PARTY TONIGHT- AND I'LL BET A DOLLAR HE'S AFTER IT- IF THAT LITTLE DICKENS TOUCHES THAT CAKE MIN WILL BE FURIOUS- THERE'S NOTHING SAFE IN THE HOUSE WITH THAT KID AROUND

IN THE KITCHEN AS I THOUGHT- THERE HE IS-

SO THERE YOU ARE - I JUST WANTED TO SEE IF YOU WERE GETTING INTO ANY MISCHIEF -

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE KITCHEN?

JUST PLAYING WITH MY TOP- IS ALL -

WELL- I WAS AFRAID YOU WERE GETTING AT THIS CAKE - WELL- I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT IT'S SAFE - ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T TOUCH IT?

AND WHAT A CAKE THAT IS - OH-BOY! UM-M-M-M!! SHE CERTAINLY CAN BAKE 'EM - CHOCOLATE - THREE LAYERS - AND LOOK AT THOSE NUTS ON IT!

BETTER NOT LET MAMA CATCH YOU LOOKING AT IT

BOY! THIS CAKE S TOO GOOD O PASS UP - I MUST HAVE ONE LITTLE TASTE - JUST ONE LITTLE WEE PIECE WON'T BE MISSED - JUST TO SAMPLE T-

GEE- I'D HATE TO BE HERE IF MAMA CAUGHT YOU-

YUM! YUM! OH- IS THIS GOOD -

JUST TASTE IT- CHESTER - TAKE ONE LITTLE BITE OF THS - AND SEE HOW GOOD IT IS - JUST ONE B TE-

ANDY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT PANTRY?

QUICK! BEAT IT! HERE COMES YOUR MOTHER-

?

SO - YOUNG MAN - THIS IS THE TIME I CAUGHT YOU RIGHT IN THE ACT- AT MY CAKE AGAIN - EH?

DON'T TELL ME YOU DIDN'T CUT THAT CAKE - THERE'S JUST ONE PIECE MISSING - AND I FOUND YOU EATING IT-

OH MIN!

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OLD DOC YAK

OH- POP- LOOK, QUICK!

?

THERE'S A BEE!

CATCH IT AND WE'LL HAVE SOME HONEY-

SIDNEY SMITH

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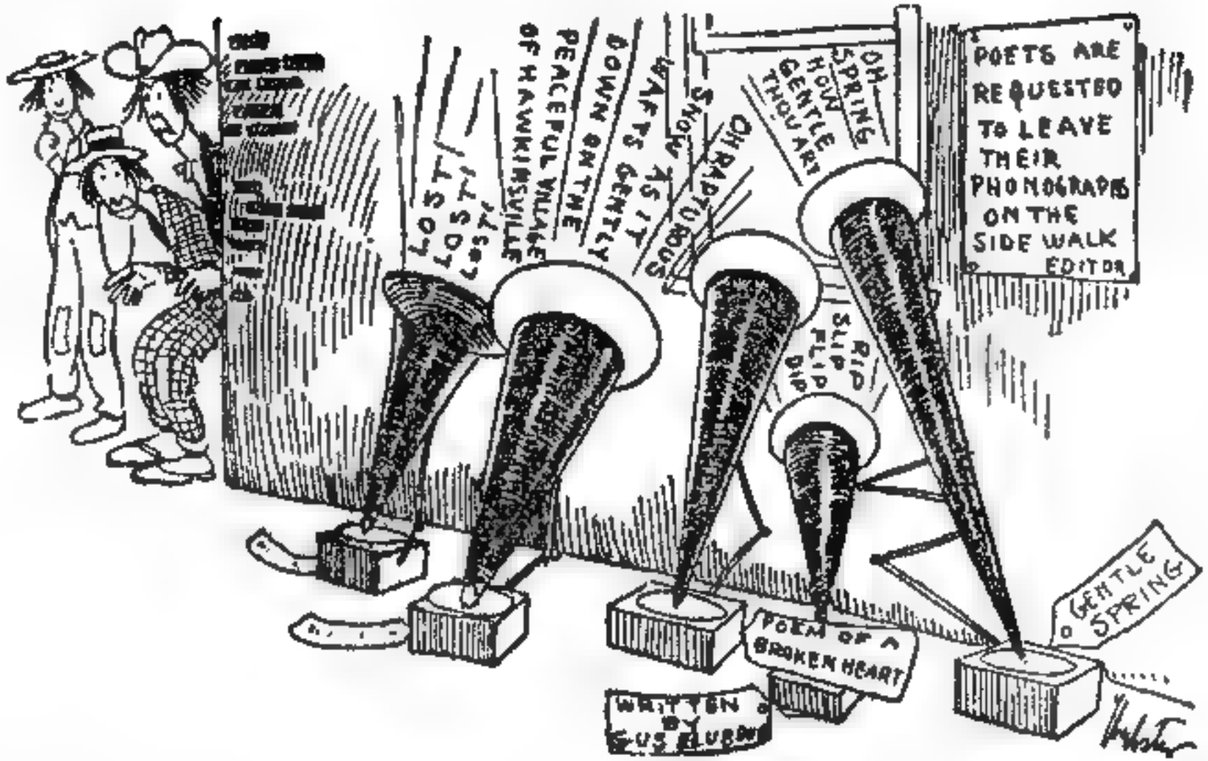
ERROR.

Ticket Clerk—"No, certainly not. The young man must pay full fare."

Mr. Corncob—"There, Mirandy, I told you 'twas a mistake to take Silas out of kilts."

WHEN MANUSCRIPTS GO OUT


POETS ARE REQUESTED TO LEAVE THEIR PHONOGRAPHS ON THE SIDE WALK
EDITOR
OH SPRING HOW GENTLE THOU ART
SNOW IS IT
OH HARD TO BOOT
RIP SLIP FLIP DIP
POEM OF A BROKEN HEART
O GENTLE SPRING

And phonographs take their place, the editor will be treated to poetic symphonies.

HALL OF FAME OF THE AIR

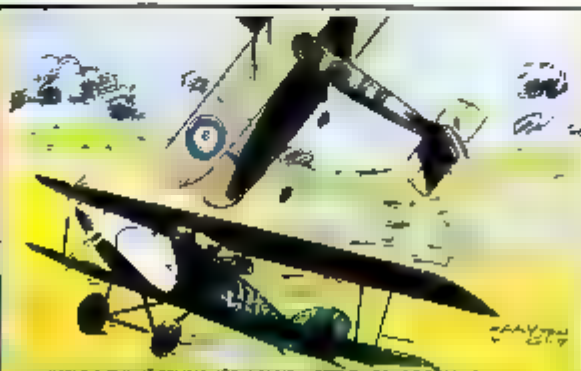
BY CAPT EDDIE RICKENBACKER AND CLAYTON KNIGHT

COL. HAROLD FOWLER

[illegible]

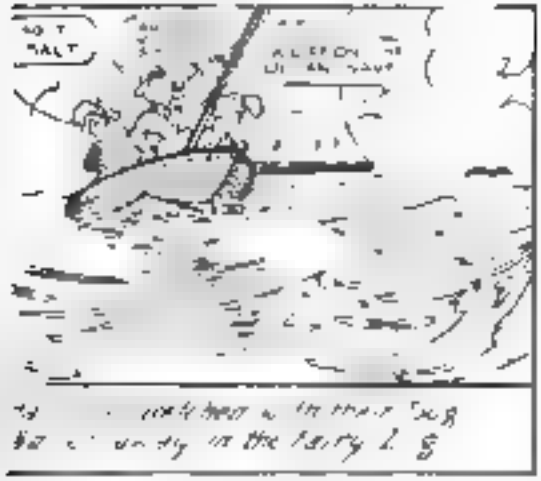
[illegible]

[illegible]

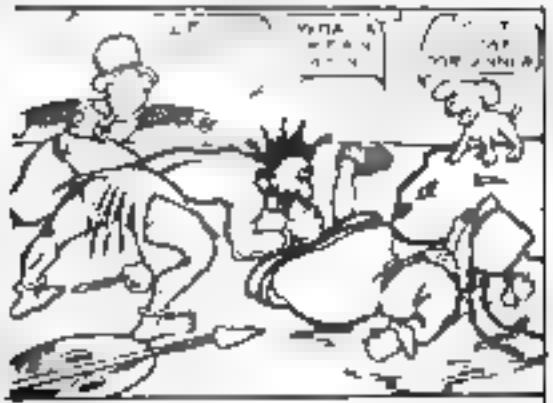


WHILE A FLIGHT COMMANDER IN A BRITISH SQUADRON, HE WAS ATTACKED BY A GERMAN ALBATROS SCOUT PLANE AND THEY FOUGHT INTO A FEW FEET ABOVE THE GROUND AND ALL THEIR AMMUNITION WAS GONE, WHEREUPON, HE SUCCEEDED IN TRAPPING THE GERMAN PLANE WITH EMPTY MACHINE-GUN DRUMS.

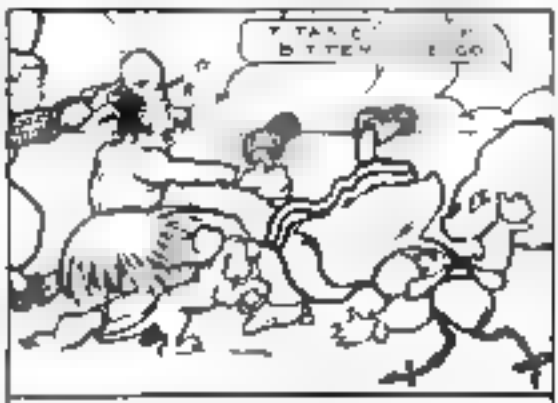
Hans and Gretchen and the CANNIBAL



They landed and walked about the Beach Till they met a savage-he was a Beach



The Savage was Hungry He wanted to eat so he started in on Gretchens Feet



But Gretchens Dog also wanted Meat so he grabbed a leg and began to eat

If he hadn't stopped in a minute yet

HAPLESS TOWSER CHASES A THIEF

EASY MONEY

LOOK AT THAT THIEF—I'LL HOLD HIM FOR THE POLICE

MAD DOG!

I'LL HAVE HIM IN A MINUTE

MAD DOG!!!

WHAT'S THE USE!

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Outcault

Mr. Dough and Mr. Dubb

CONGRATULATE ME! IT'S A BOY!
FINE! GLAD TO HEAR IT!
OUR ANTEDILUVIAN ANCESTORS
MOST REMARKABLE BABY! HE HAS TWO EYES, A NOSE, A MOUTH AND TWO EARS: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?
IS IT POSSIBLE!
HE SLEEPS MOST OF THE TIME
HE MUST BE A WONDER!
AND WHEN HE WAKES UP HE CRIES' ISN'T THAT SMART!
WAH!
PERFECTLY AMAZING!
FOPPER
YOU OUGHTA LOOK WHERE YOURE GOING!
IT WAS YOUR FAULT!
THIS BUILDING UNDERGOING REPAIRS
A CLUMSY WORKMAN TORE MY TROUSERS. DUBB, YOU MUST TAKE THEM TO A TAILOR TO BE MENDED RIGHT AWAY. I'LL WEAR MY OVER COAT WHILE YOU ARE GONE HOOLIGAN YOU MUST NOT LET ANY BODY INTO MY PRIVATE OFFICE TILL I GET MY TROUSERS BACK.
YOUSE SOITNLY HAD HARD LUCK
SOME TEAR!
CAN YOU MEND THIS TEAR RIGHT AWAY!
SURE. I MEND HIM:
REPAIR NE WHILE YOU WA
GEE, I AINT GOT FIFTY CENTS ABOUT ME! I OUGHTA GOT IT FROM DOUGH! CAN'T YOU TRUST ME FOR HALF AN HOUR?
I AINT NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE. I GOT TO HAVE DE FIFTY CENTS BEFORE YOU GET DE PANTS
HAPPY, LEND ME FITTY CENTS TO PAY FOR THE REPAIR TO DOUGH'S TROUSERS. I DONT WANT TO ASK HIM FOR IT JUST NOW. HE MIGHT BE SORE AT THE DELAY.
I'M BROKE, BUT I CAN BORROW IT FROM MR. JONES ON THE FLOOR BELOW. I GUESS IT WONT HOIT ANYTHING FOR ME TO LEAVE THE OFFICE A MINUTE.
WE'VE BEEN WAITING FIFTEEN MINUTES FOR MR JONES!
WE HAVE O,GENT BUSINESS WITH HIM!
HERE HE COMES! I KNOW HIS STEP.
MR JONES WILL YOUSE LEND ME FIFTY CENTS FOR HALF AN HOUR! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER.
WHY CERTAINLY HAPPY, WITH PLEASURE.
IN THE MEAN TIME
NOBODY HERE! WE WILL SEE IF MR DOUGH IS IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE:
MR DOUGH - PRIVATE OFFICE
MR. DOUGH I AM SENT BY THE DAILY GAZOOP TO GET AN INTERVIEW AND A PORTRAIT, FOR OUR SERIES OF "PROMINENT GUYS OF THE DAY." I'VE BROUGHT A PHOTOGRAPHER. WONT YOU TAKE OFF YOUR OVERCOAT AND POSE?
I CANT TAKE IT OFF. I'VE GOT A BAD COLD.
HERES YOUR TROUSERS, MR DOUGH: THEY'RE MENDED! YOU CAN P,T 'EM RIGHT ON!
WE HAD BETTER GO. HE WANTS TO DRESS
THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A LADY!
© 1926 BY INT'L FEATURE SERVICE INC
WHY DIDNT YOU BRING THOSE TROUSERS BACK SOONER?
BANG!
OUCH!
HOW DID THOSE PEOPLE GET INTO MY PRIVATE OFFICE?
WHACK!
HELP!
DOUGH & CO.
WHATS THE RUMPUS ABOUT?
DUBB AND HOOLIGAN MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO GET DOUGH MAD.
FOPPER

Hard-Hearted Hanna

By St. Elmor

WELL HANNA NOW THAT YOJRE A STAR OF THE HARLEM MOTION PICTURES NO I'D LIKE TO NTRODUCE YOL TO OUR STAR CHARACTER ACTOR — CRA NY LONN. MR LONN CAN MAKE H MSELF UP TO LOOK LIKE THE MOST H.DIOUS CREATURE
MAY INTRODUCE OUR NEW STAR MISS HANNA — MR LONN.
MY BUT YOU CERTAINLY HAVE A H DIOUS MAKEUP ON TODAY
YOJ DUMB LITTLE CLUCK HE HASN'T ANY MAKEUP ON NOW!

LOS ANGELES FUNNY SIDE SECTION OF THE SUNDAY TIMES
SUNDAY FEB. 23, 1913
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Hawkshaw, the Detective

By Gus Mager

PUT ON YOUR COAT, COLONEL WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE A VISIT FROM A LADY. FROM THE SOUND OF HER FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS, I DEDUCE THAT SHE IS AGITATED ABOUT SOMETHING.

HAWKSHAW YOU'RE A MARVEL!

OH MR HAWKSHAW MY HUSBAND HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED! A GREAT BURLY RUFFIAN CAME TO THE HOUSE AND DEMANDED $19.60 FOR HIS SAFE RETURN!

RATHER AN ODD SUM FOR A KIDNAPPER TO DEMAND, EH COLONEL?

POSSIBLY A SUBTLE APPEAL TO WOMAN'S INSTINCT FOR BARGAINS

I TOLD HIM I HAD NO MONEY IN THE HOUSE AND HE TOLD ME TO LEAVE IT UNDER THE BRIDGE OVER THE MILL RACE AT 4 O'CLOCK.

GOOD! THAT WILL GIVE US PLENTY OF TIME

THESE, I TAKE IT, ARE THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE -AH- "BURLY RUFFIAN."

I PRESUME SO - HE WENT OUT THIS WAY!

HE WAS A MAN OF ABOUT 5 FT. 11 IN. DID HE BY ANY CHANCE WEAR A FULL BEARD AND HAVE HIS HAT PULLED DOWN OVER HIS EYES?

YES, - HOW DID YOU KNOW?

YOU'D SCARCELY BELIEVE WHAT HAWKSHAW CAN DEDUCE FROM A FOOTPRINT

HAVE NO FEAR, MRS. MUCHWED YOUR HUSBAND SHALL BE RESTORED TO YOU.

WE KNOW THE VILLAIN AND THE REST IS EASY.

HAVE YOU $19.60 ABOUT YOU COLONEL? JUST SLIP IT UNDER THE BRIDGE.

YE-ES, BUT THE RENT'S ABOUT DUE!

AREN'T WE GOING TO WAIT 'TILL HE COMES FOR THE MONEY?

NOT AT ALL NECESSARY, COLONEL HE'LL FIND IT WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE.

$19.60

THIS IS WARM WORK, COLONEL. A GLASS OF SARSAPARILLA WOULDN'T BE HALF BAD.

JAKE'S REFRESHMENTS

YOU FORGET - WE HAVE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO!

LOOK, HAWKSHAW! THERE'S OUR MAN. FULL BEARD. HAT PULLED DOWN OVER EYES! SHALL I GRAB HIM?

NOT YET, COLONEL WE'LL AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS.

HERE'S THE COIN, JACKPOT. I HAD AN AWFUL JOB TO GET IT WITHOUT THE MISSUS GETTING WISE.

NEXT TIME I PLAY POKER WITH YOU WE'LL HAVE THE CASH ON THE TABLE.

IT'S MUCHWED!

OF COURSE. WHO DID YOU THINK IT WAS?

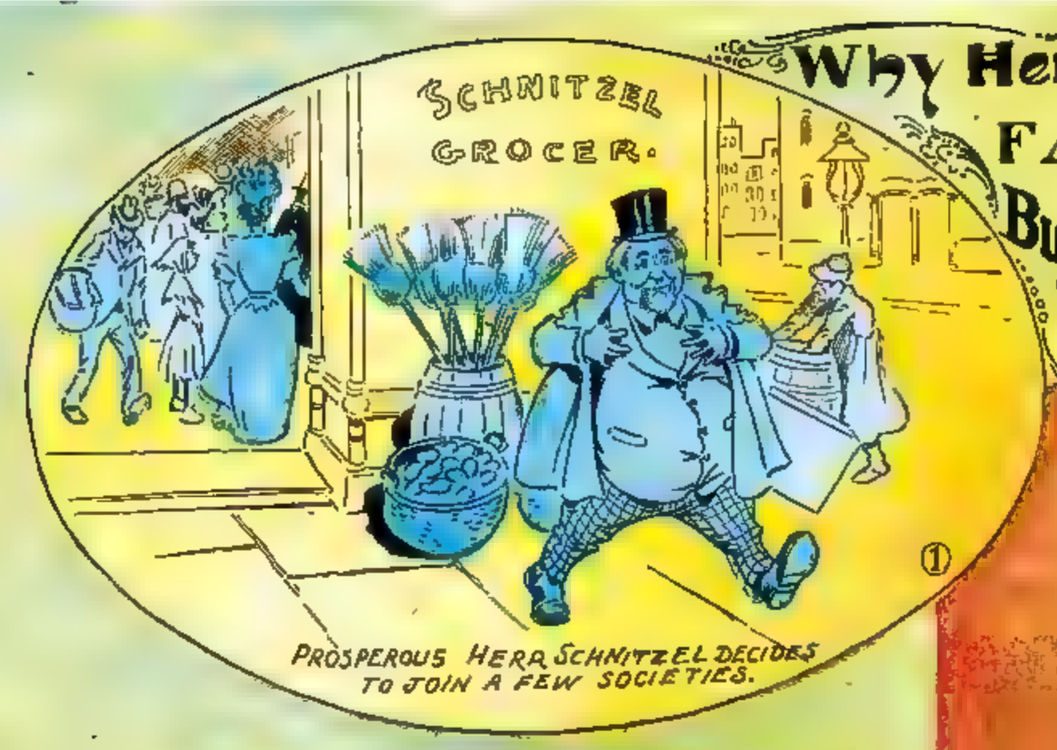
SO LONG. I'VE GOT TO GO HOME AND TELL MY WIFE HOW I WAS K.DNAPPED.

IN THE INTERESTS OF JUSTICE WE OUGHT TO EXPOSE HIM, COLONEL BUT I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO DO IT. WE MEN MUST STICK TOGETHER!

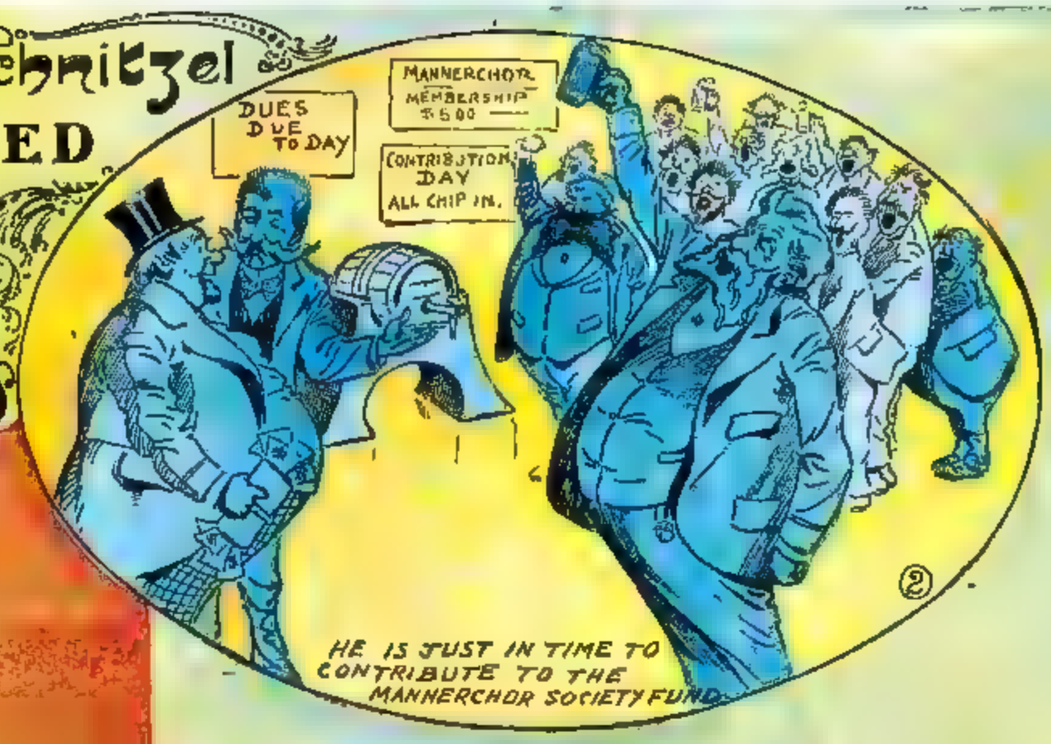
YES, BUT I SAY, OLD TOP, HOW ABOUT MY $19.60?

Gus Mager

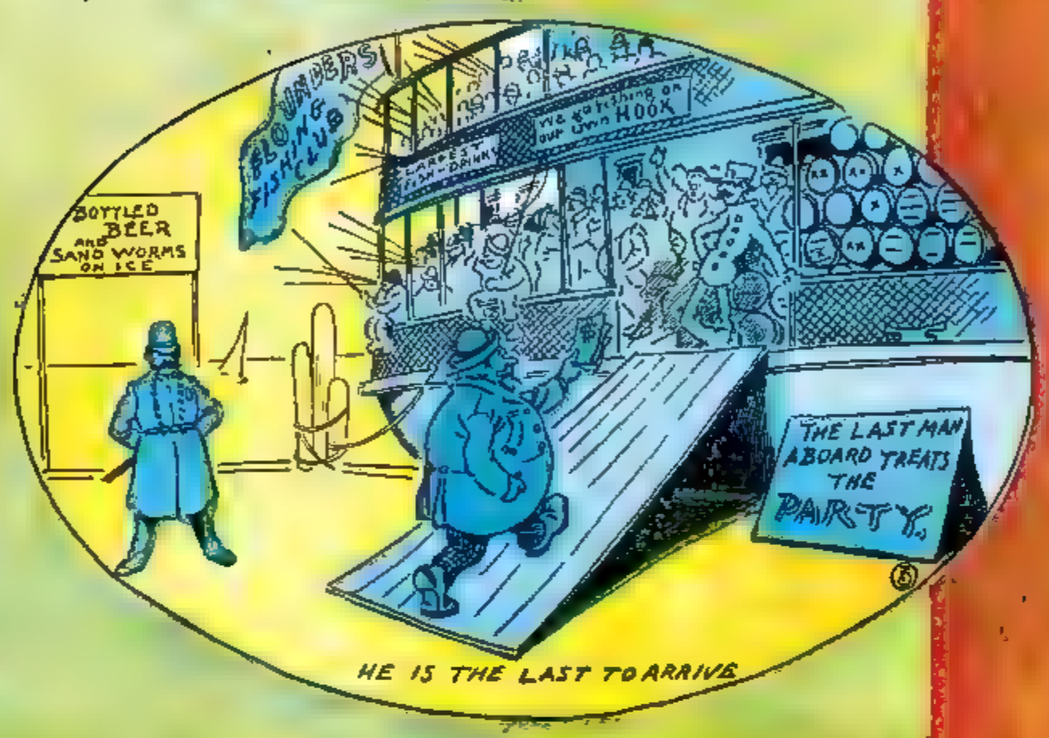
Why Herr Schnitzel FAILED in Business



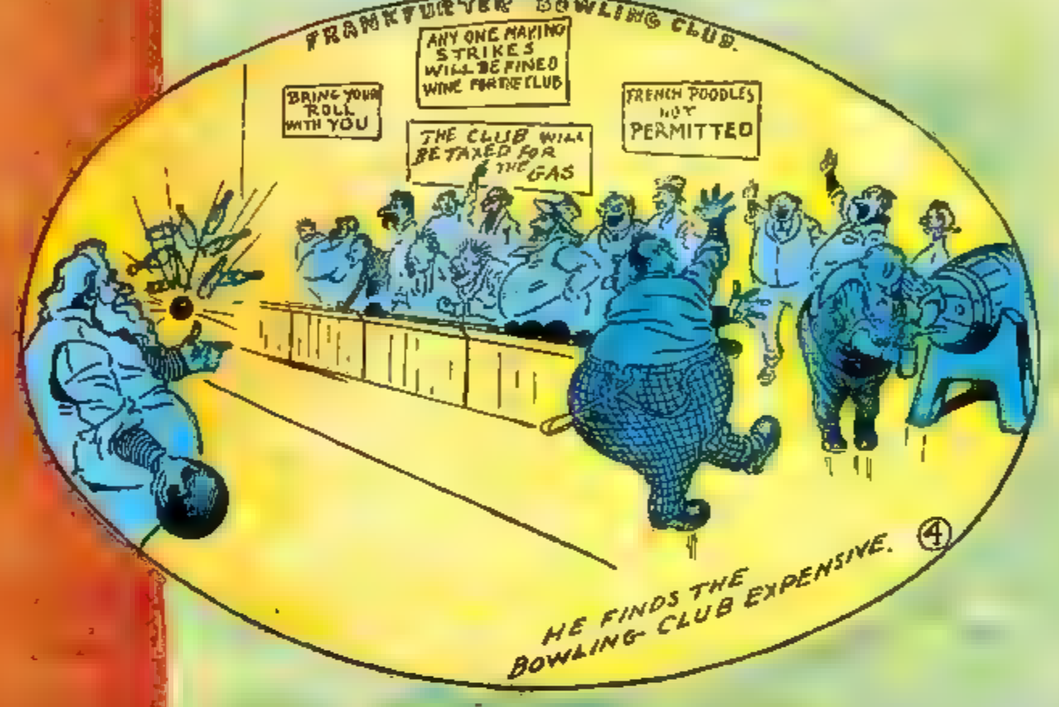
PROSPEROUS HERR SCHNITZEL DECIDES TO JOIN A FEW SOCIETIES.



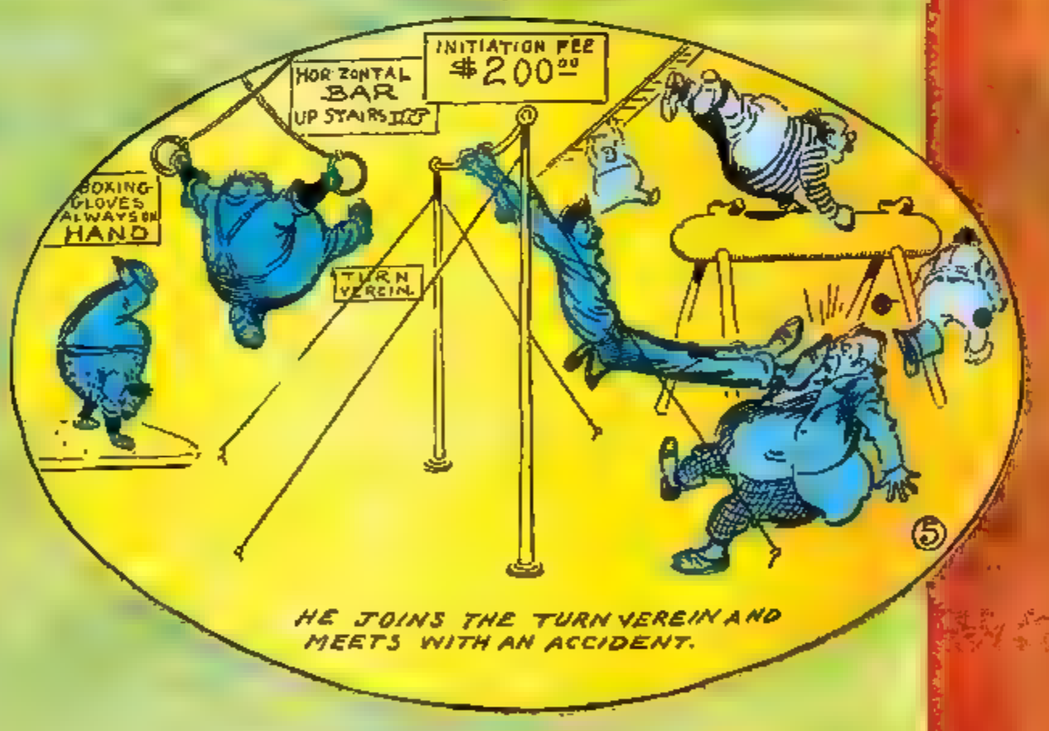
HE IS JUST IN TIME TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE MANNERCHOR SOCIETY FUND.



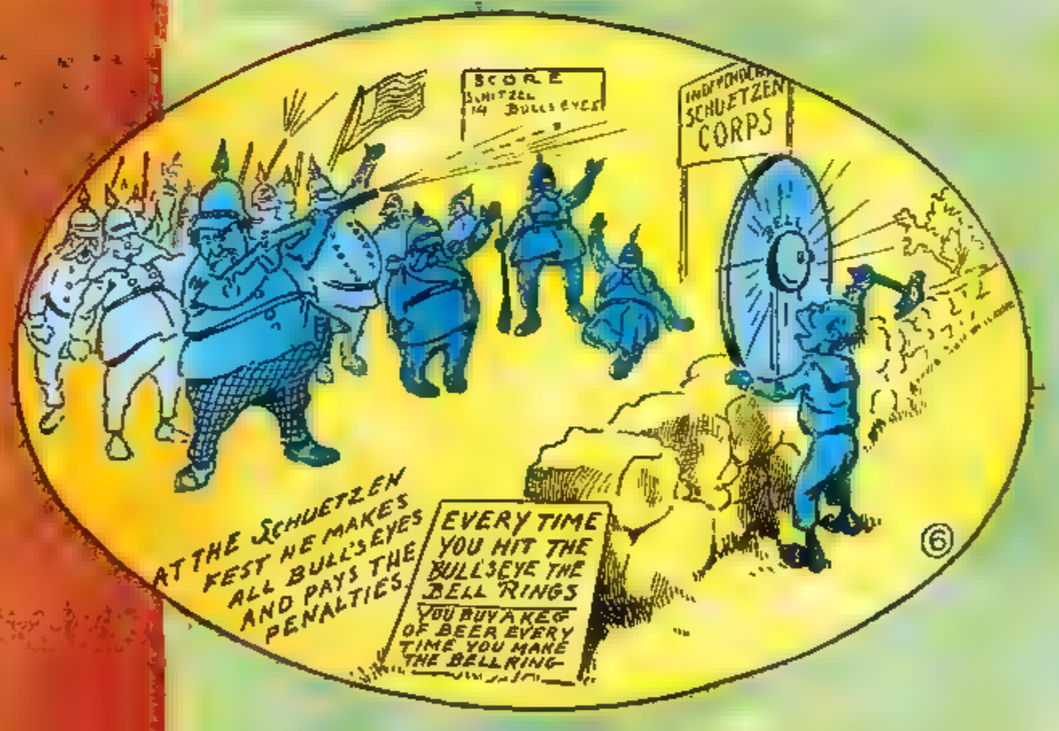
HE IS THE LAST TO ARRIVE.


FRANKFURTER BOWLING CLUB.
ANY ONE MAKING STRIKES WILL BE FINED WINE FOR THE CLUB
BRING YOUR ROLL WITH YOU
THE CLUB WILL BE TAXED FOR THE GAS
FRENCH POODLES NOT PERMITTED
④

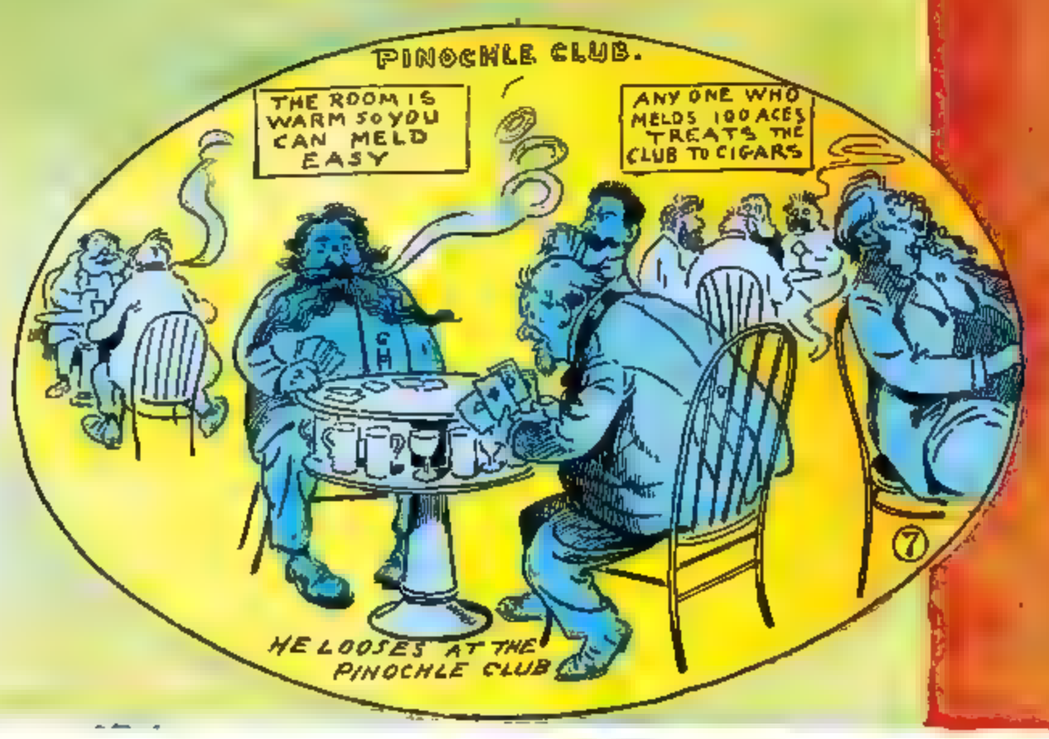
HE FINDS THE BOWLING CLUB EXPENSIVE.



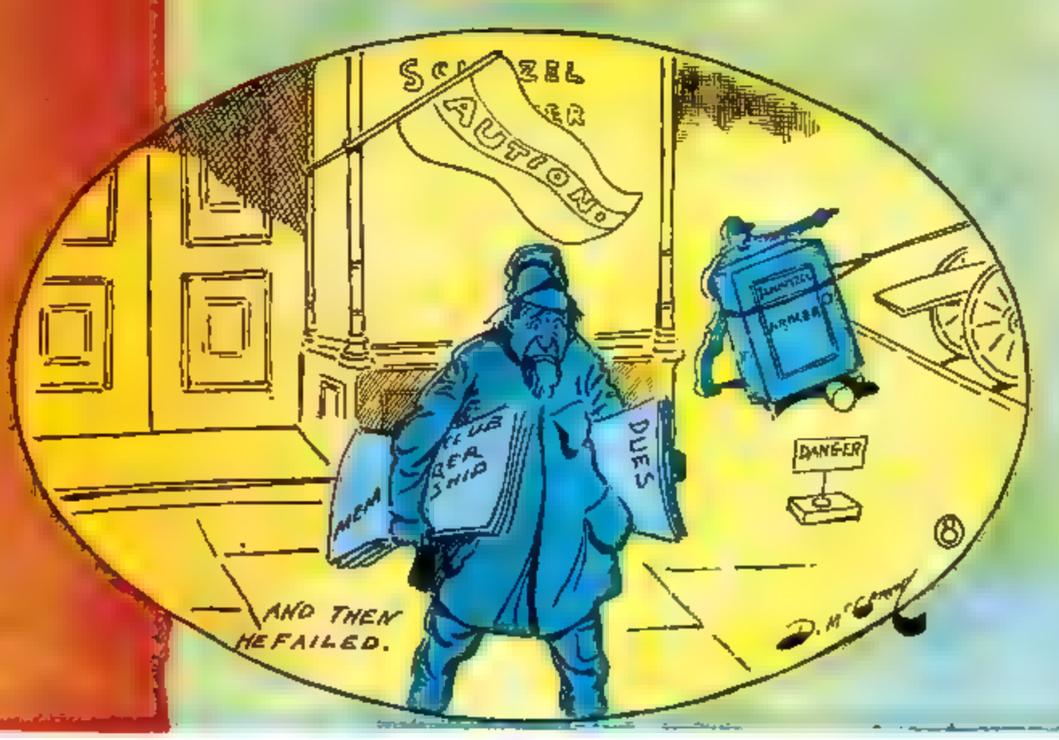
HE JOINS THE TURN VEREIN AND MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT.


SCORE
SCHNITZEL 14 BULLSEYES
INDEPENDENT SCHUETZEN CORPS
EVERY TIME YOU HIT THE BULLSEYE THE BELL RINGS
YOU BUY A KEG OF BEER EVERY TIME YOU MAKE THE BELL RING
⑥

AT THE SCHUETZEN FEST HE MAKES ALL BULLSEYES AND PAYS THE PENALTIES.



HE LOOSES AT THE PINOCHLE CLUB



AND THEN HE FAILED.

HE CAN'T DUCK IT!—Joe Penner Gets the Gas

Posed by Joe Penner, Lyda Roberti and "Goo Goo"—Featured in "College Rhythm," Opening at Stanley Theatre Today

Write a gag for Joe Penner!

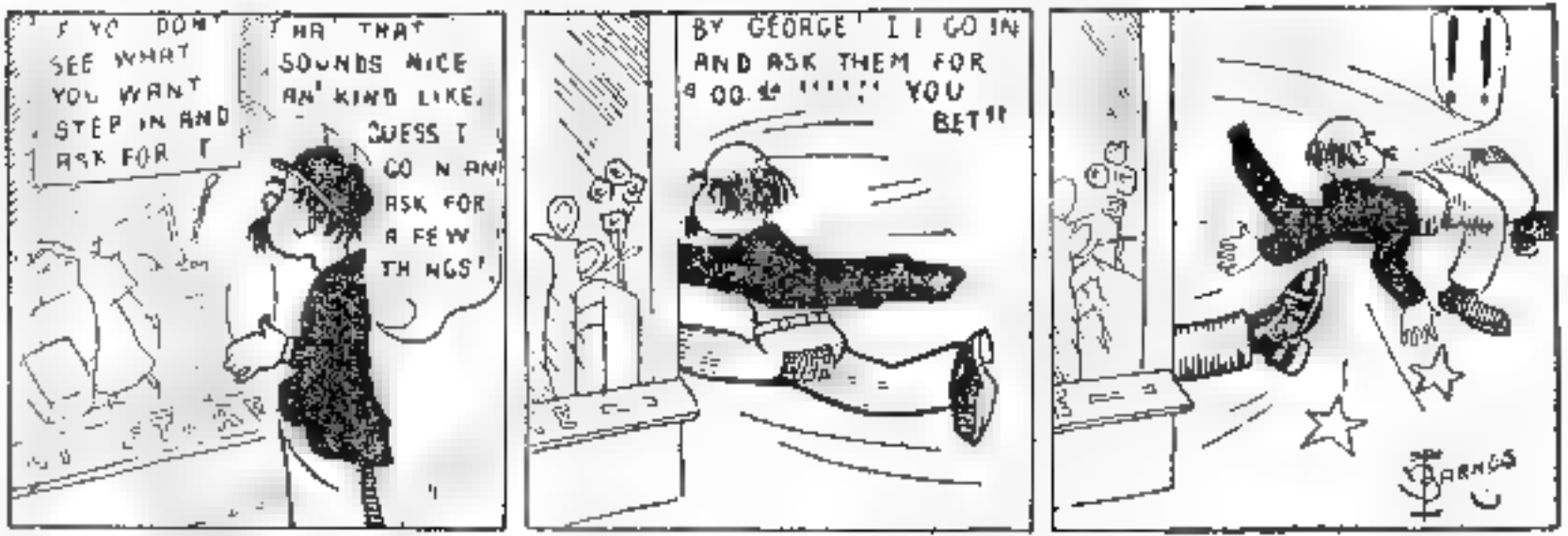
Make it funny, write it in Penner's own irresistible manner—and you can win a prize in this contest sponsored by the Stanley Theatre.

Here's Joe Penner, himself—and here, too, is "Goo-Goo," the duck, and Susabella, that "wicious woman," enacted by Lyda Roberti. These photographs tell a funny story. Fill in the blank balloons with a joke that has, as its last line, "You na-a-ahsty man!"

These three stars, you know, are all featured members of the cast "College Rhythm," with Lanny Ross, Jack Oakie, Helen Mack and Mary Brian.

The prizes for this contest will be two life-size Joe Penner Ducks and two pairs of guest tickets for "College Rhythm" for the first two winners, and eighteen pairs of guest tickets to be awarded to the next eighteen contestants whose jokes are the funniest and most original. Send your entries to Joseph Murdock, c/o Stanley Theatre, Camden.

HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN SIGNS ANY MORE.


IF YO DON SEE WHAT YOU WANT STEP IN AND ASK FOR IT
HM THAT SOUNDS NICE AN' KIND LIKE. GUESS I GO N AN ASK FOR A FEW TH NGS!
BY GEORGE I I GO IN AND ASK THEM FOR A OO.de !!!!!! YOU BET!!
BARNES

HICKMAN'S AGE WILL BE LAST RESORT OF DEFENSE COUNSEL

CLEMENCY HOPE IS PLACED UPON INSANITY PLEAS

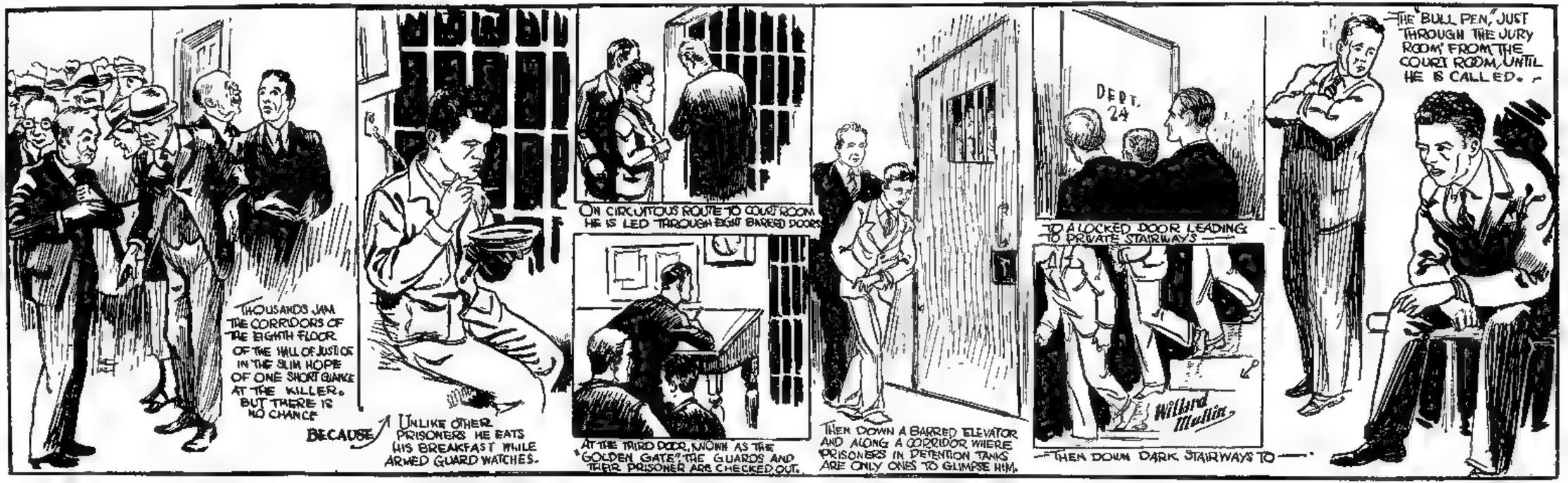
State Will Resume Fight For Right to Challenge Jurors.

(Continued From Page One.)

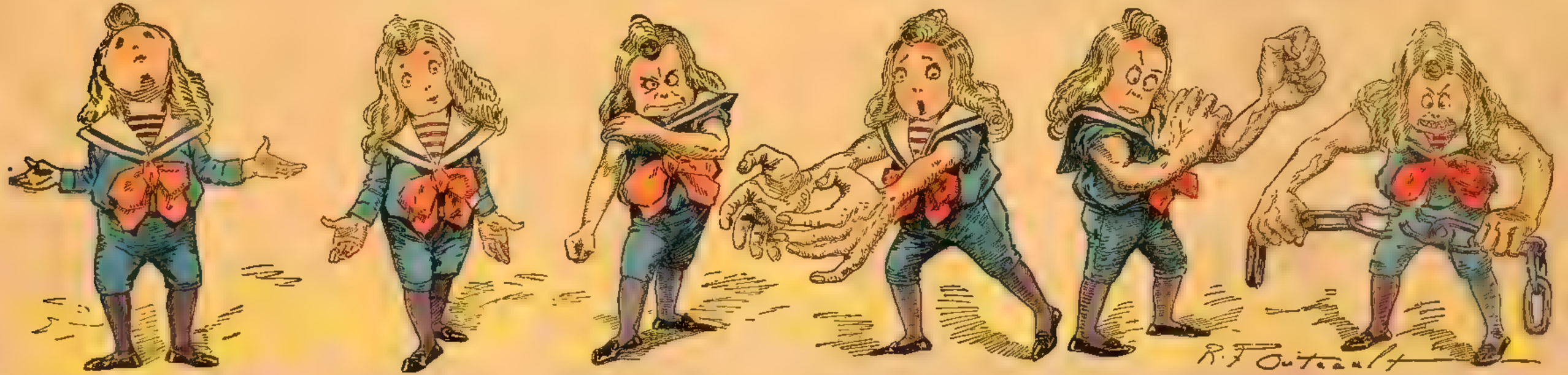
granting any challenges of jurors to District Attorney Asa Keyes after Keyes surprised by Defense Counsel Jerome Walsh, offered to accept the jury box as constituted. Walsh agreed and Keyes tried to insist on one further challenger, which Judge Travucco refused with the observation that he would grant Keyes a chance to explain tomorrow.

It is probable that a determined battle will be made by the prosecution to obtain the privilege of challenging members of the jury Keyes said tonight that he would ask the right to challenge at least one juror and would make a strenuous effort to gain this privilege. Walsh

How Crowds Are Kept From Seeing Hickman as He Goes From Cell to Courtroom

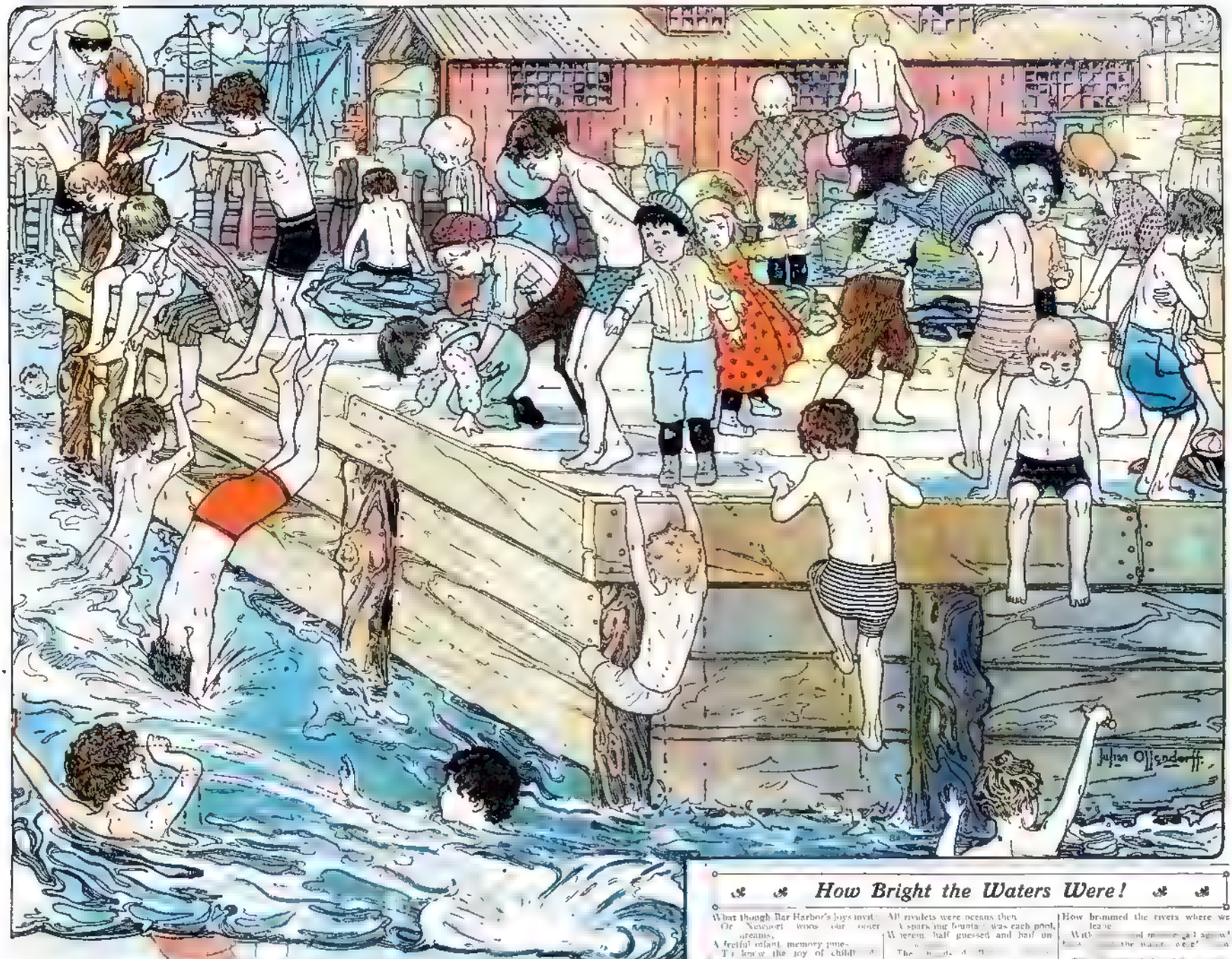

THOUSANDS JAM THE CORRIDORS OF THE EIGHTH FLOOR OF THE HALL OF JUSTICE IN THE SLIM HOPE OF ONE SHORT GLANCE AT THE KILLER. BUT THERE IS NO CHANCE
BECAUSE
UNLIKE OTHER PRISONERS HE EATS HIS BREAKFAST WHILE ARMED GUARD WATCHES.
ON CIRCUITOUS ROUTE TO COURT ROOM HE IS LED THROUGH EIGHT BARRED DOORS
AT THE THIRD DOOR, KNOWN AS THE "GOLDEN GATE" THE GUARDS AND THEIR PRISONER ARE CHECKED OUT.
THEN DOWN A BARRED ELEVATOR AND ALONG A CORRIDOR WHERE PRISONERS IN DETENTION TANKS ARE ONLY ONES TO GLIMPSE HIM.
DEPT. 24
TO A LOCKED DOOR LEADING TO PRIVATE STAIRWAYS
Willard Mullin
—THEN DOWN DARK STAIRWAYS TO—
—THE "BULL PEN," JUST THROUGH THE JURY ROOM FROM THE COURT ROOM, UNTIL HE IS CALLED.

HINTS TO YOUTHFUL ELOCUTIONISTS---HOW TO BE REALISTIC.



Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands.
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

DRAGO
BY - HOGARTH -
AS DRAGO INVESTIGATES THE IDOL, AND DISCOVERS A MYSTERIOUS SPOOL OF WIRE, TABASCO MEANTIME, IS MAKING A DESPERATE ESCAPE FROM RODRIGO'S CAR---AMID A VOLLEY OF BULLETS!
SHOOT! SHOOT! DOWN THERE!
THIS DEVILISH RAIN---- HA! I SEE HIM NOW!
CRACK! CRACK!
AGH!
DID YOU GET HIM?
I AIN'T SURE, TOSCA --BUT I SAW HIM GO DOWN!
KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT SPOT, YOU TWO - I'LL GET A FLASHLIGHT FROM THE CAR!
AFTER HIM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
AI ... AI-EEE! THEY COME! LP JP, TABASCO WE CANNOT STAY HERE!
BLOODSTAINS!
SO! THE SWINE IS HIT- GOOD! HE WON'T ESCAPE TH S TIME -- COME ON! LOOK SHARP, NOW!
KEEP THAT FLASHLIGHT MOVING, RODRIGO! PLAY IT AROUND! IF HE MAKES A BREAK---- WE'LL SPOT HIM!
WHEW! HEY, HOMBRE - THAT LIGHT COMES CLOSE - TOO CLOSE FOR TABASCO. IF I CAN REACH THE JUNGLE JUST A FEW MORE STEPS. . . I AM SAFE AHA! THIS ROCK I THINK -
. . . WILL THROW THEM OFF THE TRACK!
CRUMP
WHAT... ?
HE'S BEHIND US!
BANG BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG
NOW, TABASCO.... TO THE JUNGLE... WHERE THEY WILL NEVER FIND YOU!
BACK IN THE CAVE - DRAGO PAUSES - LISTENING -
4 21 46
HOLD IT..... LISTEN! I THOUGHT I HEARD..... GUNFIRE!



How Bright the Waters Were!

What though Bar Harbor's joys invite
Or Newport woos our outer dreams,
A fretful infant, memory pines
To know the joy of childhood streams.

All rivulets were oceans then
A sparkling fountain was each pool,
Wherein half guessed and half un-

How brimmed the rivers where we leapt
With [illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible]

Dan Beard and "Mr. Dooley," The Bear

AMONG the sketches secured in Yellowstone Park by Dan Beard the animal artist there are several of Mr Dooley who, at the time of serving as a model, was a grizzly bear cub about six months old.

Mr. Dooley, who was unusually large for one of such tender age, was run down by a Mr. Walker on horseback, who threw a coat over his head, and later on tied him to a tree. Here Mr Beard found him and prepared to sketch him. "Mr Dooley" eyed the stranger for a few moments and as the meantime kept one paw scratching at the ground. Then suddenly he rushed towards the artist who had taken the precaution to place his easel just beyond the cub's reach. Nothing daunted by failure, Mr. Dooley kept up his onslaughts as long as Mr. Beard sketched; in fact, he developed a passion for the man who acted to injure him against his wishes, and would have nothing to do with him. On the other hand, the cub became friendly with the artist's hostess and would eat prunes out of her hand and allow her to make a pet of him.

On learning that a certain animal dealer in New York had received a consignment of one baby [illegible] Mr Beard went to the store [illegible] and was told to walk up the rear room, where he would find [illegible] breet

As he went in Mr Beard made a rush at one with the result that he grabbed his overcoat as he went past. In order to secure the coat Mr Beard was compelled to throw his sketch on a nearby box and pull with both hands.

Following the rather lively tussle, Mr Beard, when he went after his book, found the box bouncing up and down and the lid knocked up about half way. The cub, he was [illegible] about half a foot from the box. Not daring to look in the box to ascertain what had become of the contents of the box he became interested in keeping the cub away, and during the time that he worked the box bounced up and down as energetically.

When he had finished Mr. Beard went to the animal dealer and [illegible] box. He asked, or [illegible] if

The man explained some [illegible] baby bear that he had [illegible] said.

"But what is it?" pressed Mr Beard.

"Finally the dealer told him.

"Lyon a liver-pud," he said "and it [illegible]

"Liver-pud" was the German's way of naming the leopard in English.

Probably the only sketch [illegible] Mr Beard possesses. He made the sketch [illegible] captured a Kodiak bear the Mackenzie [illegible] which was brought to New York several years ago. When he entered the animal cage he found it exceedingly [illegible] with the sketch [illegible] Mr Beard's top. [illegible] at a distance the ruthless grackers [illegible] the bear in the cage which the animal knew [illegible] which hearing.

Shortly after [illegible] purchase at a fancy price by the New York Zoological Garden the mask [illegible]

Jamaican Proverbs

Here are some of the proverbs [illegible] the negroes in the British West Indian island of Jamaica.

No rain no rainbow

Clothe power character

Man nebbot feelighoses burden

Good wife better dan sugar astate

Hasta to get rich fall inside ditch

Better keep one rat dan fifty cat

Big blanket make poor sleep late

Satan trouble he when no [illegible]

Clear conscience sleeps through thunder

Prayer needful, he long when [illegible]

Perfect woman scarce as white John Crow.

Man build de house, but woman make de home.

Better ride ass when carries you dan horse when throws you.

Ebery day do debil helps thief, some day God help watchman.

Up-to-Date Tips for Home Dressmakers---By Rosa E. Payne

Shrinking and Stretching

THE difference between tailor work and ordinary dressmaking is as marked [illegible] that between dressmaking and mil[illegible] ners. While both appear to be parts of the same industry efficiency in each requires a separate training.

The amateur sewer who likes excellent work interesting [illegible] will not appeal to much a [illegible] about [illegible] save [illegible] and [illegible] artistic effects rather than solid work. But anyone [illegible] any garment [illegible] or mother [illegible] accuracy cannot be obtained [illegible] much worry and [illegible] dear the Mackenzie [illegible] which was brought to New York several years ago. When he entered the animal cage he found it exceedingly [illegible] with the sketch [illegible] Mr Beard's top. [illegible] at a distance the ruthless grackers [illegible] the bear in the cage which the animal knew [illegible] which hearing.

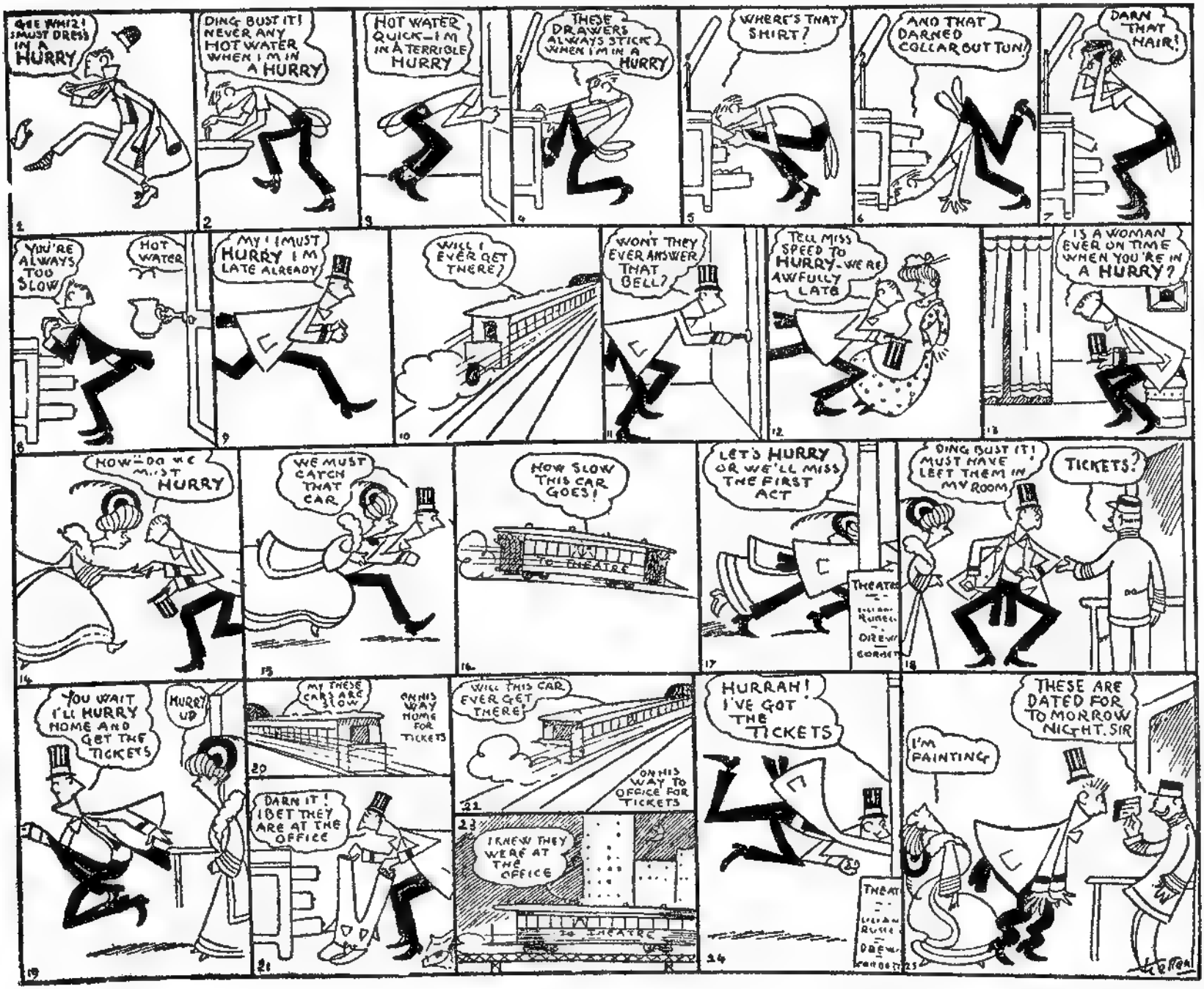
All cloths for coats or suits should be shrunk before using. [illegible] goods. [illegible] that otherwise they will [illegible] each time, and second, that they may shrink in an entirely different way to that expected and, perhaps, provided for.

Some clothes are guaranteed to be [illegible] shrinking and [illegible] but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Hubby Has a Narrow Escape From the Surgeon's Knife.

THIS APPENDICITIS MUST BE FIERCE—TAKES 'EM OFF IN A HURRY
1
GREAT GUNS! AN ACUTE PAIN ON MY RIGHT SIDE— I'VE GOT IT
2
QUICK! RUN FOR THE DOCTOR! TELEPHONE! APPENDICITIS— SETIS SATUS
3
OH! I'M A GONER OFF TO THE HOSPITAL
4
I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO CHLOROFORM HIM
B-R-R-R R-O-O-O BOO-WOO- WOO-WOO
5
OH JAMES, I'LL SEW THAT BUTTON ON TO-NIGHT SURE
NOTHING BUT A SAFETY PIN
OWRY
6

THE "HURRY UP" CHAPPIE—WHEN HE GOES TO THE THEATER.

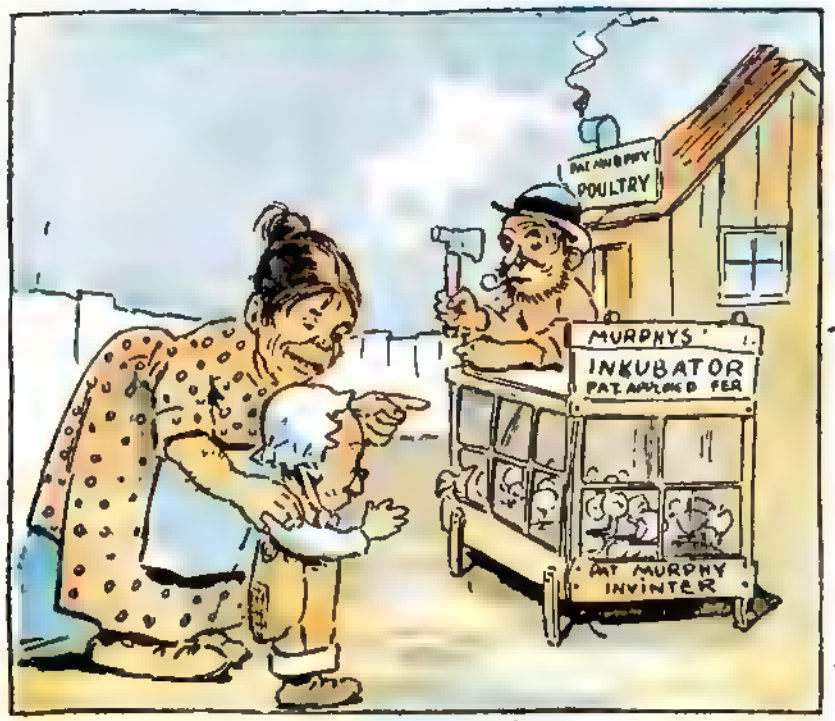

GEE WHIZ! I MUST DRESS IN A HURRY
DING BUST IT! NEVER ANY HOT WATER WHEN I'M IN A HURRY
HOT WATER QUICK—I'M IN A TERRIBLE HURRY
THESE DRAWERS ALWAYS STICK WHEN I'M IN A HURRY
WHERE'S THAT SHIRT?
AND THAT DARNED COLLAR BUTTON!
DARN THAT HAIR!
YOU'RE ALWAYS TOO SLOW
HOT WATER
MY! I MUST HURRY I'M LATE ALREADY
WILL I EVER GET THERE?
WON'T THEY EVER ANSWER THAT BELL?
TELL MISS SPEED TO HURRY—WE'RE AWFULLY LATE
IS A WOMAN EVER ON TIME WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY?
HOW—DO WE MUST HURRY
WE MUST CATCH THAT CAR
HOW SLOW THIS CAR GOES!
TO THEATRE
LET'S HURRY OR WE'LL MISS THE FIRST ACT
THEATRE
DING BUST IT! MUST HAVE LEFT THEM IN MY ROOM
TICKETS?
YOU WAIT I'LL HURRY HOME AND GET THE TICKETS
HURRY UP
MY THESE CARS ARE SLOW
ON HIS WAY HOME FOR TICKETS
WILL THIS CAR EVER GET THERE?
ON HIS WAY TO OFFICE FOR TICKETS
DARN IT! I BET THEY ARE AT THE OFFICE
I KNEW THEY WERE AT THE OFFICE
TO THEATRE
HURRAH! I'VE GOT THE TICKETS
THEATRE
THESE ARE DATED FOR TOMORROW NIGHT, SIR
I'M PAINTING

—By Maurice Ketten, in Denver News.

THE HURRY-UP CITIZEN

HOLD ON A MINUTE! LET ME TELL YOU HOW TO MAKE A BILLION
CAN'T STOP JOHN, AM IN AN AWFUL HURRY, HAVEN'T EVEN TIME TO BREATHE TO DAY
1
I WANT TO KNOW HOW MANY MILLIONS YOU WANT?
EXCUSE ME, PIERPONT, I'M IN A FRIGHTFUL HURRY, I HAVEN'T TIME TO THINK
2
LET'S GO TO LUNCH
CAN'T, AM IN A TERRIBLE HURRY, HAVEN'T TIME TO EAT
3
OH, GET OUT, WILLIE! I'M IN A DREADFUL HURRY - HAVEN'T TIME TO LISTEN
LET ME EXPLAIN TO YOU MY DEAL WITH MURPHY
4
FOOT-BALL GAME
PULITZER BLD
MY I WISH I WASN'T IN SUCH A HURRY
5
FOOT-BALL GAME
PULITZER BLD
RAH RAH RAH
2 HOURS AFTER
GLUE
6

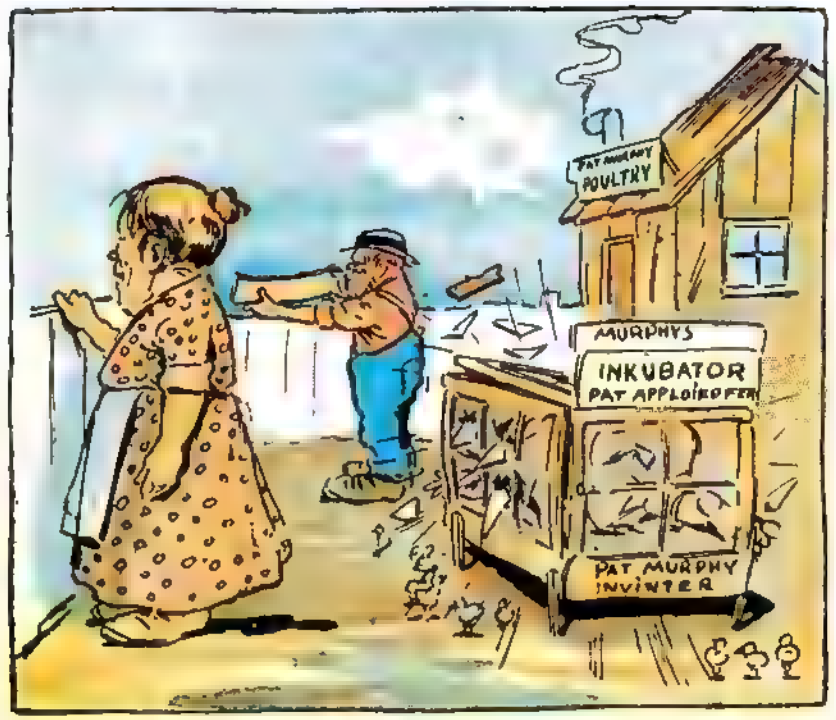
The Incubation of Claude Murphy; Or, A Sudden Rise to Manhood.



1. Little Mickey sees the incubator.

2. He investigates it.

3. He falls asleep in it.

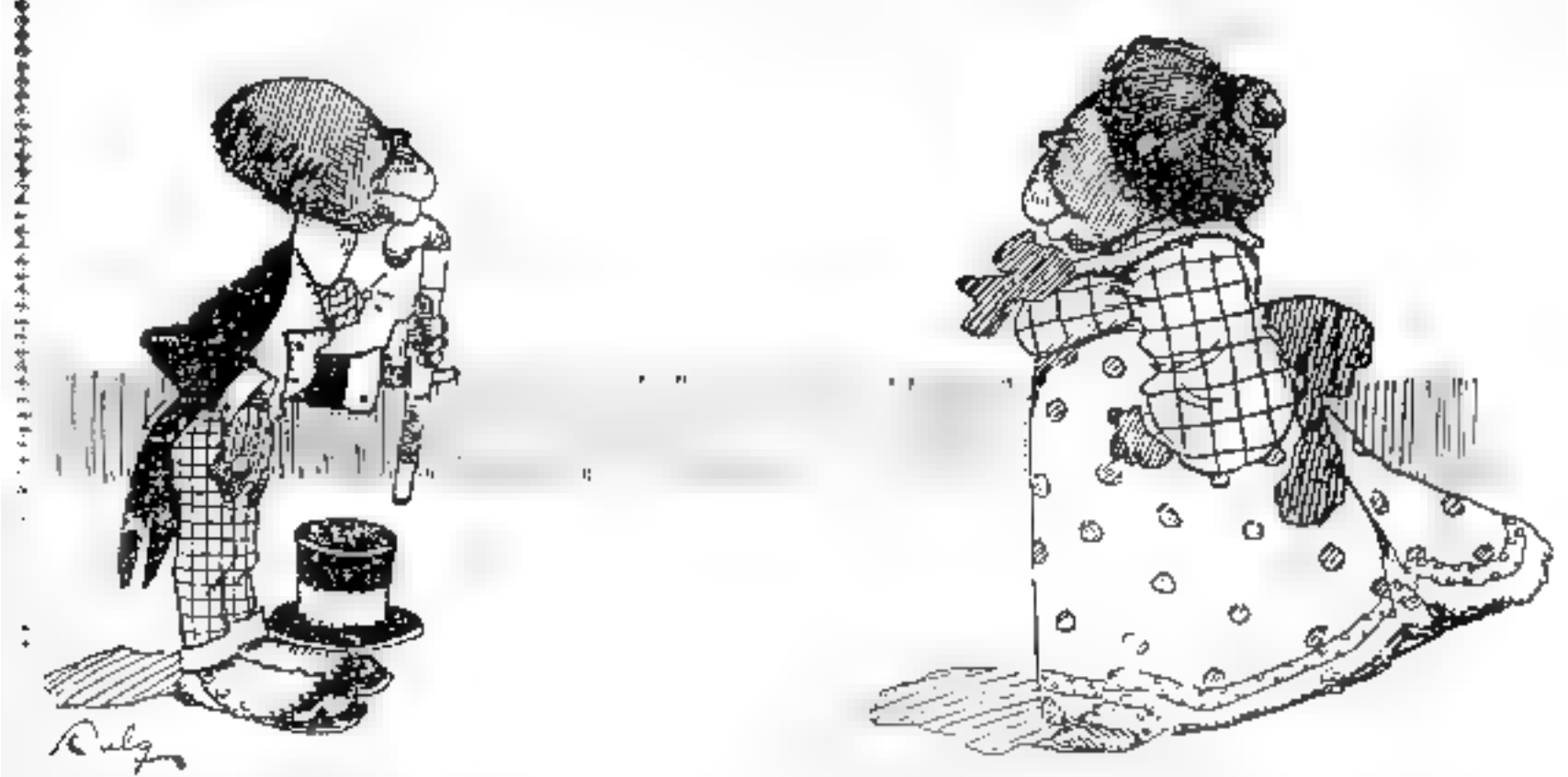


4. The incubator begins to get in its work.

5. Little Mickey breaks the shell.

6. And arises a full fledged Murphy.

The Domestic Goal of Comfort in Darktown.



MRS BROWN STONE JASPER · Preb ous to accept n ... ah tender of man dar ... y wh e han ... Twig 'fo' ... ak ... or know wat bad habits you hab.

MR TW G T—Mah sweetes comp ments fine jasper an' accept man ... dar wish only bad ha ... present ... de wo kin habit ... an' spect to get ober dat when I ... married!

MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1903.

THE THIRD DEGREE AT THE JUNGLE POLICE HEADQUARTERS

I WAS WITH THESE LADIES AND THEY STOLE MY WATCH AN' POCKET BOOK!

OFFICER: CALL OUT THE PATROL AND TAKE HIM ALONG TO IDENTIFY THEM!

YOU'SE WILL HAVE TO COME ALONG ME PEACHES!

THAT'S THE BUNCH OFFICER!

THE IDEA!!

HOW RUDE

THEY CAN SEARCH ME!

IT WOULD BREAK MOTHERS HEART TO SEE ME NOW!

POLICE PATROL

I WILL HAVE TO TRY THE THIRD DEGREE THEN WHEN'S A DOOR NOT A DOOR WHEN IT'S A JAR!

I HAVE SEARCHED THE PRISONER AND FOUND NOTHING!

THEY TOOK MY THINGS ALRIGHT!

HA! HA! HA! WHEN IT'S A JAR! GOOD JOKE!!!

HE!! HEE!! HE!

THERE OFFICER THE FAT ONE'S THE GUILTY CULPRIT!

HE! HA!! HE!!!

THERE THEY ARE CAPTAIN IN HER MOUTH!

(Copyright 1903 by C. J. Hite)

POOR MAG! THEY CAUGHT HER WITH THE GOODS IN HER!

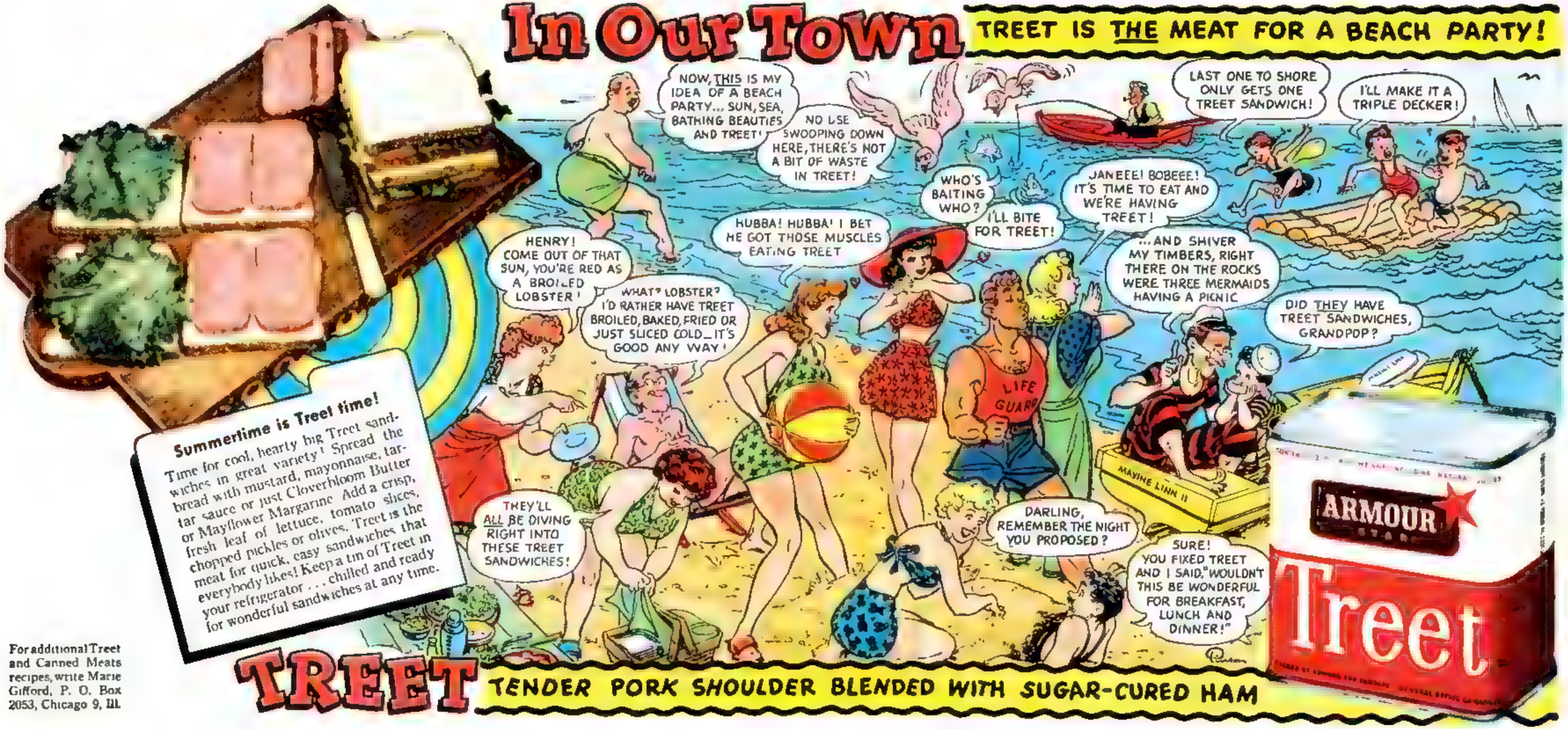
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR WATER CURE BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THE MONEY FOR EVIDENCE!

HE AINT NO GENTLEMAN!

ADVERTISEMENT

In Our Town

TREET IS THE MEAT FOR A BEACH PARTY!


NOW, THIS IS MY IDEA OF A BEACH PARTY... SUN, SEA, BATHING BEAUTIES AND TREET!
NO USE SWOOPING DOWN HERE, THERE'S NOT A BIT OF WASTE IN TREET!
LAST ONE TO SHORE ONLY GETS ONE TREET SANDWICH!
I'LL MAKE IT A TRIPLE DECKER!
WHO'S BAITING WHO?
I'LL BITE FOR TREET!
JANEEE! BOBEEE! IT'S TIME TO EAT AND WE'RE HAVING TREET!
HUBBA! HUBBA! I BET HE GOT THOSE MUSCLES EATING TREET
HENRY! COME OUT OF THAT SUN, YOU'RE RED AS A BROILED LOBSTER!
WHAT? LOBSTER? I'D RATHER HAVE TREET BROILED, BAKED, FRIED OR JUST SLICED COLD—IT'S GOOD ANY WAY!
...AND SHIVER MY TIMBERS, RIGHT THERE ON THE ROCKS WERE THREE MERMAIDS HAVING A PICNIC
DID THEY HAVE TREET SANDWICHES, GRANDPOP?
LIFE GUARD
MAYME LINN II
THEY'LL ALL BE DIVING RIGHT INTO THESE TREET SANDWICHES!
DARLING, REMEMBER THE NIGHT YOU PROPOSED?
SURE! YOU FIXED TREET AND I SAID, "WOULDN'T THIS BE WONDERFUL FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCH AND DINNER!"
ARMOUR STAR
Treet

Summertime is Treet time!

Time for cool, hearty big Treet sandwiches in great variety! Spread the bread with mustard, mayonnaise, tar-tar sauce or just Cloverbloom Butter or Mayflower Margarine. Add a crisp, fresh leaf of lettuce, tomato slices, chopped pickles or olives. Treet is the meat for quick, easy sandwiches that everybody likes! Keep a tin of Treet in your refrigerator . . . chilled and ready for wonderful sandwiches at any time.

For additional Treet and Canned Meats recipes, write Marie Gifford, P. O. Box 2053, Chicago 9, Ill.

TREET — TENDER PORK SHOULDER BLENDED WITH SUGAR-CURED HAM

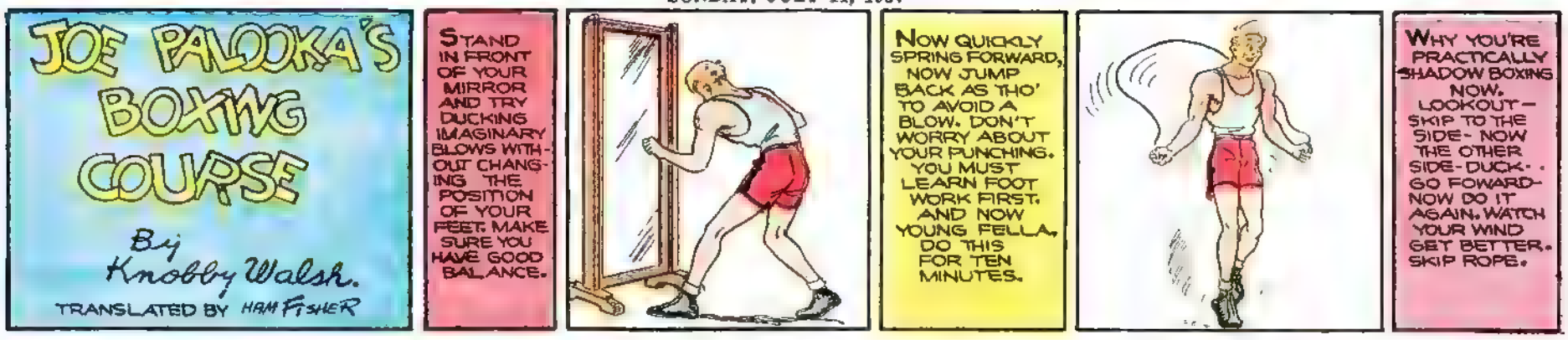
Jim Williams Signs Up For Five More Years Of Laughter

8 Pages Comics

THE MOBILE PRESS REGISTER

8 Pages Comics

SUNDAY, JULY 11, 1937

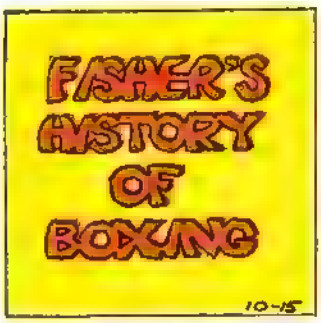

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE
By Knobby Walsh.
TRANSLATED BY HAM FISHER
STAND IN FRONT OF YOUR MIRROR AND TRY DUCKING IMAGINARY BLOWS WITHOUT CHANGING THE POSITION OF YOUR FEET. MAKE SURE YOU HAVE GOOD BALANCE.
NOW QUICKLY SPRING FORWARD, NOW JUMP BACK AS THO' TO AVOID A BLOW. DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR PUNCHING. YOU MUST LEARN FOOT WORK FIRST. AND NOW YOUNG FELLA, DO THIS FOR TEN MINUTES.
WHY YOU'RE PRACTICALLY SHADOW BOXING NOW. LOOKOUT— SKIP TO THE SIDE- NOW THE OTHER SIDE- DUCK- GO FOWARD- NOW DO IT AGAIN. WATCH YOUR WIND GET BETTER. SKIP ROPE.

JOE PALOOKA

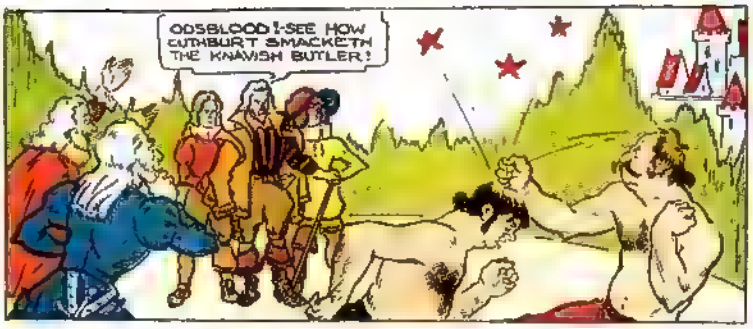
© 1937, McNaught Syndicate Inc.

By HAM FISHER

HULLO MISSUS SHEBBY. REMEMBER ME? I'M JOE PALOOKA.
WHUT D'YO WUNT?
THIS SHORT SERIES OF PAGES BRING BACK BIG LEVITICUS AND HIS FAMILY BY REQUEST OF MANY READERS. THESE WERE THE ORIGINAL HILL BILLY CHARACTERS THE FIRST EVER IN A COMIC STRIP.
7-11
THIS HERE'S A FREN OF MINE A NOOSPAPER MAN. WE WANTA SEE HEPZIBAH AN' THE FELLA SHE'S INGAGED TO.
HMMM
WE'D BETTER NOT MAKE A CRACK ABOUT BEING AGAINST CHILD WEDDINGS.
I STILL THINK IT'S A SHAME, HER ELEVEN AND HIM FORTY.
!
!
TEE HEE.
KYAH THEY BE.
GULP
J-JOE P'LOOKA!
D-DID'JA GIT A PITCHER?
AND HOW.
LE'S GO!
YOU SAID IT.
GIT AWAY FUM ME.
BOP
JOE YO COME BACK HEAH YO MAH MAN.
HAW
BANG
WHEW
H-HULLO HEPZIBAH. HULLO LEVITICUS.
DOGGONE MISSED 'IM.
YO AINT GONNA GIT AWAY THIS HEAH TIME. YO GONNA MARRY HEPZIBAH.
HAW.
TEE HEE.
TO BE CONTINUED.



ALTHOUGH JAMES FIGG IS CREDITED WITH BEING "THE FATHER OF BOXING", A LONDON NEWSPAPER CARRIED THIS ITEM IN 1681 WHICH WAS 13 YEARS PRIOR TO FIGG'S BIRTH.—



Ye/erday a match of Boxing wa/ performed before his Grace the Duke of Albemarle between hi/ butler and hi/ butcher. The latter won the prize, a/ he hath done many time/ before, be/ng accounted, though but a little man, the be/t at that exerci/e in England.

JOE PALOOKA

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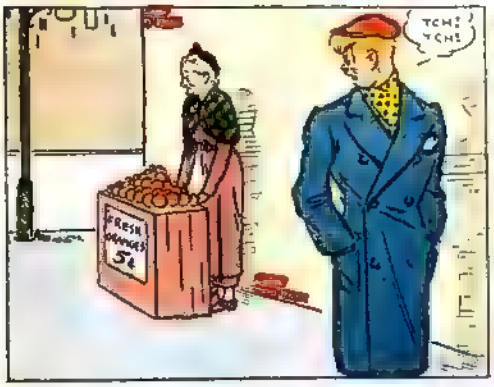
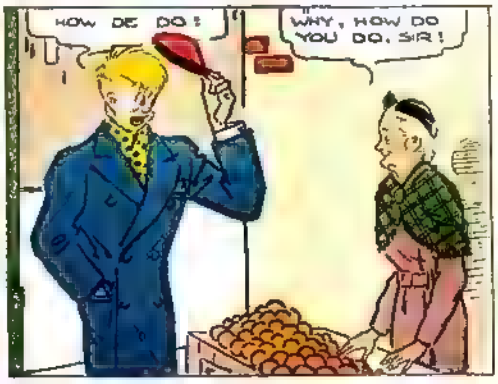
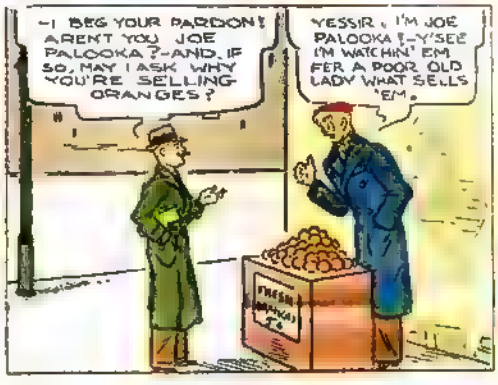
By HAM FISHER



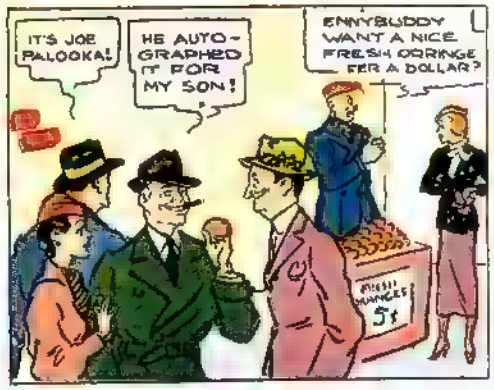


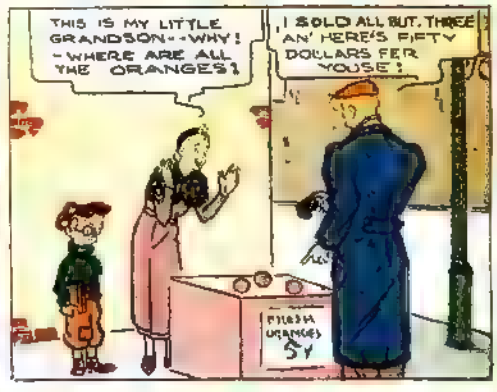
I'D LIKE FER TO BUY ALL THEM ORANGIZ. THEN YOUSE COULD GO HOME. YOUSE MUST BE AWFIL TIRED.
OH MY, NO! THAT WOULD BE CHARITY! I MAKE MY LIVING THIS WAY AND SUPPORT MY LITTLE GRANDSON. HE'S AN ORPHAN.
FRESH ORANGES

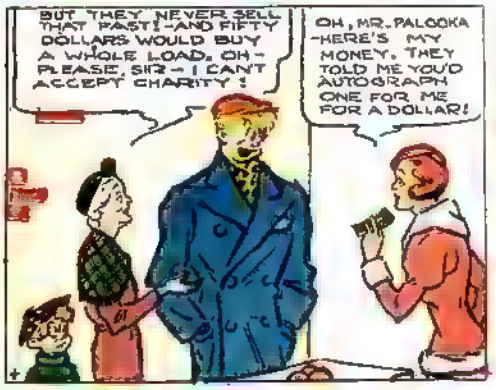
BUT IF YOU WOULD BE KIND ENOUGH, YOU COULD DO ME A BIG FAVOR AND WATCH MY STAND FOR A FEW MINUTES WHILE I RUN OVER AND GET HIM FROM SCHOOL.
WHY, CERTNY! THAT WOULD BE A PLEASURE, I'M ASSURED.

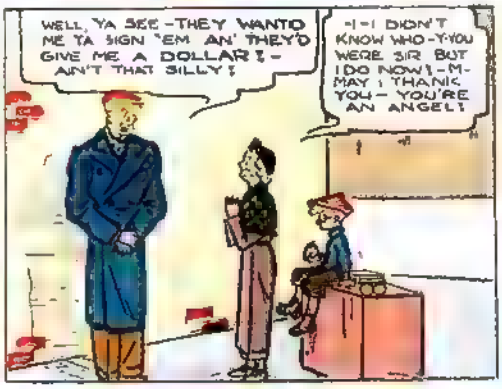

—I BEG YOUR PARDON! ARENT YOU JOE PALOOKA?—AND, IF SO, MAY I ASK WHY YOU'RE SELLING ORANGES?
YESSIR, I'M JOE PALOOKA!—Y'SEE I'M WATCHIN' 'EM FER A POOR OLD LADY WHAT SELLS 'EM.

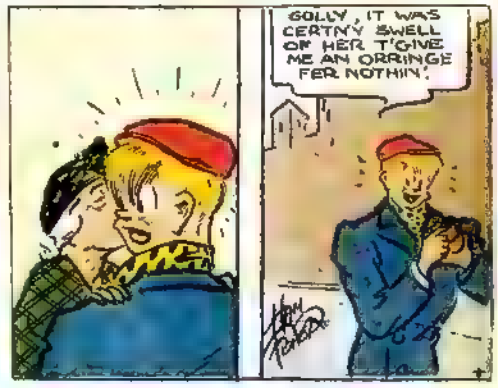
I'LL BUY ONE FOR A DOLLAR AND WILL YOU AUTOGRAPH IT FOR MY LITTLE SON? HE'S A GREAT ADMIRER OF YOURS!
YOU BETCHA I WILL! THANK YOUSE!




THIS IS MY LITTLE GRANDSON—WHY! —WHERE ARE ALL THE ORANGES?
I SOLD ALL BUT THREE AN' HERE'S FIFTY DOLLARS FER YOUSE!
FRESH ORANGES 5¢

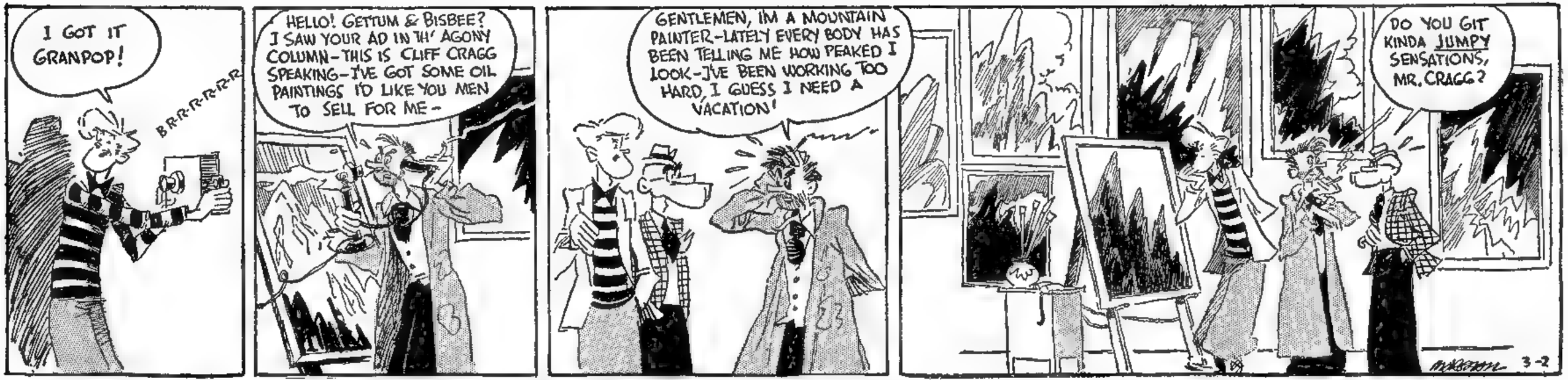

BUT THEY NEVER SELL THAT FAST!—AND FIFTY DOLLARS WOULD BUY A WHOLE LOAD. OH—PLEASE, SIR—I CAN'T ACCEPT CHARITY!
OH, MR. PALOOKA—HERE'S MY MONEY. THEY TOLD ME YOU'D AUTOGRAPH ONE FOR ME FOR A DOLLAR!

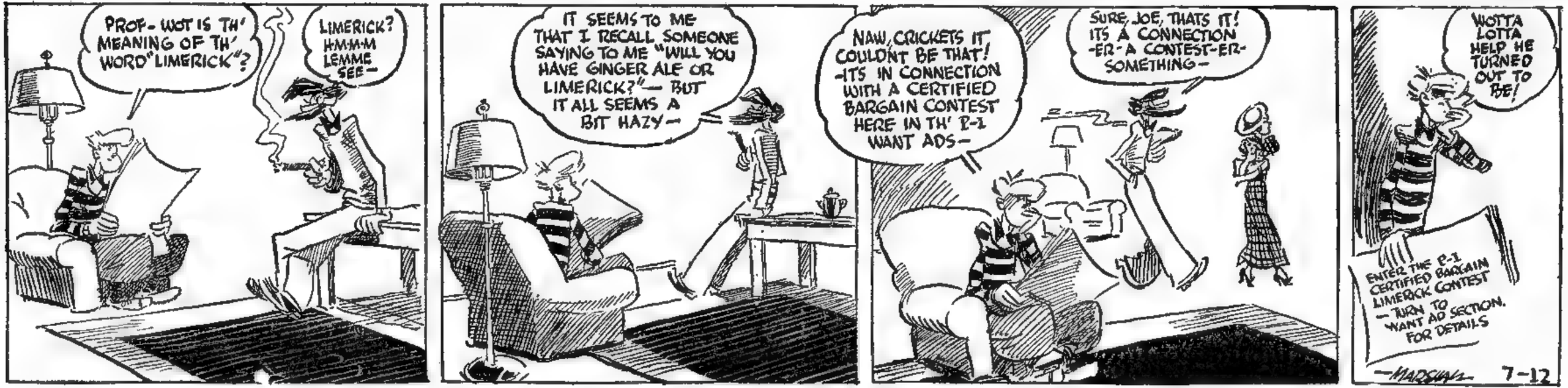

WELL, YA SEE—THEY WANTO ME TA SIGN 'EM AN' THEY'D GIVE ME A DOLLAR!—AIN'T THAT SILLY!
—I—I DIDN'T KNOW WHO—Y-YOU WERE SIR BUT I DO NOW! I—MAY I THANK YOU—YOU'RE AN ANGEL!



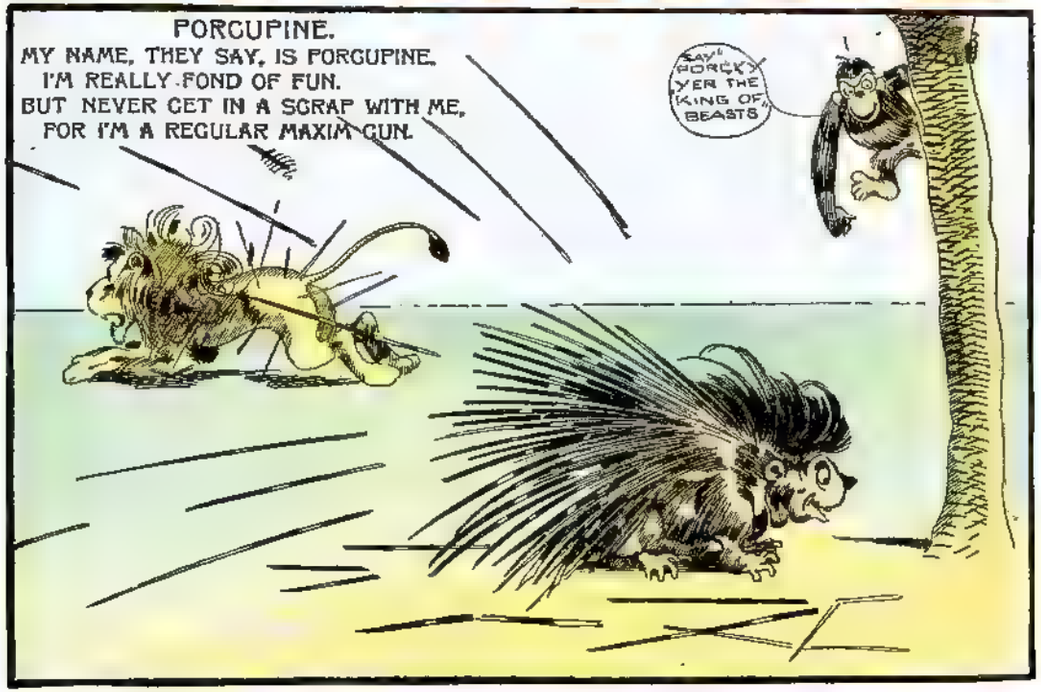
JOE GETTUM

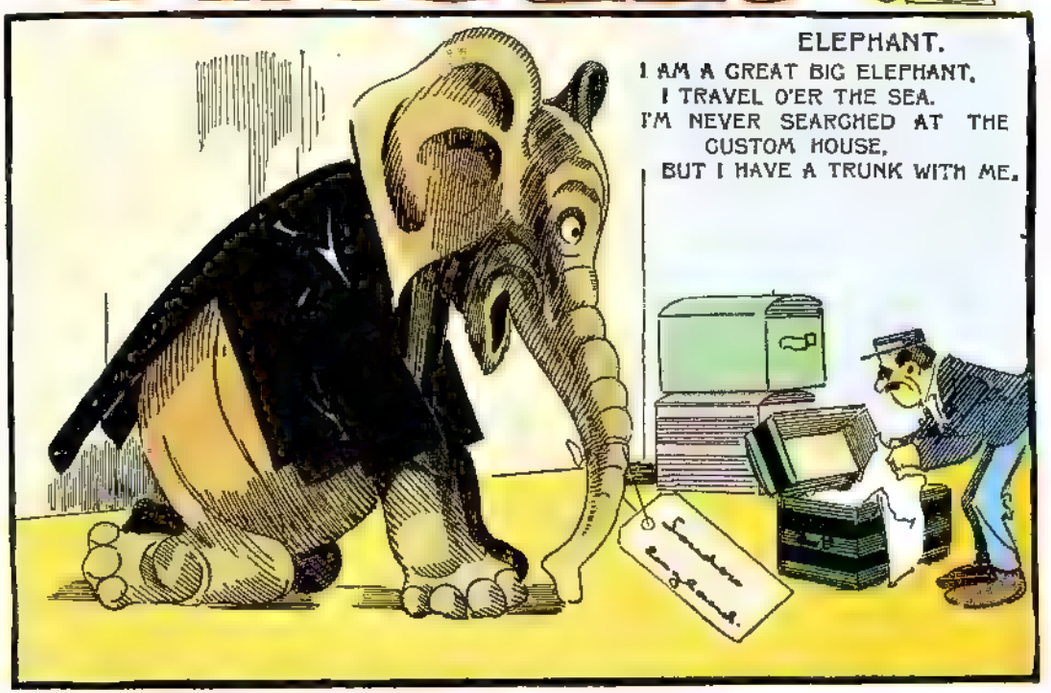
By Fred Marshall

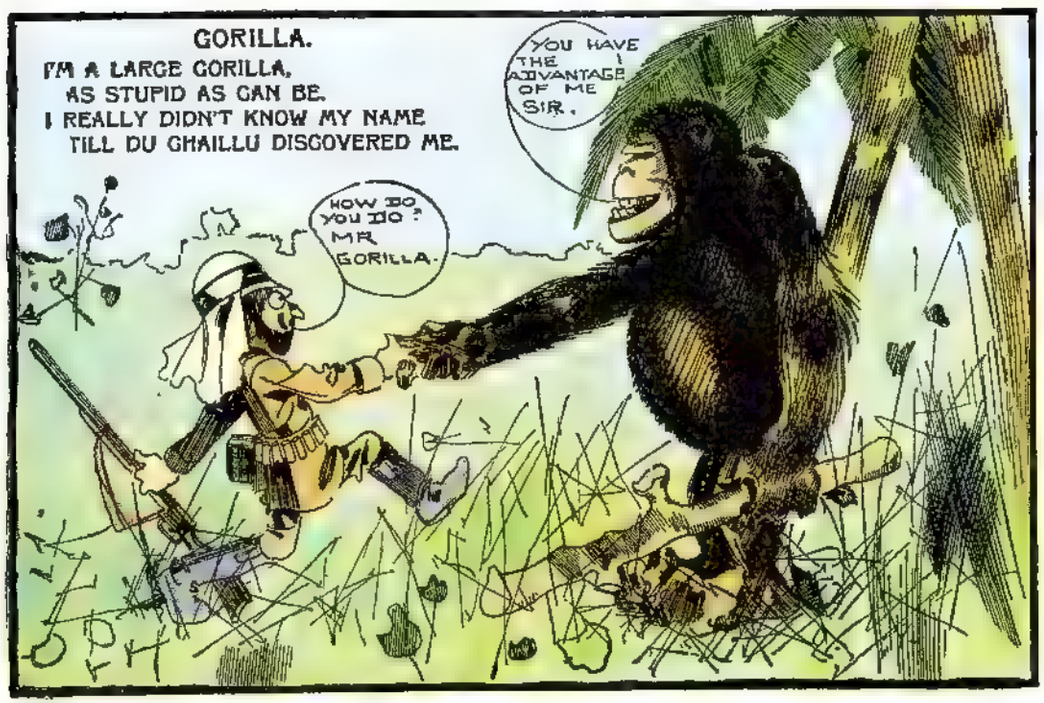

I GOT IT GRANPOP!
B-R-R-R-R-R-R
HELLO! GETTUM & BISBEE? I SAW YOUR AD IN TH' AGONY COLUMN-THIS IS CLIFF CRAGG SPEAKING-I'VE GOT SOME OIL PAINTINGS I'D LIKE YOU MEN TO SELL FOR ME-
GENTLEMEN, I'M A MOUNTAIN PAINTER-LATELY EVERY BODY HAS BEEN TELLING ME HOW PEAKED I LOOK-I'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD, I GUESS I NEED A VACATION!
DO YOU GIT KINDA JUMPY SENSATIONS, MR. CRAGG?
3-2

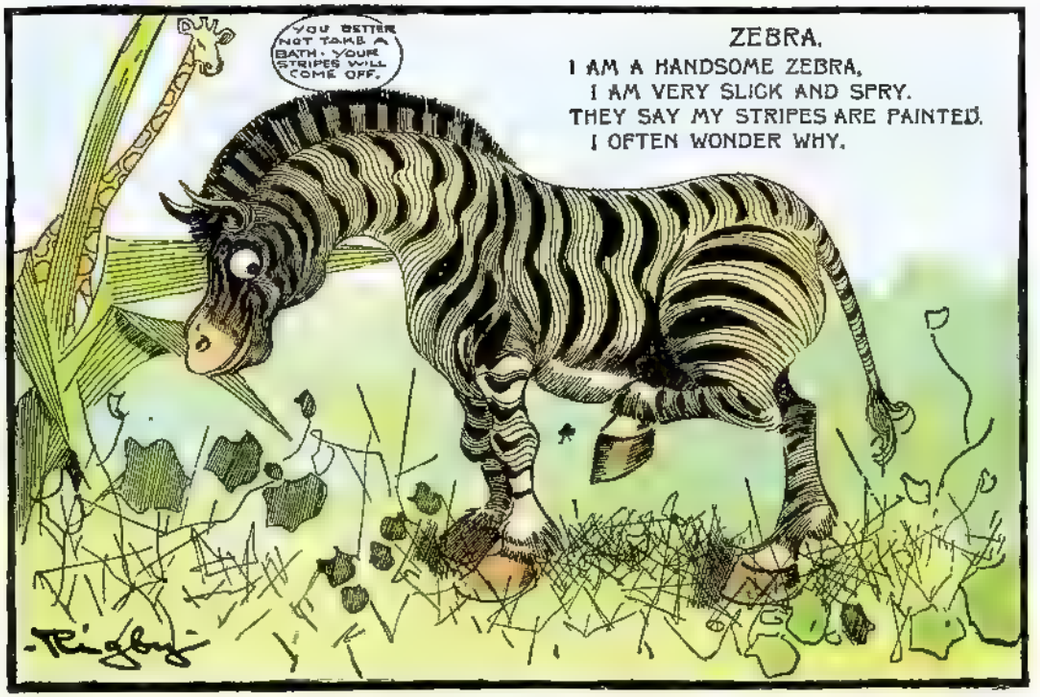

PROF- WOT IS TH' MEANING OF TH' WORD "LIMERICK"?
LIMERICK? H-M-M-M LEMME SEE-
IT SEEMS TO ME THAT I RECALL SOMEONE SAYING TO ME "WILL YOU HAVE GINGER ALE OR LIMERICK?"— BUT IT ALL SEEMS A BIT HAZY-
NAW, CRICKETS IT COULDN'T BE THAT! -ITS IN CONNECTION WITH A CERTIFIED BARGAIN CONTEST HERE IN TH' P-I WANT ADS-
SURE, JOE, THATS IT! ITS A CONNECTION -ER- A CONTEST-ER- SOMETHING-
WOTTA LOTTA HELP HE TURNED OUT TO BE!
ENTER THE P-I CERTIFIED BARGAIN LIMERICK CONTEST — TURN TO WANT AD SECTION. FOR DETAILS
—MARSHALL
7-12

JUNGLE JINGLES


PORCUPINE.
MY NAME, THEY SAY, IS PORCUPINE.
I'M REALLY FOND OF FUN.
BUT NEVER GET IN A SCRAP WITH ME,
FOR I'M A REGULAR MAXIM GUN.
SAY! PORCKY YER THE KING OF BEASTS

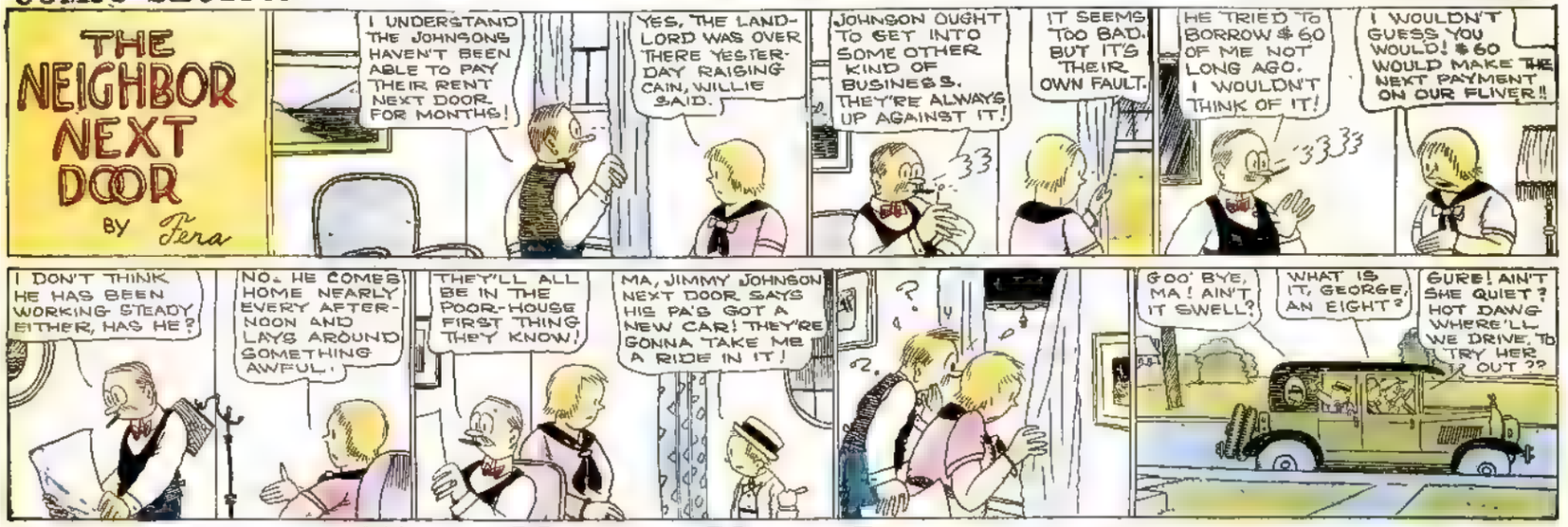



GORILLA.
I'M A LARGE GORILLA,
AS STUPID AS CAN BE.
I REALLY DIDN'T KNOW MY NAME
TILL DU GHAILLU DISCOVERED ME.
YOU HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF ME SIR.
HOW DO YOU DO? MR GORILLA.

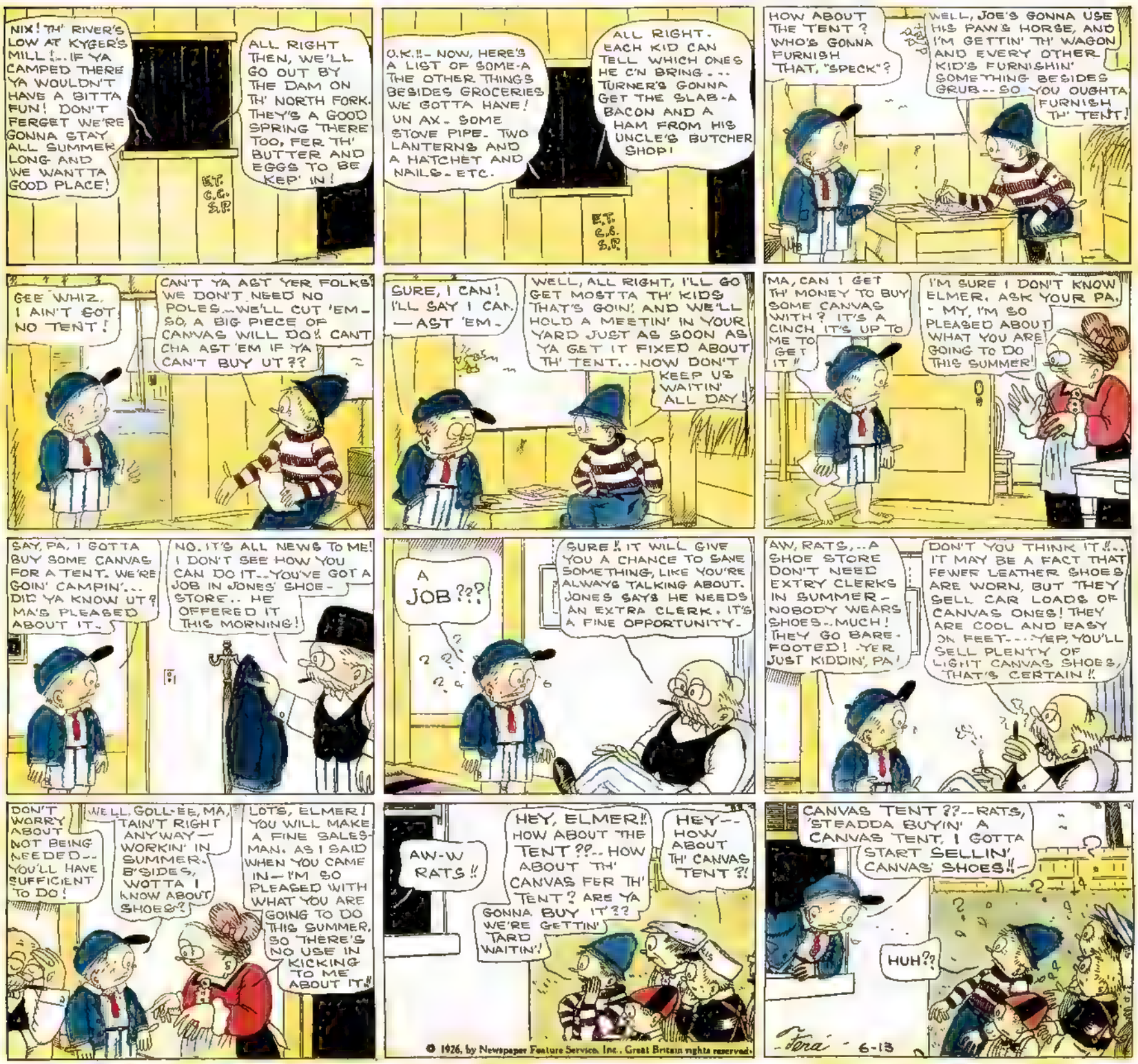

ZEBRA.
I AM A HANDSOME ZEBRA,
I AM VERY SLICK AND SPRY.
THEY SAY MY STRIPES ARE PAINTED.
I OFTEN WONDER WHY.
YOU BETTER NOT TAKE A BATH: YOUR STRIPES WILL COME OFF.

THE NEIGHBOR NEXT DOOR

BY Fera


I UNDERSTAND THE JOHNSONS HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PAY THEIR RENT NEXT DOOR FOR MONTHS!
YES, THE LANDLORD WAS OVER THERE YESTERDAY RAISING CAIN, WILLIE SAID.
JOHNSON OUGHT TO GET INTO SOME OTHER KIND OF BUSINESS. THEY'RE ALWAYS UP AGAINST IT!
IT SEEMS TOO BAD. BUT IT'S THEIR OWN FAULT.
HE TRIED TO BORROW $60 OF ME NOT LONG AGO. I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT!
I WOULDN'T GUESS YOU WOULD! $60 WOULD MAKE THE NEXT PAYMENT ON OUR FLIVER!!
I DON'T THINK HE HAS BEEN WORKING STEADY EITHER, HAS HE?
NO. HE COMES HOME NEARLY EVERY AFTERNOON AND LAYS AROUND SOMETHING AWFUL.
THEY'LL ALL BE IN THE POOR-HOUSE FIRST THING THEY KNOW!
MA, JIMMY JOHNSON NEXT DOOR SAYS HIS PA'S GOT A NEW CAR! THEY'RE GONNA TAKE ME A RIDE IN IT!
GOO' BYE, MA! AIN'T IT SWELL?
WHAT IS IT, GEORGE, AN EIGHT?
SURE! AIN'T SHE QUIET? HOT DANG WHERE'LL WE DRIVE TO TRY HER OUT??

Elmer—Vacation Means Business for Him.


NIX! TH' RIVER'S LOW AT KYGER'S MILL!.. IF YA CAMPED THERE YA WOULDN'T HAVE A BITTA FUN! DON'T FERGET WE'RE GONNA STAY ALL SUMMER LONG AND WE WANTTA GOOD PLACE!
ALL RIGHT THEN, WE'LL GO OUT BY THE DAM ON TH' NORTH FORK. THEY'S A GOOD SPRING THERE TOO, FER TH' BUTTER AND EGGS TO BE KEEP' IN!
E.T. C.C. S.P.
O.K.!!- NOW, HERE'S A LIST OF SOME-A THE OTHER THINGS BESIDES GROCERIES WE GOTTA HAVE! UN AX- SOME STOVE PIPE- TWO LANTERNS AND A HATCHET AND NAILS- ETC.
ALL RIGHT. EACH KID CAN TELL WHICH ONES HE C'N BRING... TURNER'S GONNA GET THE SLAB-A BACON AND A HAM FROM HIS UNCLE'S BUTCHER SHOP!
E.T. C.C. S.P.
HOW ABOUT THE TENT? WHO'S GONNA FURNISH THAT, "SPECK"?
WELL, JOE'S GONNA USE HIS PAW'S HORSE, AND I'M GETTIN' TH' WAGON AND EVERY OTHER KID'S FURNISHIN' SOMETHING BESIDES GRUB-- SO YOU OUGHTA FURNISH TH' TENT!
GEE WHIZ, I AIN'T GOT NO TENT!
CAN'T YA AST YER FOLKS? WE DON'T NEED NO POLES--WE'LL CUT 'EM- SO, A BIG PIECE OF CANVAS WILL DO!! CAN'T CHA AST 'EM IF YA CAN'T BUY UT??
SURE, I CAN! I'LL SAY I CAN. —AST 'EM-
WELL, ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO GET MOST TA TH' KIDS THAT'S GOIN', AND WE'LL HOLD A MEETIN' IN YOUR YARD JUST AS SOON AS YA GET IT FIXED ABOUT TH' TENT... NOW DON'T KEEP US WAITIN' ALL DAY!
MA, CAN I GET TH' MONEY TO BUY SOME CANVAS WITH? IT'S A CINCH IT'S UP TO ME TO GET IT!
I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW ELMER. ASK YOUR PA.
- MY, I'M SO PLEASED ABOUT WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO DO THIS SUMMER!
SAY, PA, I GOTTA BUY SOME CANVAS FOR A TENT. WE'RE GOIN' CAMPIN'... DID YA KNOW UT? MA'S PLEASED ABOUT IT-
NO. IT'S ALL NEWS TO ME! I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN DO IT--YOU'VE GOT A JOB IN JONES' SHOE-STORE.. HE OFFERED IT THIS MORNING!
A JOB???
SURE!! IT WILL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO SAVE SOMETHING, LIKE YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT. JONES SAYS HE NEEDS AN EXTRA CLERK. IT'S A FINE OPPORTUNITY.
AW, RATS,..A SHOE STORE DON'T NEED EXTRY CLERKS IN SUMMER- NOBODY WEARS SHOES..MUCH! THEY GO BARE-FOOTED! -YER JUST KIDDIN', PA!
DON'T YOU THINK IT!... IT MAY BE A FACT THAT FEWER LEATHER SHOES ARE WORN, BUT THEY SELL CAR LOADS OF CANVAS ONES! THEY ARE COOL AND EASY ON FEET---YEP, YOU'LL SELL PLENTY OF LIGHT CANVAS SHOES, THAT'S CERTAIN!!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT NOT BEING NEEDED-- YOU'LL HAVE SUFFICIENT TO DO!
WELL, GOLL-EE, MA, TAIN'T RIGHT ANYWAY— WORKIN' IN SUMMER. B'SIDES, WOTTA I KNOW ABOUT SHOES?
LOTS, ELMER! YOU WILL MAKE A FINE SALESMAN. AS I SAID WHEN YOU CAME IN— I'M SO PLEASED WITH WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO DO THIS SUMMER, SO THERE'S NO USE IN KICKING TO ME ABOUT IT!!
AW-W RATS!!
HEY, ELMER!! HOW ABOUT THE TENT??-- HOW ABOUT TH' CANVAS FER TH' TENT? ARE YA GONNA BUY IT?? WE'RE GETTIN' TARD WAITIN'!
HEY-- HOW ABOUT TH' CANVAS TENT?!
CANVAS TENT??--RATS, 'STEADDA BUYIN' A CANVAS TENT, I GOTTA START SELLIN' CANVAS SHOES!!
HUH??
Fera 6-13

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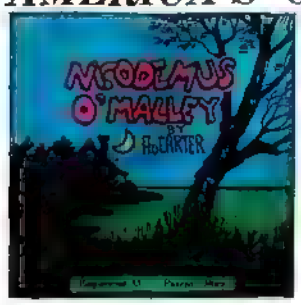
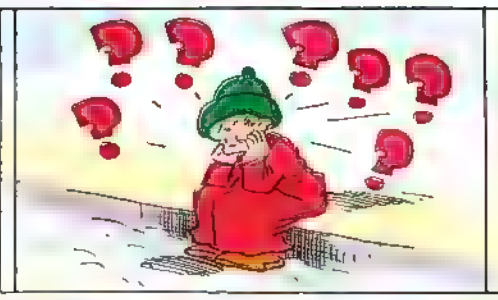
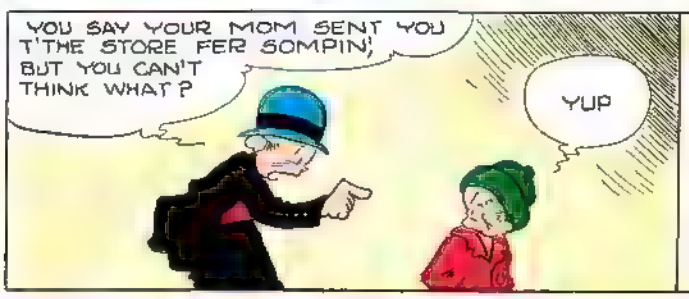
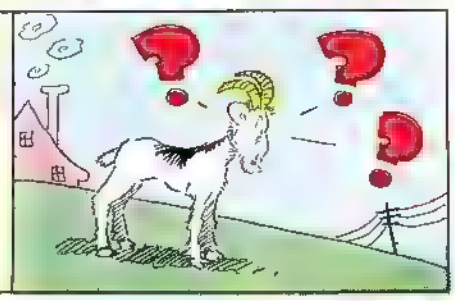




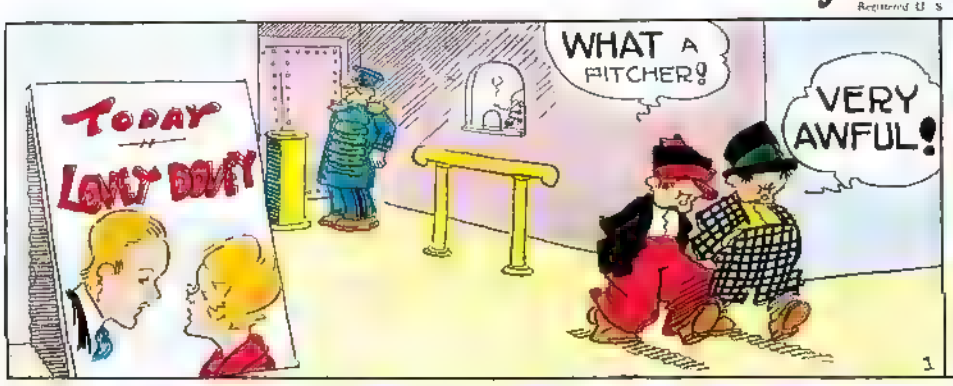


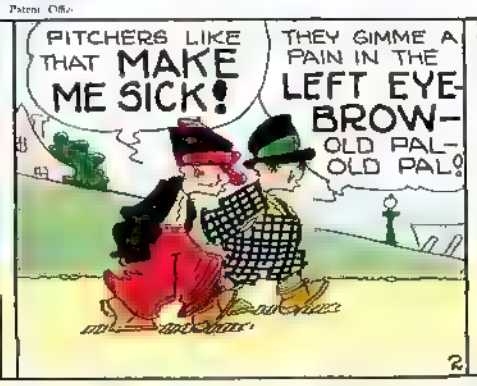


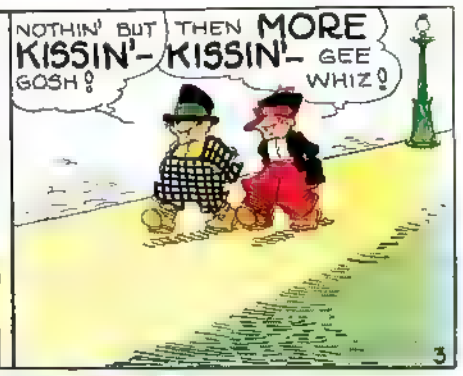
HERE YOU ARE — LITTLE FRIENDS! ANOTHER "JUST KIDS" STAMP! SEE IF YOU CAN COLLECT MORE THAN YOUR LITTLE NEIGHBORS!
CAN YOU GUESS WHO WILL BE NEXT!
SERAPHIN O'TOOLE

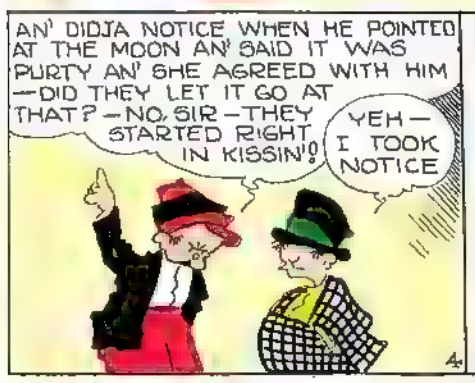
Just-Kids

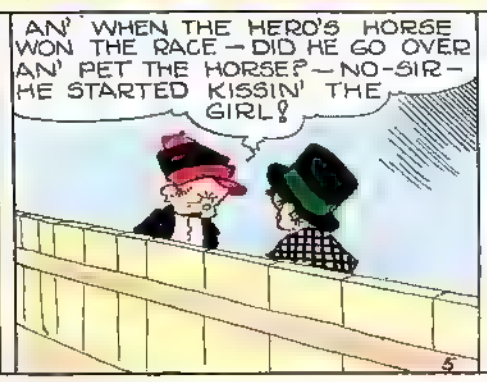
Registered U. S. Patent Office

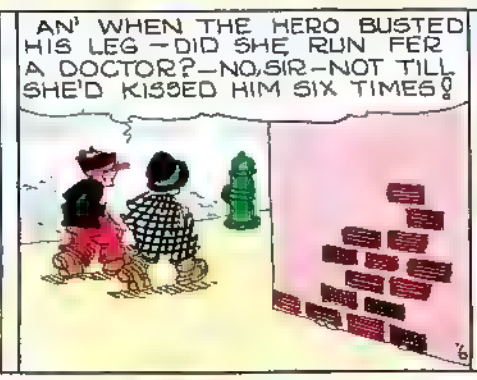


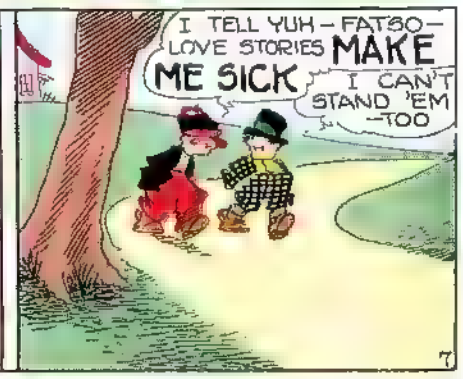


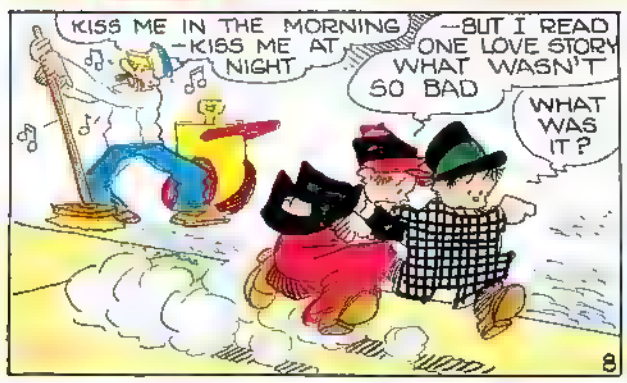



AN' DIDJA NOTICE WHEN HE POINTED AT THE MOON AN' SAID IT WAS PURTY AN' SHE AGREED WITH HIM—DID THEY LET IT GO AT THAT?—NO, SIR—THEY STARTED RIGHT IN KISSIN'!
YEH—I TOOK NOTICE
4



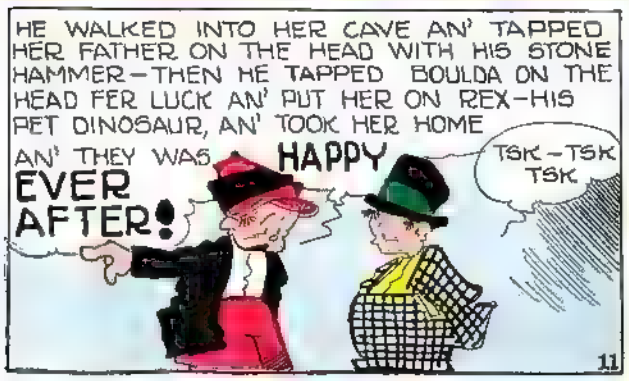


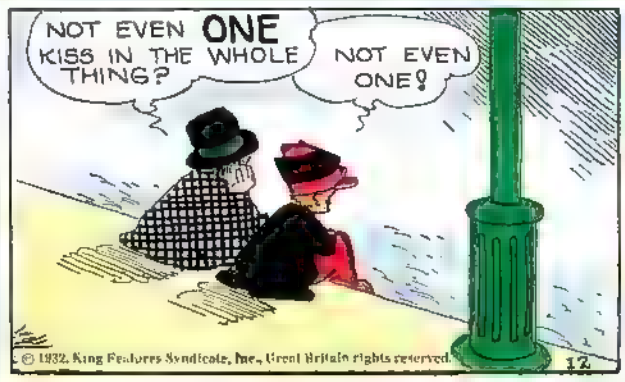


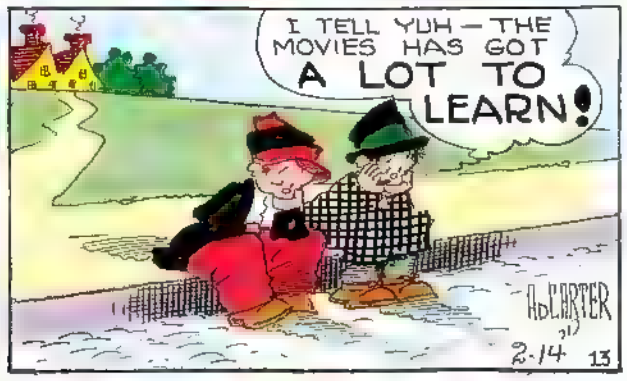


WELL—IT WAS CALLED "STONE AGE STEVE"—AN' IT TOOK PLACE IN THE STONE AGE WHICH WAS A LONG TIME AGO—EVEN OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHERS CAN'T REMEMBER THAT FAR BACK
GO ON
9

STONE AGE STEVE DECIDED HE WANTED TO MARRY BOULDA MURPHY WHAT LIVED IN ANOTHER CAVE SO HE GOT ON REX—HIS PET DINOSAUR—AN' RODE OVER TO HER HOUSE—AN' WHEN HE SEEN BOULDA—DO YUH THINK HE THREW HIS ARMS AROUND HER AN' STARTED KISSIN' HER? —NOT STONE AGE STEVE—NO—SIR!
THIS SOUNDS VERY INTERESTIN'
10


HE WALKED INTO HER CAVE AN' TAPPED HER FATHER ON THE HEAD WITH HIS STONE HAMMER—THEN HE TAPPED BOULDA ON THE HEAD FER LUCK AN' PUT HER ON REX—HIS PET DINOSAUR, AN' TOOK HER HOME AN' THEY WAS HAPPY EVER AFTER!
TSK—TSK TSK
11





Just-Kids

NICODEMUS O'MALLEY by AB CARTER

OH-SO YUH JES' FINISHED READIN' ABOUT SIR WALTER RALEIGH?
YUP
JES' A MINUTE - FAIR MOONLIGHT!
OH, DEAR ME SUZ'
I'M SIR WALTER RALEIGH - THE SECOND!
MY COAT - FAIR MOONLIGHT!
BUT, SIR WALTER - THERE'S NO PUDDLE UNDERNEATH YOUR COAT!
WHAT DO YUH WANT ME TO DO - RUIN MY COAT?

Dream Land

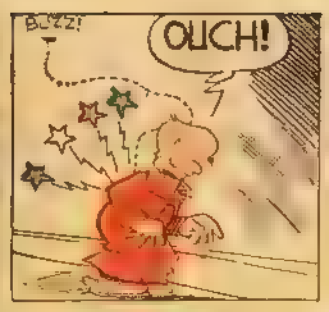
GIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIE - GIT ALONG~~
MA-A-A-A!!
Z Z Z Z
R. BETTER
1/13

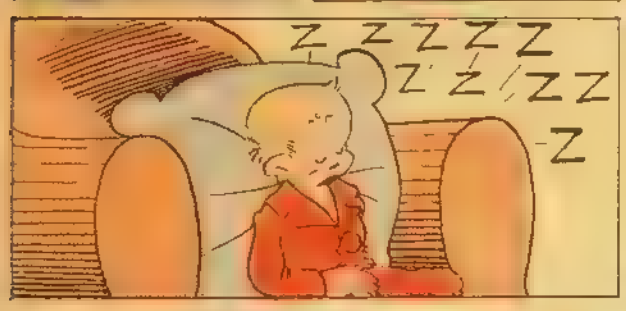
I FINALLY MADE UP MY MIND - MOM!
WHAT ABOUT - THIS TIME?
WHEN I GIT BIG - I'M GONNA BE A GENERAL! AN' RIGHT THIS MINUTE I'M LOOKIN' FER A WAR!
IF YOU DON'T GET OUT AND STOP BOTHERING ME - YOU'LL GET ALL THE WAR YOU WANT RIGHT HERE!
YESSIR - I'D LOOK PRETTY GOOD WITH A SWORD AN' A WHOLE FLOCK OF MEDALS!
VERY GOOD - IF I MAY SAY SO!
WHEN I GIT BIG I'M GONNA BE A GENERAL - NO LESS! DO YUH THINK THEY'LL START A WAR FER ME?
I'LL WIRE THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN MY SPARE TIME
SAY, BIRDLEGS - I'M GONNA BE A GENERAL WHEN I GROW UP - SO I'D LIKE TO HAVE A WAR WITH YUH RIGHT NOW FER PRACTICE! I'LL KNOCK YOUR EARS OFF AN' MAKE YUH SURRENDER!
NOT AT THE MOMENT - MY FRAN'!
I SURRENDER, DEAR~
I JES' GOTTA FIND A WAR - ON ACCOUNTA I'M IN THE MOOD FER IT!
HEY, FLANNEL-FEET — I'M GONNA BE A GENERAL - SO I'D LIKE TO HAVE A WAR RIGHT NOW! AN' AFTER I KNOCK OUT YOUR OTHER TOOTH - YOU'LL SURRENDER!
THANK YOU - BUT AT THE MOMENT I GOT MY MIND ON POETRY!
IT'S VERY DISCOURAGIN' TO A GENERAL - WHEN HIS VERY BEST FRIENDS WON'T HAVE A LITTLE WAR WITH HIM!
LET'S WAR A BIT - SPARE RIBS - 'CAUSE I'M GONNA BE A GENERAL! I'LL BUST YOU ON THE BEEZER AN' MAKE YOU SURRENDER AN' GIMME YOUR SWORD!
TSK-TSK - I AIN'T GOT NO SWORD — SEE YOU SOME THURSDAY!
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY - MRS. WILLIAMS - YOU'RE THE THIRD MOTHER WHO CALLED - TELLING ME THAT MY YOUNGSTER IS TRYING TO START A "WAR"! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM WHEN HE GETS HOME!
HELLO, MOM
YOUNG MAN! SO YOU'VE BEEN OUT TRYING TO START A WAR! GET THE HAIR-BRUSH AND I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE WAR YOU WANT - RIGHT HERE!
AS LONG AS IT'S YOU - MOM DEAR -
I'M WILLIN' TO SURRENDER WITH NO HOSTILITIES!!
A. BETTER
1-13

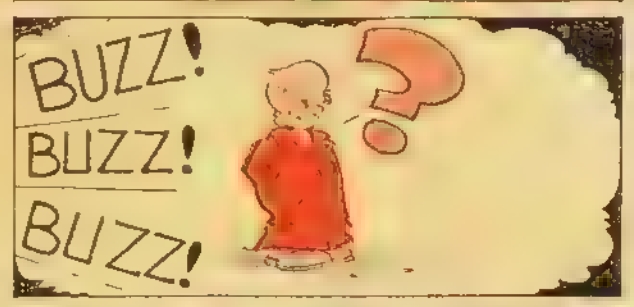
THE QUINN QUINTUPLETS

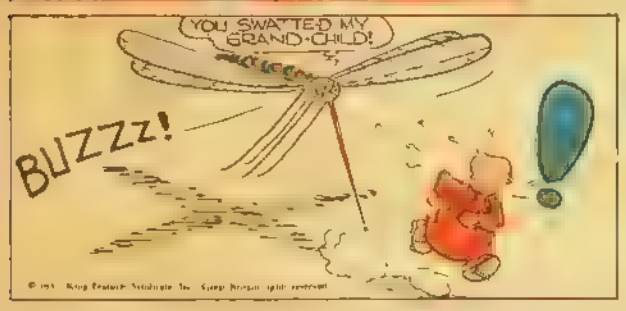
HOW MANY OF YUH ARE DOWN IN THE CELLAR?
1-13
FIVE OF US!
HALF OF YUH COME UP!!
?????

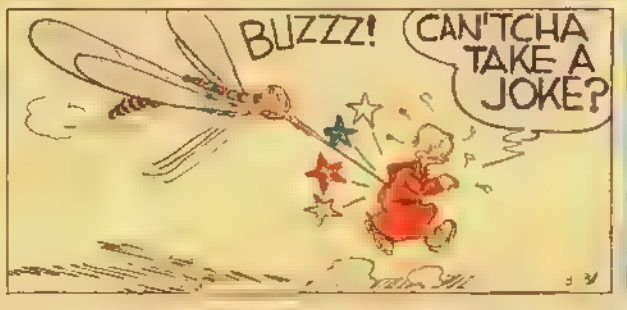
NICODEMUS O'MALLEY by AL CARTER



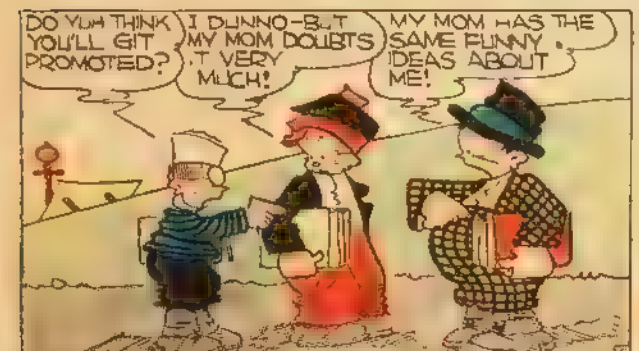




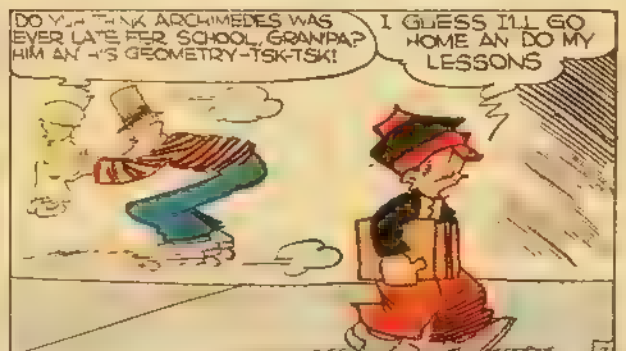


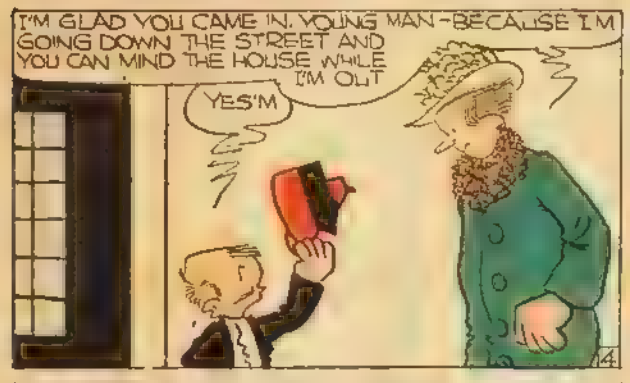


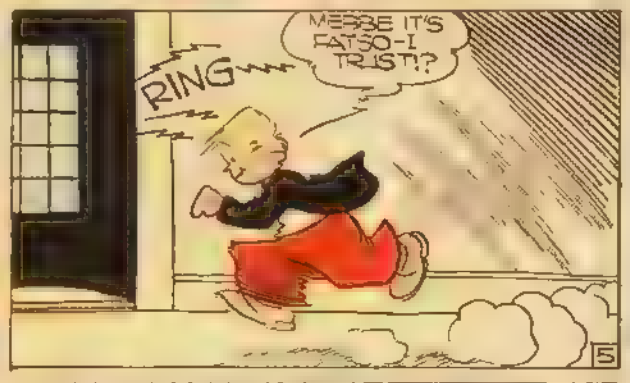
JUST KIDS

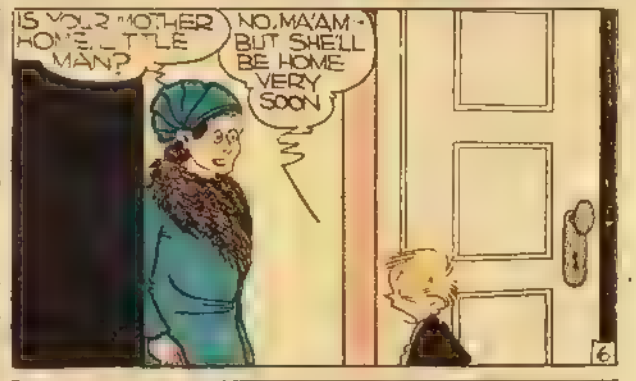


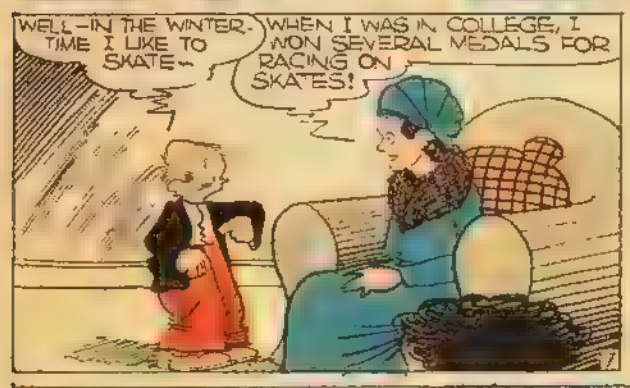
YUH KNOW FATSO - IF I WAS A TEACHER I'D PASS EVERYBODY SO'S NOT TO CAUSE SO MUCH TROUBLE IN THE HOME!
WELL SPOKEN, OL' SCOUT - OL' PAL - OL' KID! IF IT WASN'T FER MY REPORT CARDS OUR HOME WOULD BE A PLACE OF PEACE AN QUIET!

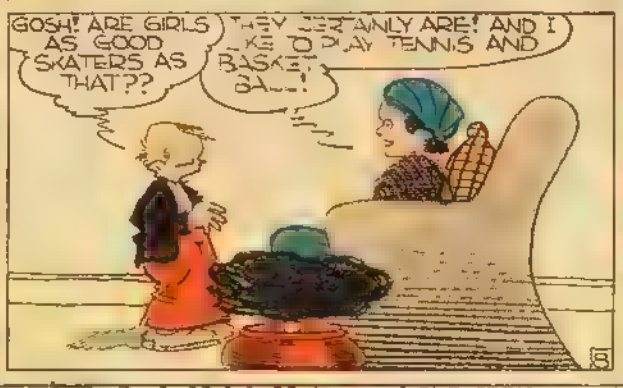


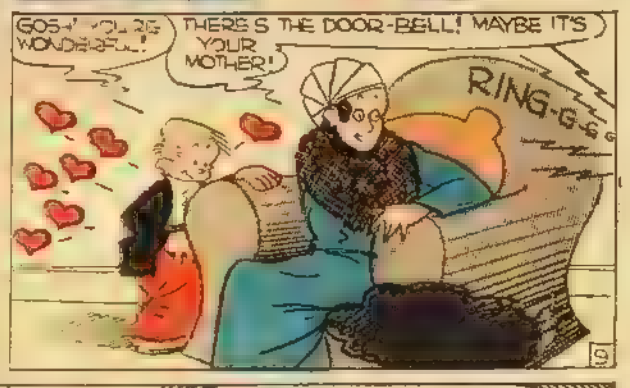


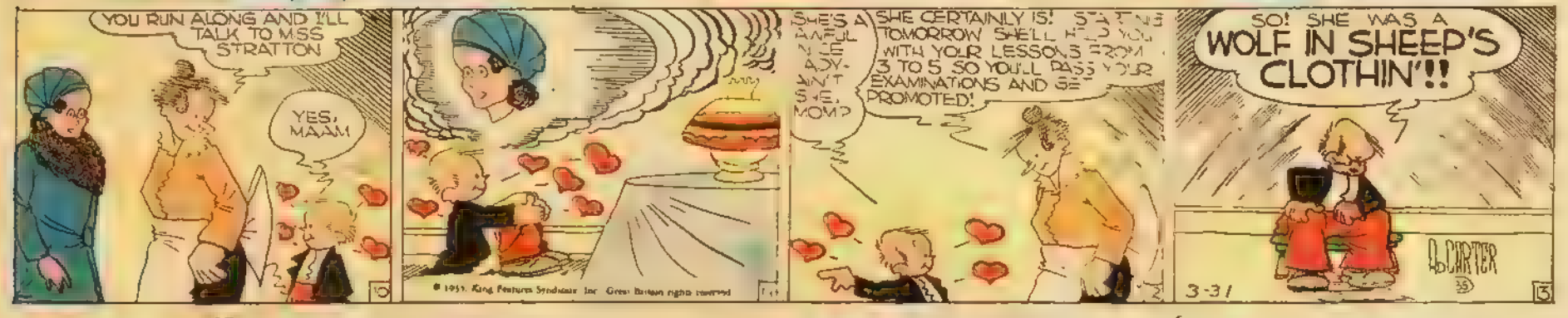




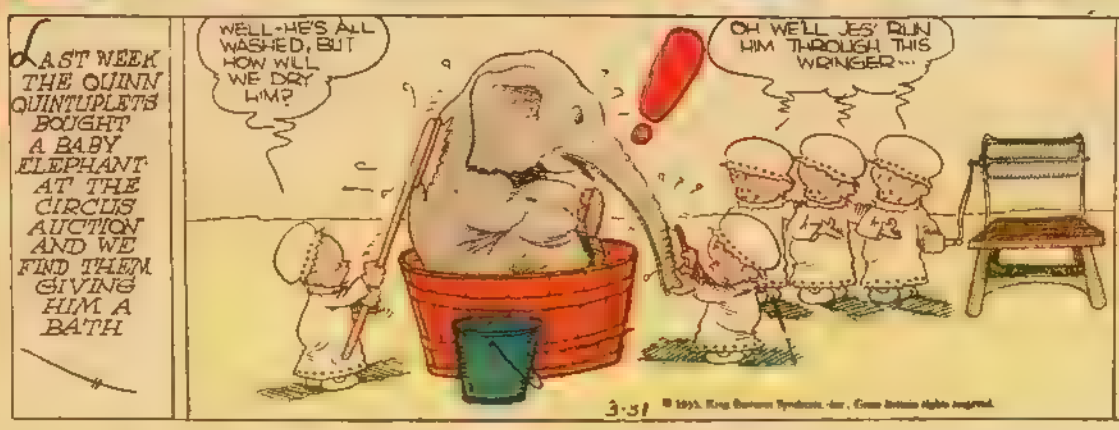







YOU RUN ALONG AND I'LL TALK TO MISS STRATTON
YES, MAAM
SHE'S A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE LADY - AIN'T SHE, MOM?
SHE CERTAINLY IS! STARTING TOMORROW SHE'LL HELP YOU WITH YOUR LESSONS FROM 3 TO 5 SO YOU'LL PASS YOUR EXAMINATIONS AND GET PROMOTED!
SO! SHE WAS A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHIN'!!
AL CARTER
3-31

The QUINN QUINTUPLETS by AL CARTER


LAST WEEK THE QUINN QUINTUPLETS BOUGHT A BABY ELEPHANT AT THE CIRCUS AUCTION AND WE FIND THEM GIVING HIM A BATH
WELL - HE'S ALL WASHED, BUT HOW WILL WE DRY HIM?
OH WE'LL JES' RUN HIM THROUGH THIS WRINGER...
I WONDER - DID WE OFFEND HIM?
3-31

THE HOME NEWSPAPER

The Detroit News

COMIC SECTION

SUNDAY, MAY 29, 1932

"HOLLY" OF HOLLYWOOD
By POP MOMAND.
NOW I WONDER WHAT OL' RAIN IN THE FACE IS SQUAWKING ABOUT OVER THERE?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, SIR?
YOUNG WOMAN, THIS FISH IS TERRIBLE!!! IT ISN'T FRESH!!
I'M SORRY, SIR, YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE LAST TUESDAY!!

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

Eddie Goes Fishing--At Least He Starts

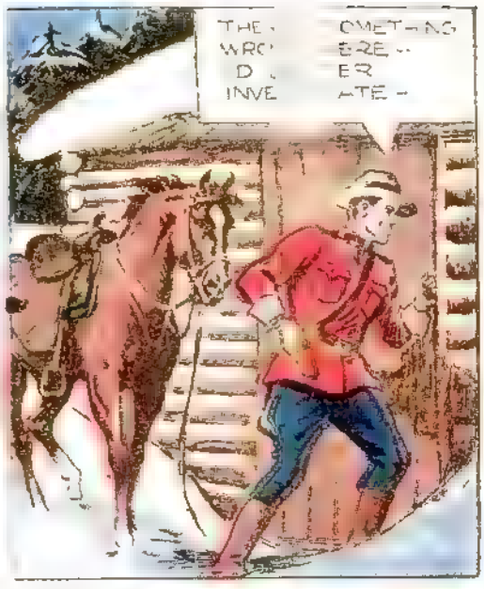
By POP MOMAND

WELL, BOYS, LET'S GET ABOARD!!!
CERTAINLY IS NICE OF YOU, GUS, TO INVITE US ON YOUR BOAT! I THOUGHT OF BECOMING A SAILOR AT ONE TIME!!
IF WE'RE GONNA GET ANY FISH WE'D BETTER BE ON THE WAY- O-KAY-EDDIE— CAST OFF!!
WAWATAM
PUTT PUTT PUTPUT-T-T
HUH?? WHAT'S THAT??
WATAM
PUTT PUTT
FOR TH LOVE O'—
HEY!! WHAT TH--
WAWATAM
HALP!
WAWATAM
HERE YOU ARE, EDDIE!! GRAB IT, OL' KID!!
WAWATAM
CLUNK!!
I THINK HE WENT DOWN RIGHT THERE!!
I'LL HOOK HIM WHEN HE COMES UP!!
WAWATAM
THAR SHE BLOWS!!!
AYE 'AYE' SKIPPER!!
UPSY DAISY!!
GEE, AL! WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' TO TELL YOUR WIFE WHEN WE GET HOME?
I'M GOIN' TO TELL HER YOU'RE TH' DUMBEST CLUCK IN TH' WORLD!! WHATA' SAILOR YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!!!
POP MOMAND

Hear the Funnies Read on the Radio Sunday Morning at 9:30 Over WWJ

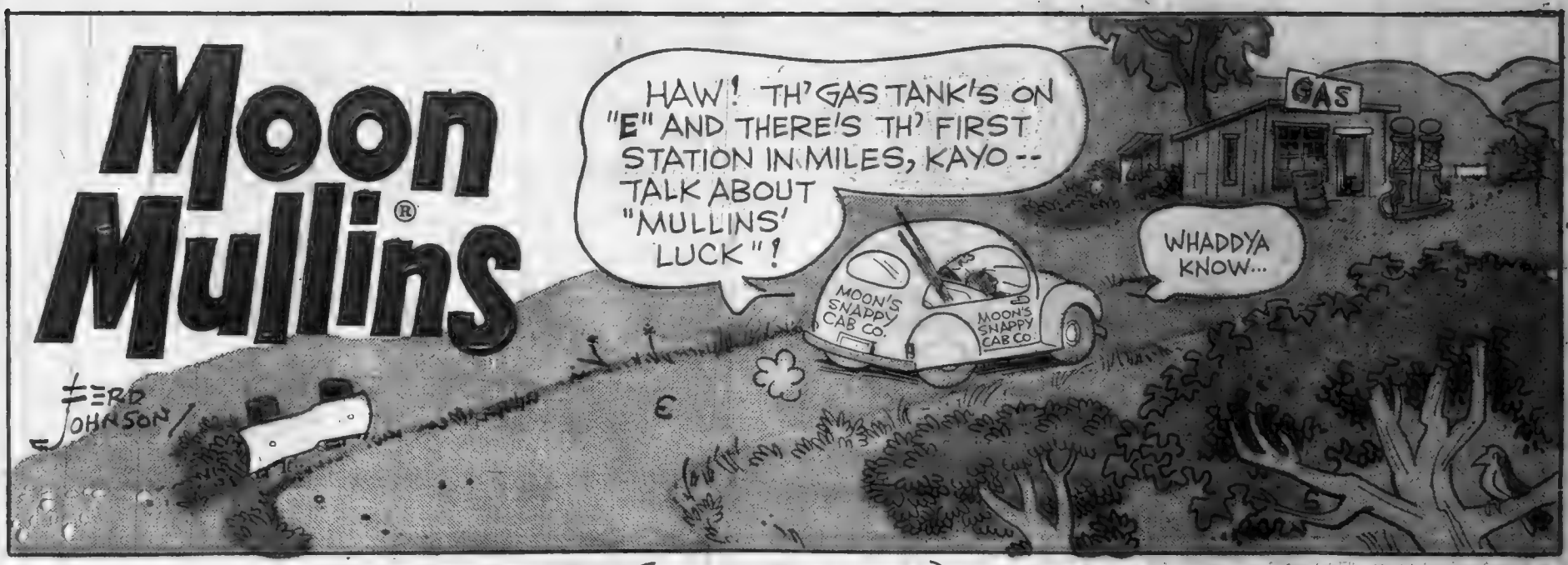
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by ZANE GREY

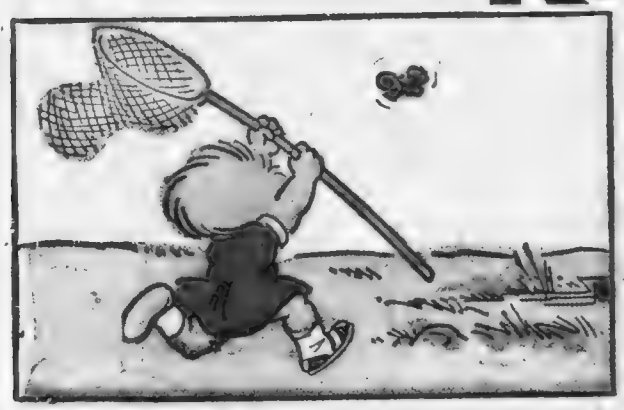


LIVED HERE WITH MY UNCLE TRAPPER DAN- EVER SINCE I CAN REMEMBER BUT A MONTH AGO HE WENT OUT TO SET A LINE OF TRAPS -
WHAT HAPPENED, KID ?

Moon Mullins®

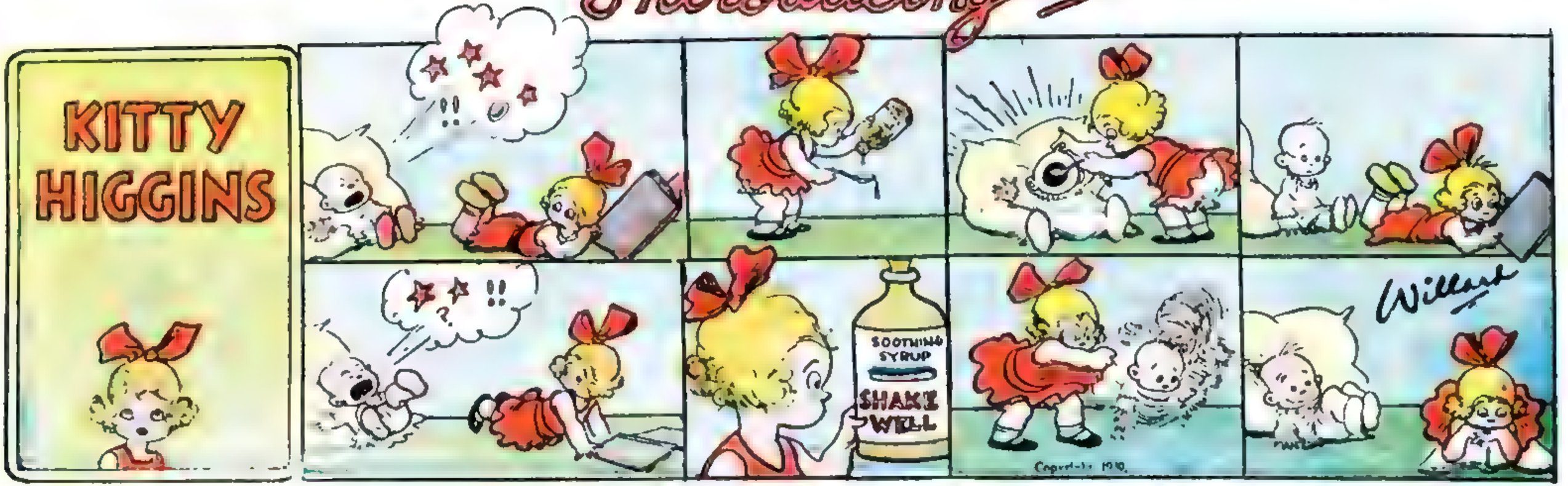

HAW! TH' GAS TANK'S ON "E" AND THERE'S TH' FIRST STATION IN MILES, KAYO -- TALK ABOUT "MULLINS' LUCK"!
WHADDYA KNOW...
GAS
MOON'S SNAPPY CAB CO.
MOON'S SNAPPY CAB CO
FERD JOHNSON

KITTY HIGGINS®

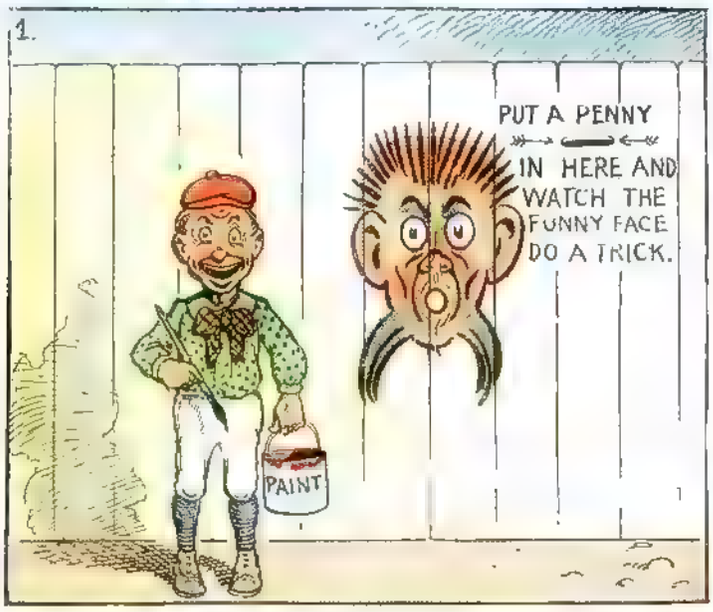


Introducing —

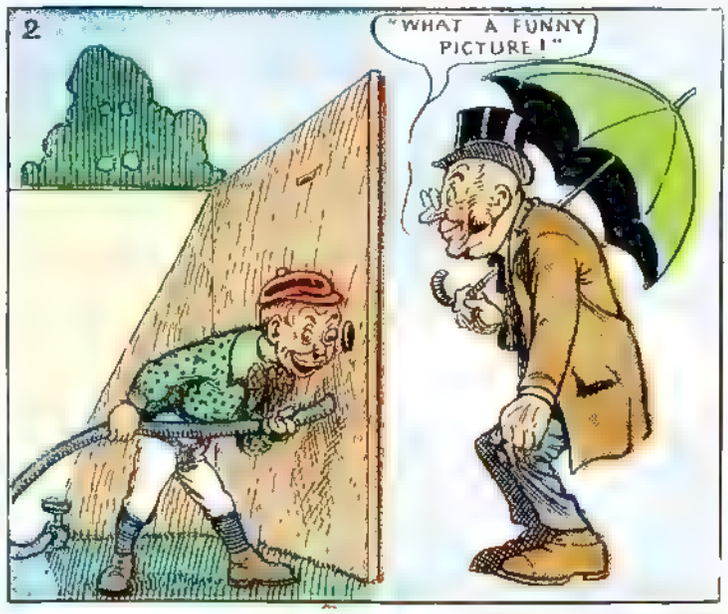
KITTY HIGGINS



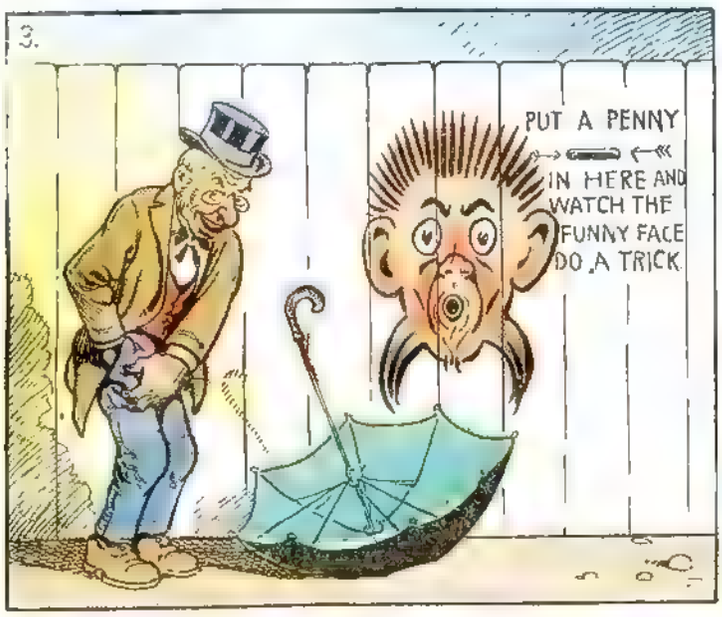
A Late Device in Slot Machines and How It Failed.



BOY—I PAINTED A FUNNY FACE AROUND A KNOT HOLE AND FIXED A SIGN I'LL GO BEHIND THE FENCE AND GET READY



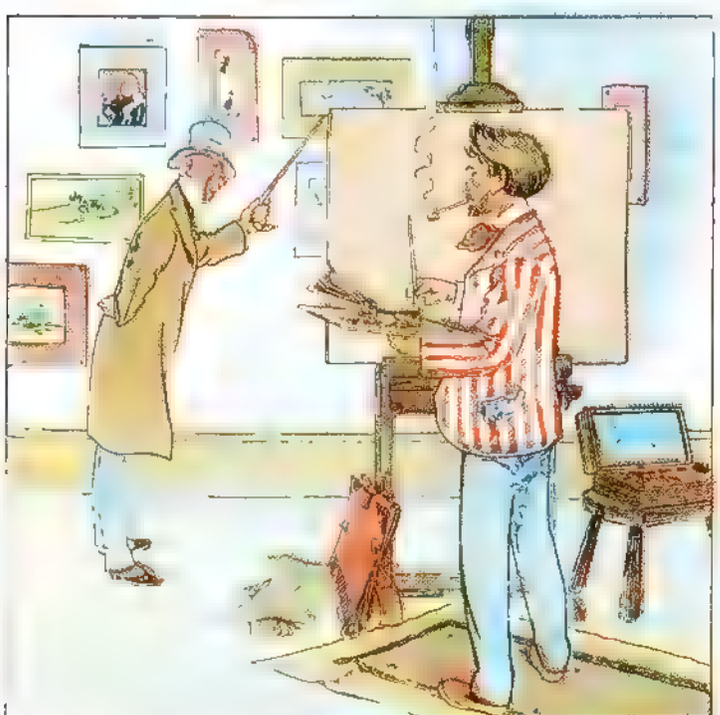
BOY—GEE, THERE IS SOMEONE ALREADY OH! WON'T HE BE SURPRISED



WISE OLD GENT—ONLY A PENNY? WELL, I GUESS I CAN SPARE THAT MUCH FOR A LAUGH!

WISE OLD GENT (AS HE DROPS THE PENNY)—JUST AS I EXPECTED! SOME MISCHIEVOUS BOY BEHIND IT ALL.

Where the Doctor Wins.



FACETIOUS DOCTOR—THESE ON THE WALLS ARE YOUR FAILURES I SUPPOSE?
DYSPEPTIC ARTIST—YES, THAT'S WHERE YOU DOCTORS HAVE THE PULL OVER US. YOU CAN BURY YOURS.

On to His Game.

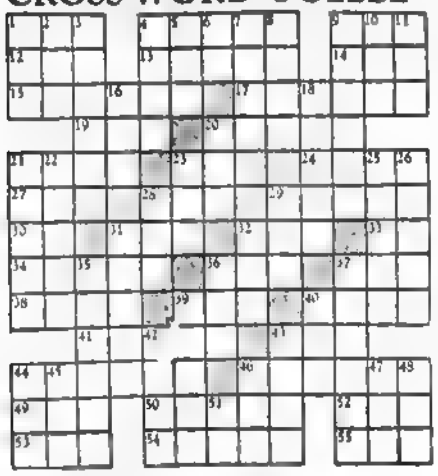
WOULD-BE SPORT SAY, HEINEY CAN YOU BREAK A FIVE.
HEINEY (WHO KNOWS HIS MAN)—NO, I HAVE NOTHING LESS THAN A DIME.

THE LIBER T. LOANE FAMILY.—By H. B. Lentz

Copyright, 1919

WELL C'N YOU BEAT IT? THAT CUR HAS TAKEN TH' PARLOR FOR HIS OWN PRIVATE INTERESTS
CASEY-Y-Y!
BONES
SEE THAT MESS ON TH' FLOOR? NOW THAT DOG HAS GOT TO GO, AND GO NOW! HE'S NOT GOOD FOR ANYTHING
AW, MA! "CAESAR" NEVER DONE NOTHIN'
IT'S ALL RIGHT "CAESAR" OLD BOY, DON'T GET SCARED. MA CAN'T GET TH' BEST OF US.
SUBSCRIBE TO THE VICTORY LOAN
?
SEE MA! CAESAR IS SOME GOOD AFTER ALL, AIN'T HE?
SUBSCRIBE TO THE VICTORY LOAN
—LENTZ—

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

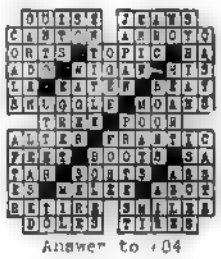


HORIZONTAL

1—To knock.
4—Despises.
8—Cry of crow.
12—Anger.
13—Hittite captain.
14—Beverage.
15—Gorgon slain by Theseus.
17—To charge injuriously.
18—To request.
20—Honorary disc.
21—To quote.
23—Pronoun.
24—Communists.
27—Number
28—To smile.
29—To attack.
30—Pronoun.
31—To be in debt.
32—To damage.
33—River
34—Strength
36—Seed container.
37—To study
38—To knock senseless.
39—To talk idly
40—Place of shelter
41—Daughter of Lear.
42—Sweet.
44—Crown.
46—To furnish.
48—Part of play.
50—Pertaining to walk.
52—Greasy plain.
53—Insect.
54—Booth.
55—Tree.

VERTICAL

1—Edge.
2—Measure.
3—Foot-like.
4—Bind.
5—Constellation.
6—Musical note.
7—Avid.
8—Fish.
9—Messages.
10—To total.
11—Small.
16—Custom.
19—More uncommon.
20—Mire.
21—Searches through.
22—Sluggish.
23—Poem.
25—Store house.
26—Covering of kernel.
31—Beard of grain.
35—Eval.
41—Possessed.
43—Riotous crowd.
45—Having ears.
34—Woodland deity.
47—To act in conformity.
49—Scale.
48—Vessel.
51—Jewels.
43—A failure.
44—Small chunk.
45—To cool.
46—Compound of base and acid.
47—Shelter
48—To steer wildly
51—Symbol for radium.



Answer to #04

(No. 85)

Spur Tires

We have just received a fresh shipment of Spur Tires.

Spur Tires carry 2 year Warrant on workmanship and material

Our prices will please you

Tire Repairing
D-X Motor Fuel
Diamond Oil

SHORT TIRE SHOP

PHONE 6 CRESCENT

TRADE IN CRESCENT

THESE TERRIBLE HEADACHES GET ME DOWN
OUCH! THERE'S THAT PAIN AGAIN
WHY MUST I HAVE THESE PAINS SO REGULARLY?
RELIEF in a few minutes

Why Suffer Longer Than Necessary?
Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills Relieve Quickly

DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS were made for just one purpose—to relieve pain. Users vote that they "work like magic". They explain an effective, quick-acting, analgesic—quick relief.

Try Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills before you lose a day's work—and pay—or break a social engagement because of HEADACHE, MUSCULAR, PERIODIC, OR NEURALGIC PAINS. They may be just what you need to relieve your pain and put you back on your feet again "rarin' to go".

DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS act quickly. You don't have to wait forty minutes to an hour for them to take effect as is the case with many combinations. You'll get action in from ten to twenty minutes.

DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS are pleasant to take, handy to carry, prompt and effective in action, and do not upset the stomach. Their cost is small. One, or at most, two, is usually sufficient to relieve.

At your Drug Store. 15 for 25c. 125 for $1.00.

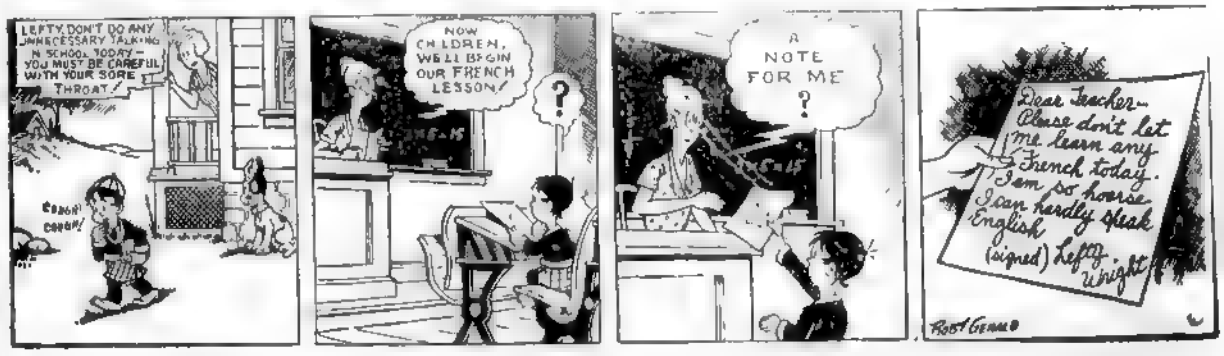
DOLLY IN HOLLYWOOD By Bill H[illegible]

DOLLY HAS OBTAINED A JOB AS WAITRESS IN A POPULAR HOLLYWOOD RESTAURANT WHERE MANY FAMOUS MOTION PICTURE PERSONALITIES COME TO DINE
SURELY YOU DO NOT THINK OF PLACING HER IN MY PART IS ALL TOO ABSURD SHE'S A NOVICE SHE COULDN'T POSSIBLY ACT FURTHERMORE
WILL THE DIRECTOR ACTUALLY GIVE DOLLY A MOVIE ROLE? SEE THE NEXT TRY!

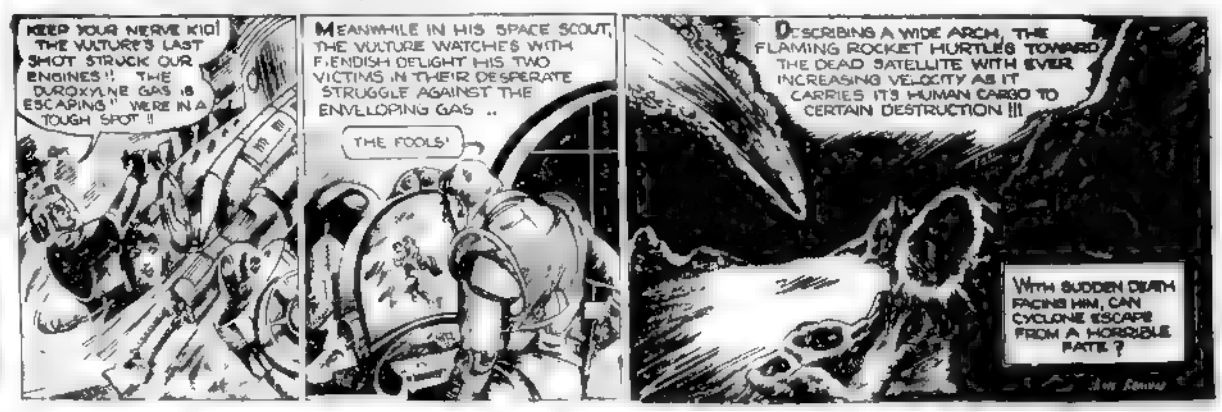
SOCKO THE SEADOG By [illegible]

THE S S SLUMBERLAND UNDER CAPT SOCKO. A HAM-FISTED, BONE-CRUSHING, RUM-SHORTING IRON-JAWED SON OF A SEA-DOG, IS PROCEEDING PEACEFULLY TOWARD AUSTRALIA.
THREE DAYS OUT OF 'FRISCO, MUTINY POPS OUT"
WE WANTS LESS WORK AND MORE PAY"
STAND BACK, YA' SWABS OR I'LL LAY YA AMONG THE CABBAGES"
NOW, WHAT DOES YA' BLASTED SWABS WANT?
MORE WORK AND LESS PAY

"LEFTY" WRIGHT By Robert Gerald


LEFTY, DON'T DO ANY UNNECESSARY TALKING IN SCHOOL TODAY— YOU MUST BE CAREFUL WITH YOUR SORE THROAT!
COUGH! COUGH!
NOW CHILDREN, WE'LL BEGIN OUR FRENCH LESSON!
A NOTE FOR ME?
Dear Teacher— Please don't let me learn any French today. I am so hoarse I can hardly speak English (signed) Lefty Wright
ROBT GERALD

"CYCLONE" BURKE By Bob Brown


KEEP YOUR NERVE KID! THE VULTURE'S LAST SHOT STRUCK OUR ENGINES!! THE DUROXYLINE GAS IS ESCAPING" WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT!!
MEANWHILE IN HIS SPACE SCOUT, THE VULTURE WATCHES WITH FIENDISH DELIGHT HIS TWO VICTIMS IN THEIR DESPERATE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE ENVELOPING GAS ..
THE FOOLS!
DESCRIBING A WIDE ARCH, THE FLAMING ROCKET HURTLES TOWARD THE DEAD SATELLITE WITH EVER INCREASING VELOCITY AS IT CARRIES ITS HUMAN CARGO TO CERTAIN DESTRUCTION !!!
WITH SUDDEN DEATH FACING HIM, CAN CYCLONE ESCAPE FROM A HORRIBLE FATE?

THE BLACK BUCCANEER By Jack Curtiss

NOW THAT WE'VE PUT YOUR FATHER—AWAY IN Iirons—I CAN PAY MORE ATTENTION TO YOU LASSIE YOU OUGHT TO BRING US TWICE AS MUCH RANSOM AS THAT OLD LANDLUBBER.'
ALL'S WELL AFT, SIR
YOU BRUTE LET ME GO!
BY THUNDER LASSIE YOU'LL NOT TRIFLE WITH CAP'N FLINT! WHAT I WANT I TAKE AND ALL I BE WANTING NOW IS A KISS!!
LET YOU ASTERN HOLD OUR SHARE OF THE LOOT
HELP JOHN MEDU
SUDDENLY—A WARNING SHOUT FROM THE LOOKOUT—AND JOHN DRAKE IS DISCOVERED! THE BLOODTHIRSTY BUCCANEERS ADVANCE MENACINGLY!!

THE CLOUD BUSTERS I

LANCE KIRBY AND DYNAMITE MORGAN ARE CLIMAXING A TEST FLIGHT IN A NEW STRATOSPHERE PLANE
FROM ENGLAND TO NEW YORK IN APPROXIMATELY 14 HOURS—NOW THAT'S SHOWING SOME SPEED!
YOU SAID IT— WE'RE DOING 980 M.P.H. GREASED LIGHTNING HAS NOTHING ON US!
AS RANKIN AIL IS TRAINING AND DYNAMITE'S SHIP
HE'S CALLING WASHINGTON
RADIO WASHINGTON DYNAMITE, THEY'LL WANT TO KNOW AT WHAT TIME WE'LL GET IN?
CUT IN WITH THE "STATIC JAMMER" THAT CALL MUST NOT GO THROUGH
I CAN'T GET THROUGH— AIR'S FULL OF STATIC!
KEEP TRYING— IT'S IMPORTANT THAT THEY HEAR FROM US
IS THERE A SINISTER FORCE PREVENTING DYNAMITE'S RADIO CALL TO WASHINGTON? DON'T MISS THE NEXT STRIP!

LITTLE FELLOWS

"Hi, fellers! Here's a athlete wot'll meet anybody his age an' weight in er game of dominoes."

"Stop crying, my poor boy, and I'll give you a nickel."

"Well, me r'glar price for stoppin' at home is 10 cents, but times is hard; so dig up the 5!"

Teacher—Johnnie, a despot is a ruler that's greatly feared. Give me a sentence containing the word.

Johnnie—Me teacher swatted me wid his despot!

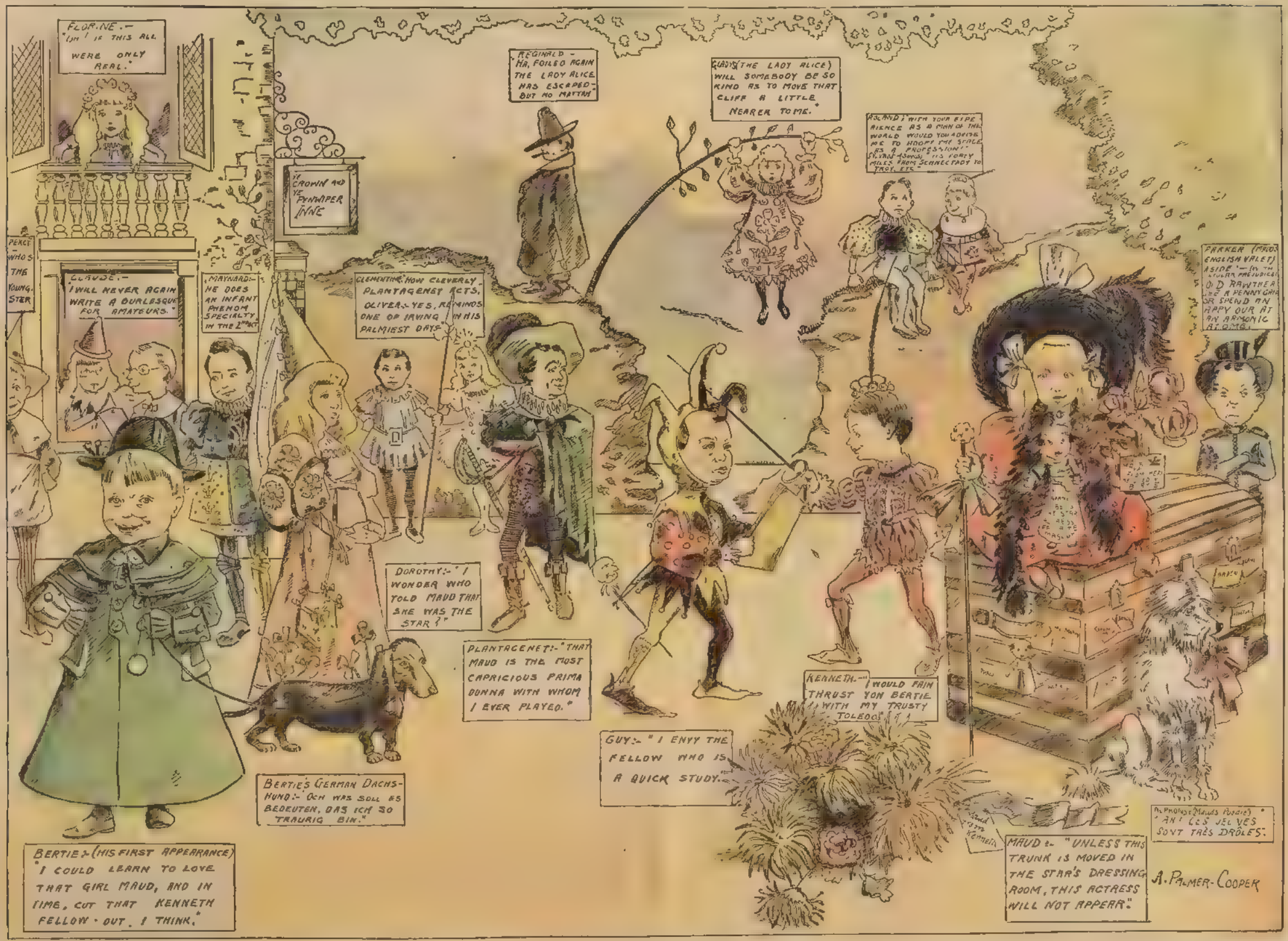
The Kid—I ain't got but only one cent. Kin I look?

The Astronomer—Well, I ain't cuttin' prices on Jupiter, but I'll let youse look at one of de little stars fer dat much.

"Goodness, but ain't Tommy good ter go ter church de way he does!"

"What are you cryin' about?"

"Me—boo-hoo—me mudder won't let me git tattooed!"


FLORINE.—"Um! is this all were only real."
REGINALD—"Ha, foiled again the Lady Alice has escaped—but no matter."
GLADYS (THE LADY ALICE) "Will somebody be so kind as to move that cliff a little nearer to me."
ROLAND "With your experience as a man of the world would you advise me to adopt the stage as a profession?" ST. IVES "Well, Roland, it's forty miles from Schenectady to Troy, etc."
CLAUDE.—"I will never again write a burlesque for amateurs."
MAYNARD—"He does an infant phenom specialty in the 2nd act."
CLEMENTINE—"How cleverly Plantagenet acts." OLIVER—"Yes, reminds one of Irving in his palmiest days."
PARKER (MALE ENGLISH VALET) ASIDE—"In spite of my strong prejudices I'd rather be a pennyworth of sprat and happy than an Arabian monarch."
DOROTHY—"I wonder who told Maud that she was the star?"
PLANTAGENET—"That Maud is the most capricious prima donna with whom I ever played."
KENNETH—"I would fain thrust you Bertie with my trusty Toledo!"
GUY—"I envy the fellow who is a quick study."
BERTIE'S GERMAN DACHSHUND—"Och was soll es bedeuten, das ich so traurig bin."
BERTIE—(HIS FIRST APPEARANCE) "I could learn to love that girl Maud, and in time, cut that Kenneth fellow out, I think."
MAUD—"Unless this trunk is moved in the star's dressing room, this actress will not appear."
(A PHONIC MAUDS PUZZLE) "AH! LES JEU VES SONT TRÈS DRÔLES."
A. PALMER-COOPER

LITTLE FOLK OF MURRAY HILL—A DRESS REHEARSAL IN AID OF CHARITY.

MISTER JACK

BY SWINNERTON

Registered U. S. Patent Office

1. "A PEACH WITH A LITTLE GUY WITH A VIOLIN CASE JUST A LITTLE MUSICKER."

2. "LADY, HOW ABOUT DITCHIN' THE MUSICAL HANGER ON AND TAKIN A LITTLE LUNCH WITH ME?"

3. "LES SEE THERE WILL BE A MELON AND A SALAD AND—"

4. "—THEN I'LL ASK FOR THE WINE LIST—"

5. ZZZZZ

6. "THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE BUT THIS CIGAR DON'T DRAW SO WELL." MEND! WHAT'S YOU WAIT

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BEGINNING "RED" END

FUNNY FILMS

CUT OUT STAGE AND FILM — MAKE SLITS ALONG DOTTED LINES ON THE SCREEN — CHANGE HEADS BY MOVING THEM THROUGH SLITS. ANOTHER SHOW NEXT WEEK.

MOVIES

BEGINNING "RED" CONTINUED SHERIFF END

Little Jimmy

1. "HEY FELLERS, BEANS IS ON THE SCENT OF SUMP'N IMPORTANT! LE'S FOLLER HIM!" WOOF WOOF

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.

9.

10.

11. "HOWDY SHERIFF PUT ME IN YORE JAIL HOUSE RIGHT NOW WILL YUH? I WANTA GIT AWAY FRUM THESE KIDS AN' THEIR ANIMILES!" "RED YORE OVERDUE IN MY JAIL FER A LONG TIME AN YORE SHORE WELCOME FER ABOUT TEN YEARS" SWINNERTON 2-11

12. "SOMOLI" IS BIDDING THE BIG OLE BEAR GOOD BYE AN THE BEAR SAYS TO CALL ON HIM FOR HELP ANY TIME."

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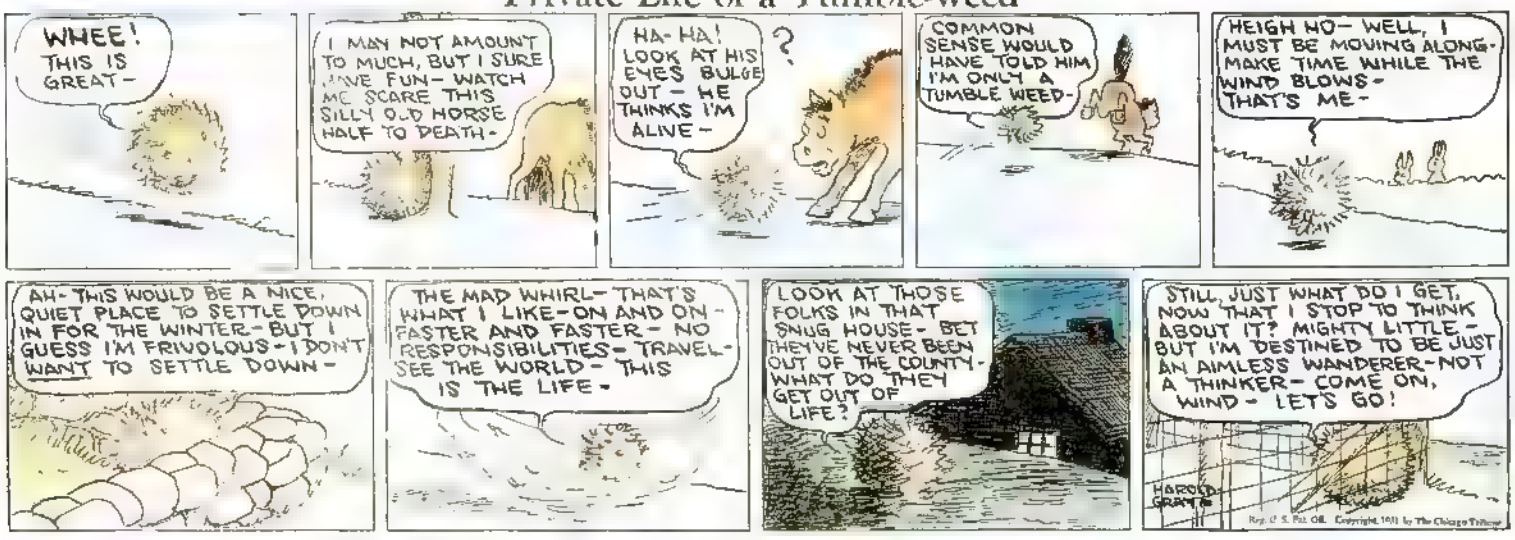
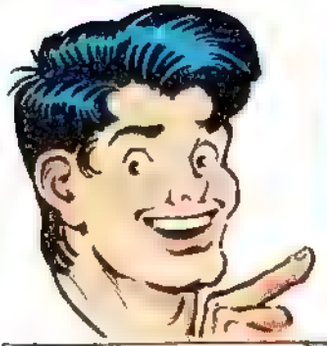
Little Orphan Annie
WHEW! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO- I'M SCARED-
EVER SINCE THAT WOMAN TRIED TO GRAB PAT ON THE STREET I'VE BEEN AFRAID TO LET HER OUT OF MY SIGHT FOR A SECOND- THEY SEARCHED THE HOUSE YESTERDAY, BUT THEY'RE LIABLE TO COME BACK TO-DAY- I WON'T LET 'EM TAKE PAT AWAY FROM ME- I WON'T-
LEAPIN' LIZARDS!!! I KNEW IT- THERE'S THAT DETECTIVE AND THAT LAWYER AND A COP, AND THEY'RE COMIN' TO THE DOOR-
NO WAY TO KEEP 'EM OUT- THERE- TH' MAID IS LETTIN' 'EM IN- HERE THEY COME- NOW THEY'LL SEARCH TH' WHOLE PLACE-AND IF THEY FIND PAT THEY'LL TAKE HER AWAY-
WE HAVE A SEARCH WARRANT AND WE WANT THAT KID- IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL TELL US WHERE SHE IS-
OH, YEAH? WELL IF YUH'VE GOT A SEARCH WARRANT, GO AHEAD AND SEARCH, YUH BIG FLAT-FOOT- NO BODY'S STOPPIN' YUH, ARE THEY?
AN' I HOPE YUH FALL IN TH' CISTERN!
C'MON- NO USE TRYING TO GET HER TO TALK- IF TH' KID'S HERE WE'LL FIND HER, EASY ENOUGH-
HUMPH! NOT A SIGN OF HER- THAT'S FUNNY- SHE MUST BE HERE-
THIS IS THE LAST ROOM IN THE HOUSE- I WISH WE COULD MAKE THAT RED-HEAD TALK-
HERE'S THE BACK YARD- WALLED IN TIGHT- YOU CAN SEE THERE'S NO ONE OUT HERE- THAT DOG LOOKS MEAN- I WONDER IF HE'S CHAINED-
GRRR!
NO HE ISN'T-
LOOK OUT, YOU BIRDS- LET ME OUT O' HERE-
R-R-R-R
IF THAT BRAT WAS HERE WE'D HAVE FOUND HER-
I'D LIKE TO SUE SOMEBODY FOR THIS-
WELL, THEY WON'T BE BACK TO-DAY- I SURE WAS NERVOUS WHEN THEY CAME OUT HERE IN TH' YARD, BUT YOU HANDLED 'EM JUST RIGHT, SANDY-
HAROLD GRAY
IT'S O. K. NOW, PAT- COME ON OUT-
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1931 by The Chicago Tribune

Private Life of a Tumble-weed


WHEE! THIS IS GREAT-
I MAY NOT AMOUNT TO MUCH, BUT I SURE HAVE FUN- WATCH ME SCARE THIS SILLY OLD HORSE HALF TO DEATH-
HA-HA! LOOK AT HIS EYES BULGE OUT- HE THINKS I'M ALIVE-
?
COMMON SENSE WOULD HAVE TOLD HIM I'M ONLY A TUMBLE WEED-
HEIGH HO- WELL, I MUST BE MOVING ALONG- MAKE TIME WHILE THE WIND BLOWS- THAT'S ME-
AH- THIS WOULD BE A NICE, QUIET PLACE TO SETTLE DOWN IN FOR THE WINTER- BUT I GUESS I'M FRIVOLOUS- I DON'T WANT TO SETTLE DOWN-
THE MAD WHIRL- THAT'S WHAT I LIKE- ON AND ON- FASTER AND FASTER- NO RESPONSIBILITIES- TRAVEL- SEE THE WORLD- THIS IS THE LIFE-
LOOK AT THOSE FOLKS IN THAT SNUG HOUSE- BET THEY'VE NEVER BEEN OUT OF THE COUNTY- WHAT DO THEY GET OUT OF LIFE?
STILL, JUST WHAT DO I GET, NOW THAT I STOP TO THINK ABOUT IT? MIGHTY LITTLE- BUT I'M DESTINED TO BE JUST AN AIMLESS WANDERER- NOT A THINKER- COME ON, WIND- LET'S GO!
HAROLD GRAY
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1931 by The Chicago Tribune



Win Surf's $100,000 Li'l Abner Contest

"Jest tell me whut mah Daisy Mae sez 'bout Surf"

THAR'S THREE Y'ARS O' HAWG-GRAVY ON MAH TOWELS, AN' LIKEWISE ON MAH SUNDAY DRESS. KIN SURF CLEAN 'EM SWEET?—
NATCHERLY!!—SURF IS GOOD FO' ALL PURPOSES!! EVEN ME, TH' INSIDE MAN AT TH' SKONK WORKS!!
AH BRUNG SOME POW'FUL DIRTY THINGS, INCLOODIN' MAH LI'L BROTHER!!
DOES YO' THINK A SURF CLEANIN' WILL SWEETEN MAH BEARD?
MR. & MRS. A. YOKUM LAUNDRY TOOK INN
WE SURF YOU WELL!!
LATER...
NOW LOOK AT YO' PAPPY! THOSE SURF-CLEAN CLOTHES MAKE YOU SWEET AN' CLEAN AS A NEW BORN BABE!
AN' SEE MAH CLOTHES—AT LAST AH IS A SWEET, CLEAN BABE, TOO!
©UFS
NOW THET WE CLEANED UP ALL DOGPATCH, DAISY MAE, WHUT DOES YO' THINK O' SURF?—
GIVE DAISY MAE'S ANSWER IN ENTRY BLANK BELOW

1,661 sweet prizes - good clean fun!

First prize $10,000 cash

10 SECOND PRIZES, EACH $500 CASH

50 THIRD PRIZES, EACH $100 CASH

PLUS 1600 DE LUXE CANNON fine quality LINEN CLOSET SETS

Each set worth $50, each in assorted colors of pastel shades including

- 9 Cannon Fine Quality Bath Towels
- 9 Cannon Fine Quality Face Towels
- 9 Cannon Fine Quality Wash Cloths
- 9 Cannon Guest Towels
- 4 Cannon Percale Sheets, Double Bed Size
- 4 Cannon Percale Pillow Cases

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES

1. Read what "Li'l Abner" is saying in the 4th picture above. Then print or write plainly, in not more than 20 words, a suitable reply for Daisy Mae. Use coupon.
2. Mail entries to: "Li'l Abner" Contest, P.O. Box 306, New York 46 N. Y. Entries must be postmarked not later than July 13, 1952. Send as many entries as you wish. Include with each entry a box top from any size package of Surf. Each entry must be the original work of contestant and submitted in own name.
3. Entries judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, interest and aptness. Judges' decisions final.
4. Contest is confined to the continental United States, Hawaii and Alaska.
5. Prize winners' lists available about August 15 to those enclosing self-addressed envelope.

NOTE: This is all you need to know to compete. Detailed rules included on blanks available through grocers.

YOU MIGHT SAY SOMETHING LIKE THIS: "It is wonderful—there is just nothing like it! Surf gets clothes really sweet clean ... makes every washing job easier. Or, 'Surf is amazing! It gets out the hidden dirt, soap scum and odor that other products leave in!"

GOOD WAY TO GET IDEAS. Make the "Linen Closet" Test. Do a wash with Surf—and compare the sweet clean smell of your Surf wash with anything in your linen closet washed with any other product.

MAIL THIS ENTRY BLANK TODAY

"Yo kin think o' lots o' sweet things t'say 'bout Surf"

"LI'L ABNER" CONTEST
P.O. Box 306
NEW YORK 46, N. Y.

My Surf box top is enclosed.

Daisy Mae says: "_____"

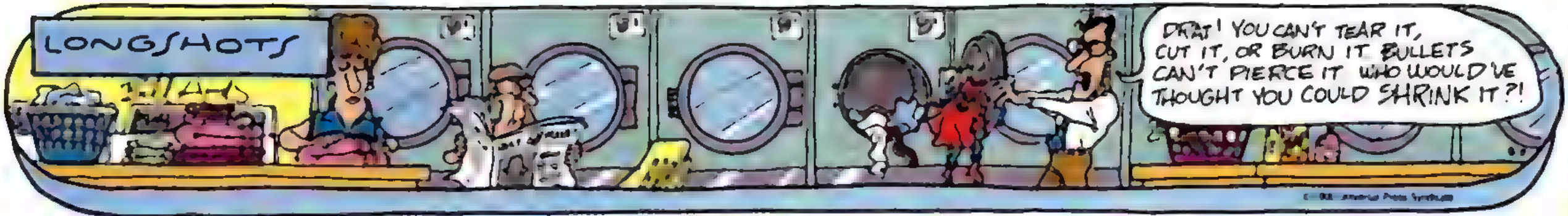
(PLEASE PRINT)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

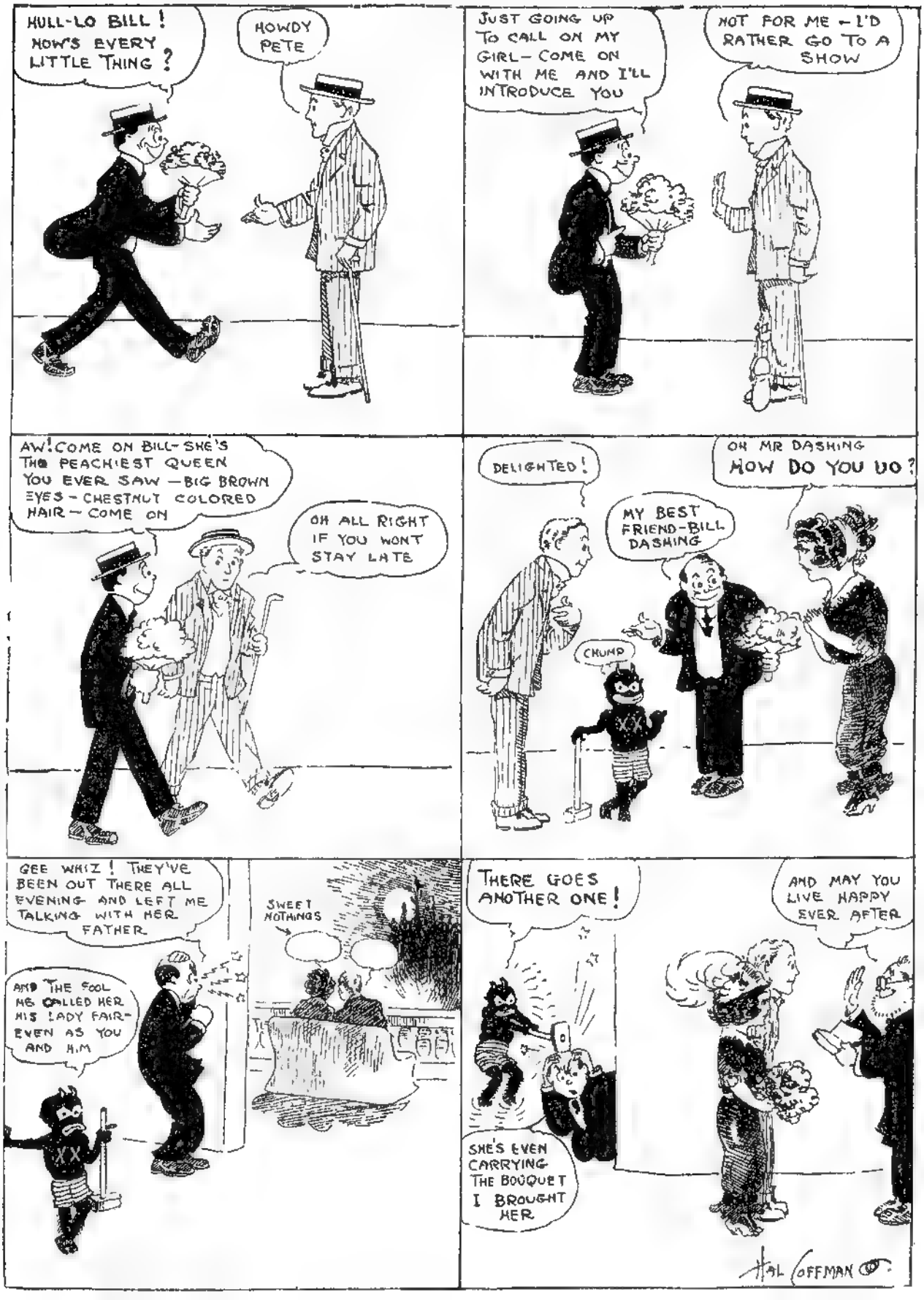
LONGSHOTS
Bill Amend
I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF WHILE YOU GUYS FIGURE OUT HOW TO THROW THAT THING.


LONGSHOTS
DRAT! YOU CAN'T TEAR IT, CUT IT, OR BURN IT. BULLETS CAN'T PIERCE IT. WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT YOU COULD SHRINK IT?!

Look Out for the Jinx

(Copyright, 1911.,

Especially Where Your Favorite Girl Is Concerned.


HULL-LO BILL! HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING?
HOWDY PETE
JUST GOING UP TO CALL ON MY GIRL- COME ON WITH ME AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU
NOT FOR ME - I'D RATHER GO TO A SHOW
AW! COME ON BILL- SHE'S THE PEACHIEST QUEEN YOU EVER SAW - BIG BROWN EYES - CHESTNUT COLORED HAIR - COME ON
OH ALL RIGHT IF YOU WONT STAY LATE
DELIGHTED!
OH MR DASHING HOW DO YOU DO?
MY BEST FRIEND-BILL DASHING
CHUMP
GEE WHIZ! THEY'VE BEEN OUT THERE ALL EVENING AND LEFT ME TALKING WITH HER FATHER
SWEET NOTHINGS
AND THE FOOL ME CALLED HER HIS LADY FAIR- EVEN AS YOU AND HIM
THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE!
AND MAY YOU LIVE HAPPY EVER AFTER
SHE'S EVEN CARRYING THE BOUQUET I BROUGHT HER
HAL HOFFMAN

HOW LORD DEDBROKE MET HIS FIRST INDIAN.

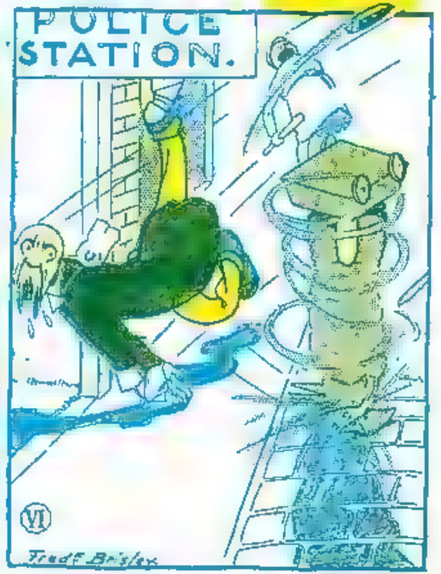
1. "Bah jove, this is a gweat countwy!"

2. "Aw—aw—aw——!"

3. "I beg youah pawdon, I'm suah!"

4. "Heavens! a weal Indian! And after me!"

5. "Help! Bobby! Bobby!"

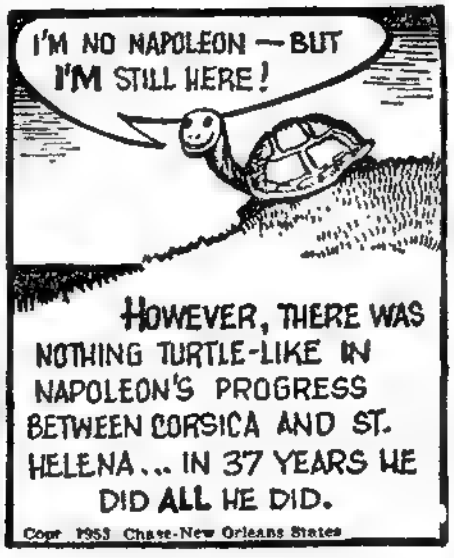


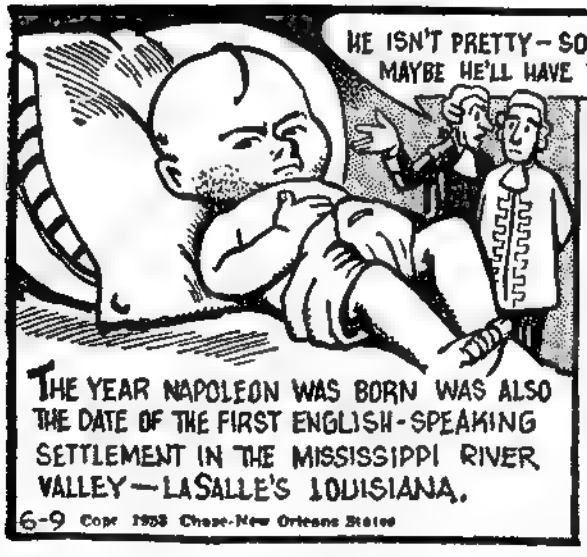
6. "I nevah believed till now those Indian stowies!"

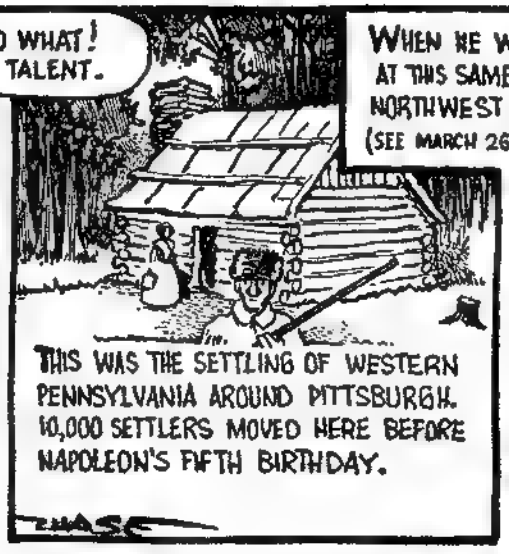
LOUISIANA PURCHASE

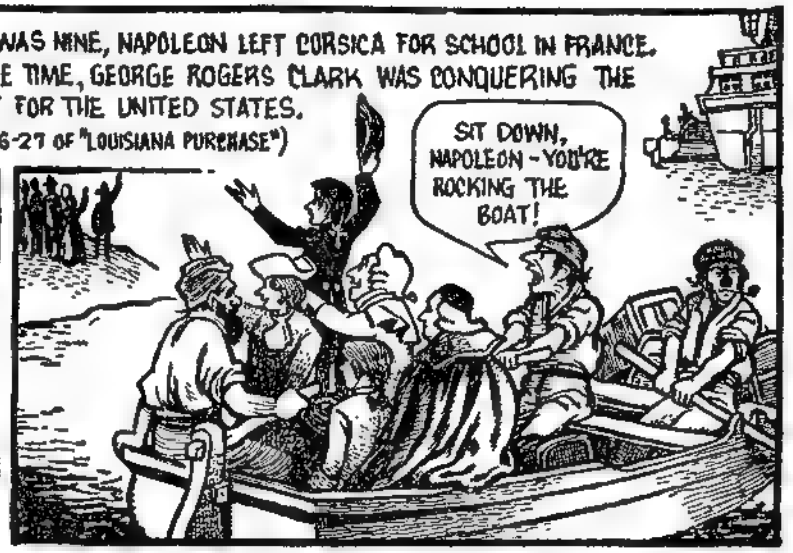
By John Chase

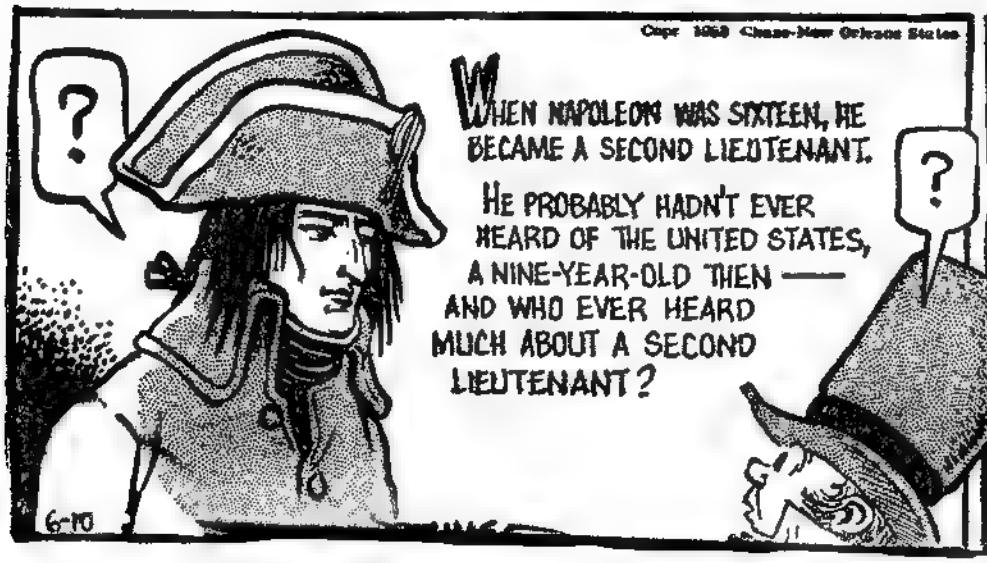
FASTER, STORK— FASTER!
CORSICA
NAPOLEON WAS BORN ON AN ISLAND, AND DIED ON AN ISLAND... BUT HIS CAREER RESHAPED WHOLE CONTINENTS, INCLUDING CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES.
I CAME FAST, TOO.
ST. HELENA
6-8

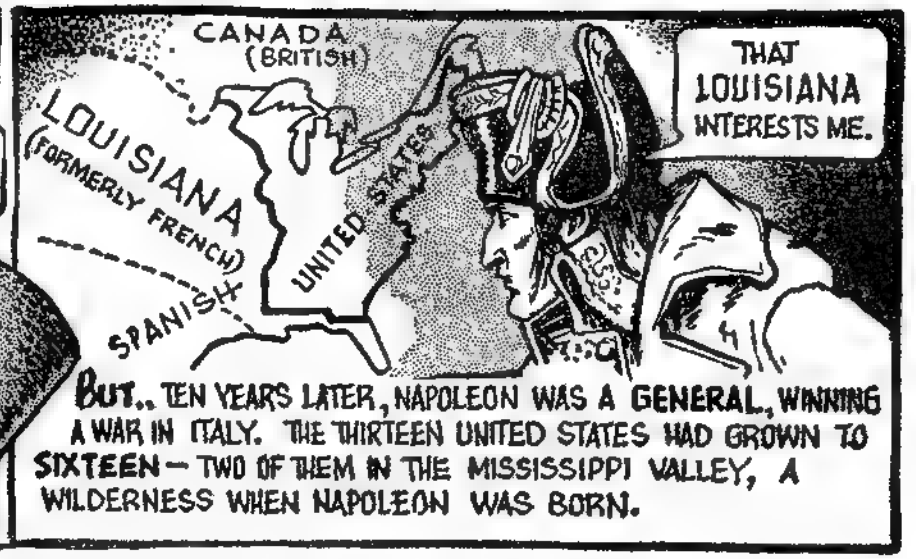

I'M NO NAPOLEON — BUT I'M STILL HERE!
HOWEVER, THERE WAS NOTHING TURTLE-LIKE IN NAPOLEON'S PROGRESS BETWEEN CORSICA AND ST. HELENA... IN 37 YEARS HE DID ALL HE DID.
Copr 1953 Chase-New Orleans States

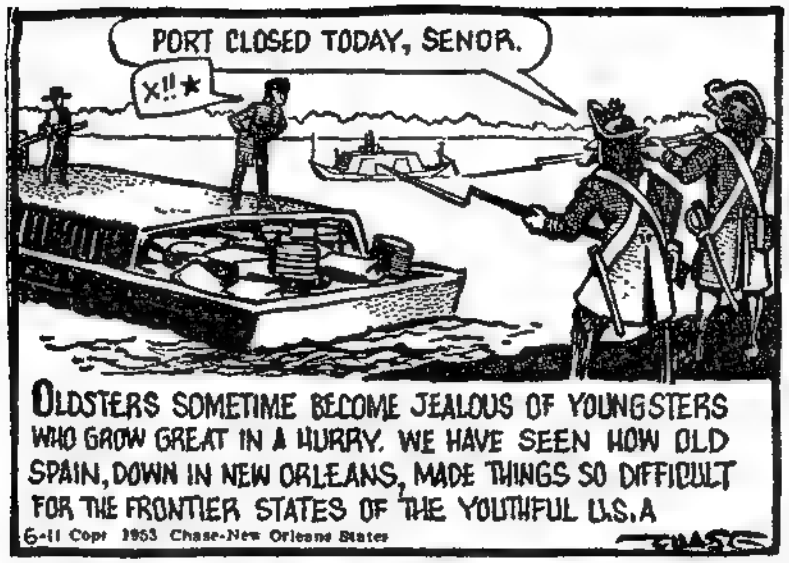

HE ISN'T PRETTY — SO WHAT! MAYBE HE'LL HAVE TALENT.
THE YEAR NAPOLEON WAS BORN WAS ALSO THE DATE OF THE FIRST ENGLISH-SPEAKING SETTLEMENT IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER VALLEY — LASALLE'S LOUISIANA.
6-9 Copr 1953 Chase-New Orleans States


WHEN HE WAS NINE, NAPOLEON LEFT CORSICA FOR SCHOOL IN FRANCE. AT THIS SAME TIME, GEORGE ROGERS CLARK WAS CONQUERING THE NORTHWEST FOR THE UNITED STATES. (SEE MARCH 26-27 OF "LOUISIANA PURCHASE")
THIS WAS THE SETTLING OF WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA AROUND PITTSBURGH. 10,000 SETTLERS MOVED HERE BEFORE NAPOLEON'S FIFTH BIRTHDAY.




Copr 1953 Chase-New Orleans States
?
?
WHEN NAPOLEON WAS SIXTEEN, HE BECAME A SECOND LIEUTENANT.
HE PROBABLY HADN'T EVER HEARD OF THE UNITED STATES, A NINE-YEAR-OLD THEN — AND WHO EVER HEARD MUCH ABOUT A SECOND LIEUTENANT?
6-10


CANADA (BRITISH)
LOUISIANA (FORMERLY FRENCH)
SPANISH
UNITED STATES
THAT LOUISIANA INTERESTS ME.
BUT.. TEN YEARS LATER, NAPOLEON WAS A GENERAL, WINNING A WAR IN ITALY. THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES HAD GROWN TO SIXTEEN — TWO OF THEM IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, A WILDERNESS WHEN NAPOLEON WAS BORN.



OLDSTERS SOMETIME BECOME JEALOUS OF YOUNGSTERS WHO GROW GREAT IN A HURRY. WE HAVE SEEN HOW OLD SPAIN, DOWN IN NEW ORLEANS, MADE THINGS SO DIFFICULT FOR THE FRONTIER STATES OF THE YOUTHFUL U.S.A

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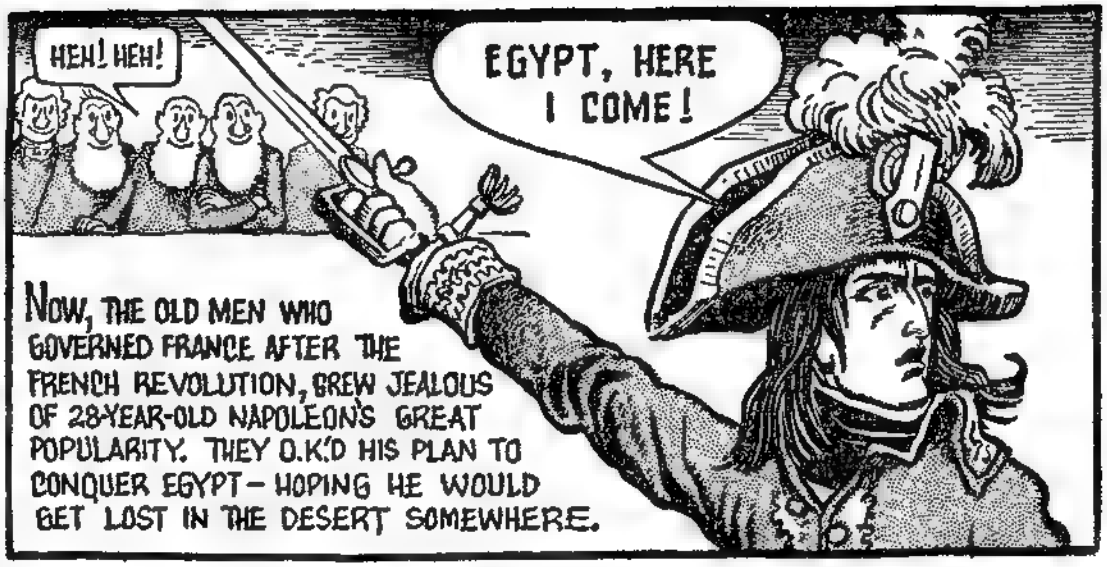
CHASE



NOW, THE OLD MEN WHO GOVERNED FRANCE AFTER THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, GREW JEALOUS OF 28-YEAR-OLD NAPOLEON'S GREAT POPULARITY. THEY O.K'D HIS PLAN TO CONQUER EGYPT – HOPING HE WOULD GET LOST IN THE DESERT SOMEWHERE.

HAIRDOS WERE A WAY FRENCH PATRIOTS MADE THEMSELVES DIFFERENT FROM ARISTOCRATS. BECAUSE THE ARISTOCRATIC COIFFURES SWEPT BACK FROM FOREHEADS, PATRIOTS BRUSHED THEIR HAIR DOWN, ALMOST OVER THEIR EYES.

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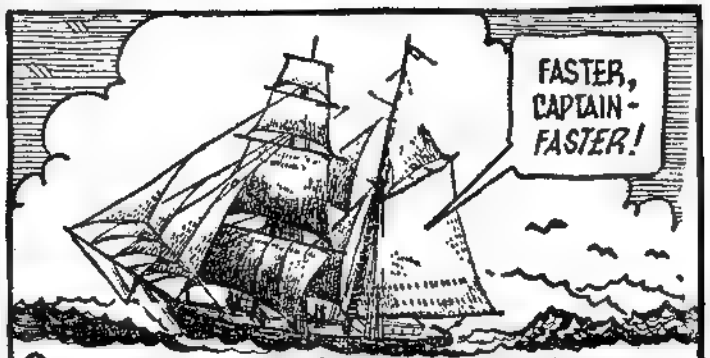
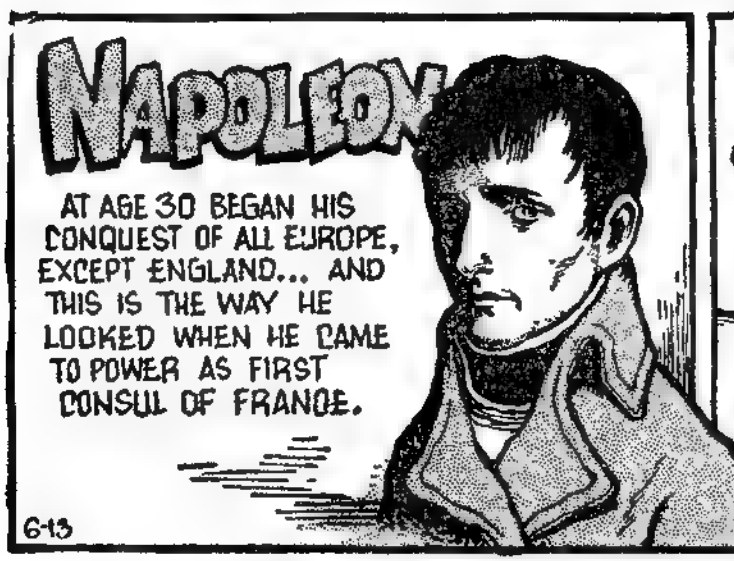
CHASE

DOWN IN EGYPT, NAPOLEON'S LONG HAIR IN HIS EYES WAS **HOT**. SO HE GOT A HAIRCUT, AND INAUGURATED THE CUSTOM OF SHORT HAIR FOR MEN THAT IS *STILL* THE STYLE.



OUTSIDE OF HIS HAIRCUT, NAPOLEON ACCOMPLISHED LITTLE IN EGYPT. HE DIDN'T GET LOST, BUT HIS FLEET DID. THE ENGLISH NAVY SUNK IT. ALSO, NAPOLEON HEARD OF TROUBLES AT HOME, AND HE DECIDED HE'D BETTER GO HOME AND RUN THE COUNTRY HIMSELF.



AT AGE 30 BEGAN HIS CONQUEST OF ALL EUROPE, EXCEPT ENGLAND... AND THIS IS THE WAY HE LOOKED WHEN HE CAME TO POWER AS FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE.

6-13

ONLY THE BRITISH LION BLOCKED NAPOLEON. HE SCHEMED AND PLOTTED WAYS TO HUMBLE ENGLAND, AND ONE OF HIS PLANS INVOLVED ACQUISITION OF LOUISIANA FROM SPAIN.

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CHASE

BUT CONTROL OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND PORT OF NEW ORLEANS BY THIS NAPOLE WAS UNTHINKABLE TO THE OHIO VALLEY.

NAPOLEON MAKES TROUBLE .. NEXT WEEK

LOUIS LAUGHS

(COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.

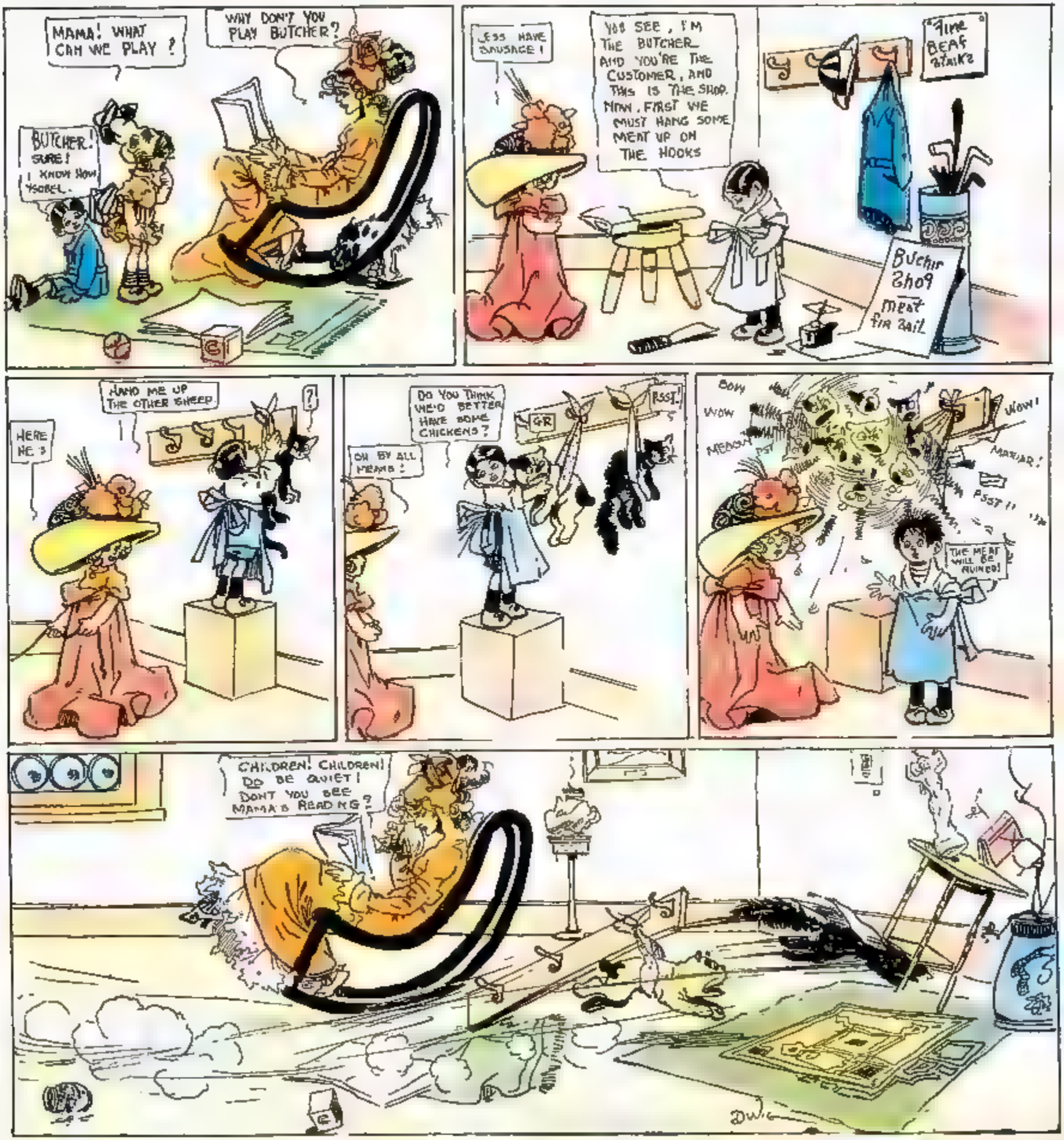
AND THE COOK LAUGHS WITH HIM.

1
I'M LEAVIN'
2
HA! HA! -WHY IT'S RAINING- HOW FUNNY YOU'D LOOK LEAVING IN THE -HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
HE! HE! HE!
3
HO! HO! HA! HA! YOU WOULD BE SOAKED HA! HA! BUT NOT THE WAY- HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HE! HO! HA!
4
HA! HA! HA! HO! HO! HA!
I WILL NOT GO-HA! HA! I WOULD'NT HA! HA! HA!

MAGIC EYE

3D PUZZLE-ILLUSION

Makin' B'lieve


MAMA! WHAT CAN WE PLAY?
WHY DON'T YOU PLAY BUTCHER?
BUTCHER! SURE! I KNOW HOW YSOBEL.
LESS HAVE SAUSAGE!
YOU SEE, I'M THE BUTCHER AND YOU'RE THE CUSTOMER, AND THIS IS THE SHOP. NOW, FIRST WE MUST HANG SOME MEAT UP ON THE HOOKS
FINE BEAF STAIKS
BUCHIR SHOP MEAT FIR SAIL
HAND ME UP THE OTHER SHEEP
HERE HE'S
?
DO YOU THINK WE'D BETTER HAVE SOME CHICKENS?
PSST!
GR
OH BY ALL MEANS!
BOW WOW
WOW!
MEOW
PST
MARJAR!
PSST!!
THE MEAT WILL BE RUINED!
CHILDREN! CHILDREN! DO BE QUIET! DONT YOU SEE MAMA'S READING?
DW.

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AMERICAN HUMORIST
COLORED COMIC WEEKLY OF THE
NEW YORK JOURNAL

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THE GOOD OLD WAY

THE NEW WOMAN

"COME TOM, CUT IT SHORT, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, AND I'M ONE OF THE BOYS; YOU SAY YOU LOVE ME AND WANT TO GET MARRIED; I'VE NO OBJECTION, THERES MY HAND AND MY HEART GOES W[illegible] IT."

THE DUDE

"AWFULLY BEASTLY JOLLY IDEA JULIA JUST STRUCK ME, LETS GET MARRIED HE HE HE"

THE BOSTON GIRL

"REALLY! MR PREVIOUS THIS PROPOSITION YOU HAVE ADVANCED, ABSURD AS IT MAY SEEM TO THE AVERAGE PERSON, STILL IMPRESSES ME WITH REALLY REMARKABLE SIGNIFICANCE — AND OPENS UP A NEW VISTA OF THOUGHT PROVIDING ME WITH A NOVEL SENSATION NOT ALTOGETHER DISTASTEFUL TO ME."

THE MILLIONAIRE

"COME NOW MISS MAIN CHANCE, MARRY ME AND I'LL SETTLE A MILLION ON YOU; I CAN'T SAY FAIRER THAN THAT!"

100 MILES TO GRETNA GREEN

THE BOWERY

"SAY! MAG - YER CAN'T LOSE ME - SEE! I'M DEAD FLY, AND I'M ON TO YER CURVES AN DE BEST AINT GOOD ENUF FER YER SEE! I'VE GOT DE MUN - AND WE'LL HOLD UP DE REGISTER AND GIVE 'EM ALL DE DINKY DINK"

THE BIKER.

"TALKING ABOUT TANDEMS ANNIE, WHATS THE MATTER WITH RIDING TANDEM FOR LIFE?"

1815
"FLY WITH ME DARLING."

THE SPORT

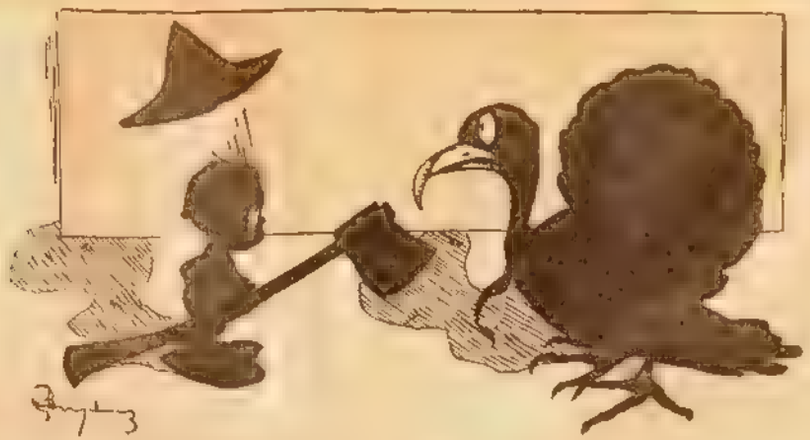
"LIL, YOU'RE A LIKELY LITTLE FILLY, AND WE WOULD MAKE A GOOD SHOWING IN DOUBLE HARNESS - WHAT DO YOU SAY TO GETTING TEAMED?"

ARCHIE GUNN.

introduce you.

THANKSGIVING

Young Turk—Gee! I wonder if that's Carrie Nation?



Honest, Mr. Turkey, I wasn't looking for you, I was just goin' out to the barn to cut my corns.

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows, &c.

Aunt Mepomene—Poor little fellow, why do you weep so bitterly?

Little Pretonius—Aw Chee! Me brudder promised me de whole of his doughnut an' he's got it half chewed up already.

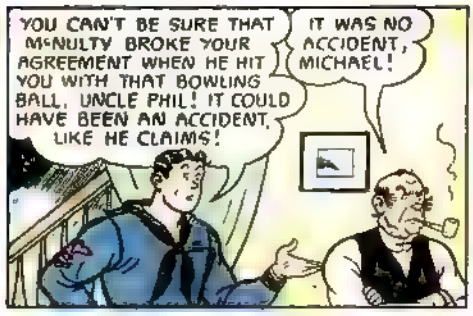
His Brother—Aw gwan, cry baby, I'll git youse de hole of it soon as I gits de outside eat up.

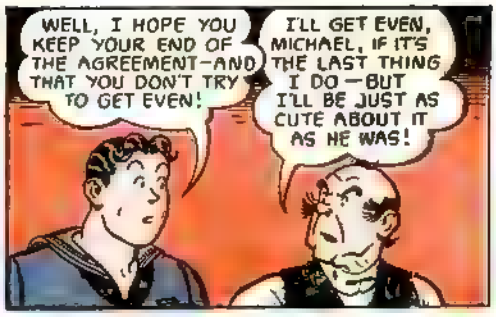
Little Percival Pinkus—Oh mister, 'wuz it a real true rock dey hit youse wit?

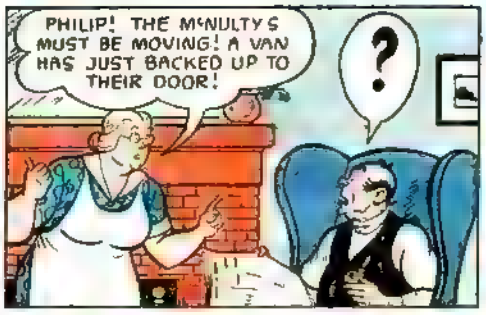
Pedey Dewnawhin—Waall, sorry it wasn't no sham rock.

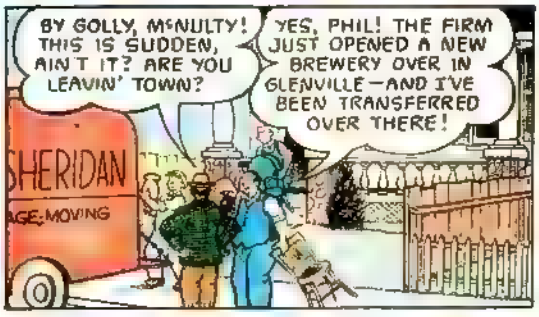
MICKEY FINN

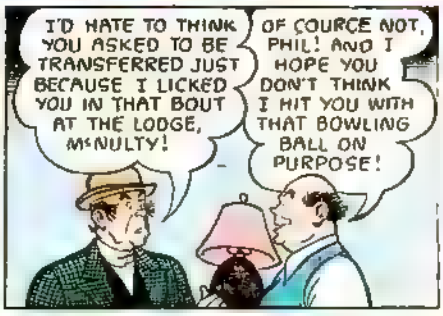
by LANK LEONARD

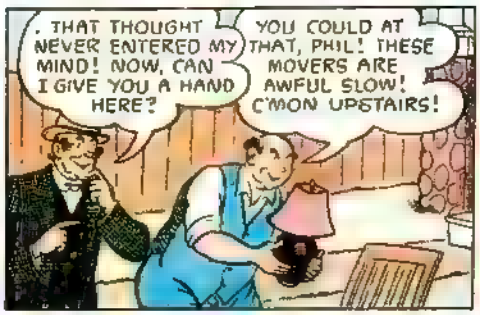

YOU CAN'T BE SURE THAT McNULTY BROKE YOUR AGREEMENT WHEN HE HIT YOU WITH THAT BOWLING BALL, UNCLE PHIL! IT COULD HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT, LIKE HE CLAIMS!
IT WAS NO ACCIDENT, MICHAEL!

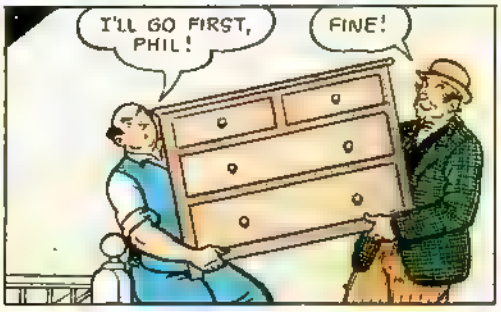

WELL, I HOPE YOU KEEP YOUR END OF THE AGREEMENT—AND THAT YOU DON'T TRY TO GET EVEN!
I'LL GET EVEN, MICHAEL, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO—BUT I'LL BE JUST AS CUTE ABOUT IT AS HE WAS!

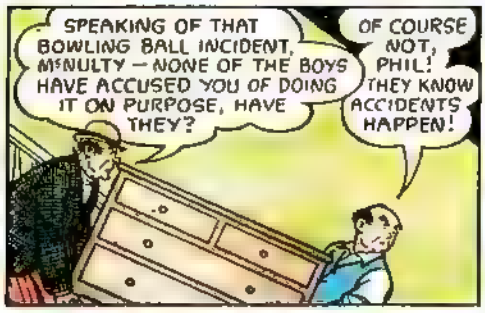


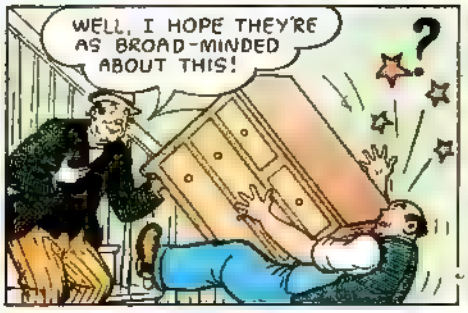

BY GOLLY, McNULTY! THIS IS SUDDEN, AIN'T IT? ARE YOU LEAVIN' TOWN?
YES, PHIL! THE FIRM JUST OPENED A NEW BREWERY OVER IN GLENVILLE—AND I'VE BEEN TRANSFERRED OVER THERE!
SHERIDAN
AGE: MOVING

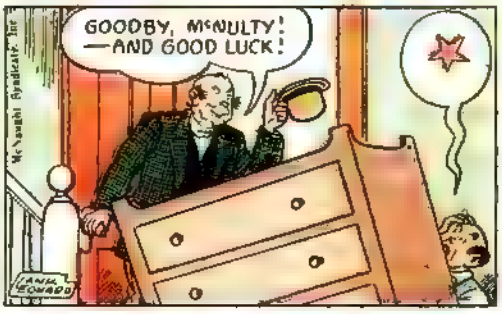

I'D HATE TO THINK YOU ASKED TO BE TRANSFERRED JUST BECAUSE I LICKED YOU IN THAT BOUT AT THE LODGE, McNULTY!
OF COURCE NOT, PHIL! AND I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I HIT YOU WITH THAT BOWLING BALL ON PURPOSE!


. THAT THOUGHT NEVER ENTERED MY MIND! NOW, CAN I GIVE YOU A HAND HERE?
YOU COULD AT THAT, PHIL! THESE MOVERS ARE AWFUL SLOW! C'MON UPSTAIRS!




SPEAKING OF THAT BOWLING BALL INCIDENT, McNULTY—NONE OF THE BOYS HAVE ACCUSED YOU OF DOING IT ON PURPOSE, HAVE THEY?
OF COURSE NOT, PHIL! THEY KNOW ACCIDENTS HAPPEN!

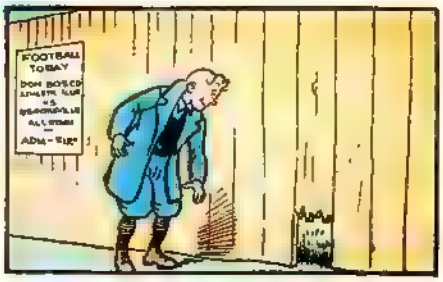


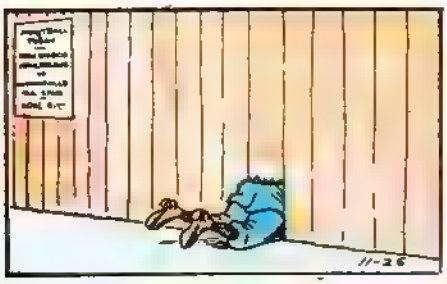


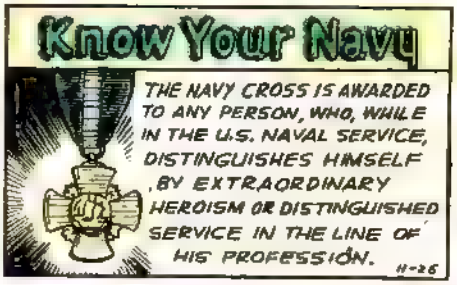
NIPPIE

HE'S OFTEN WRONG!

By LANK LEONARD

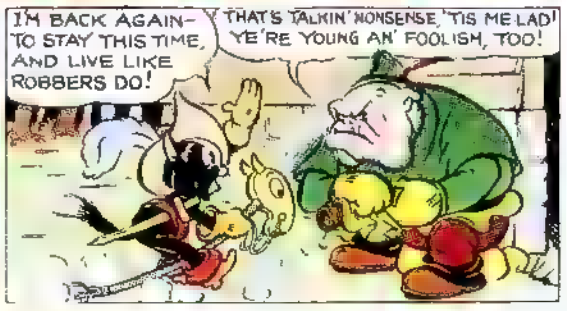


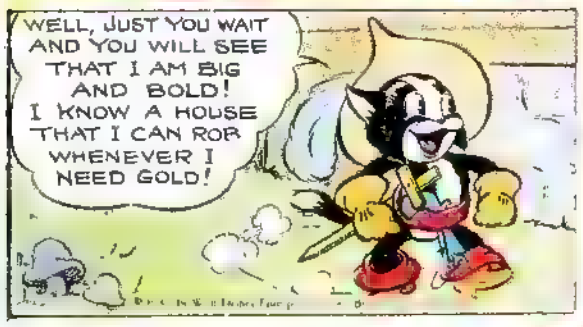


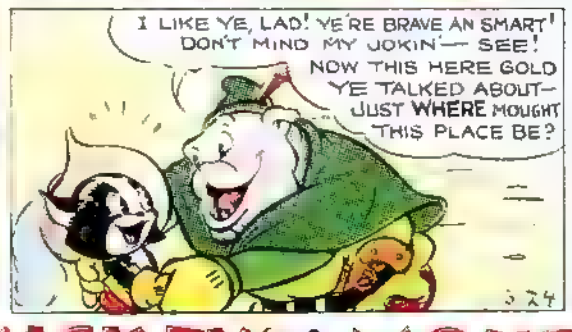

Know Your Navy
THE NAVY CROSS IS AWARDED TO ANY PERSON, WHO, WHILE IN THE U.S. NAVAL SERVICE, DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF BY EXTRAORDINARY HEROISM OR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE IN THE LINE OF HIS PROFESSION.
11-26

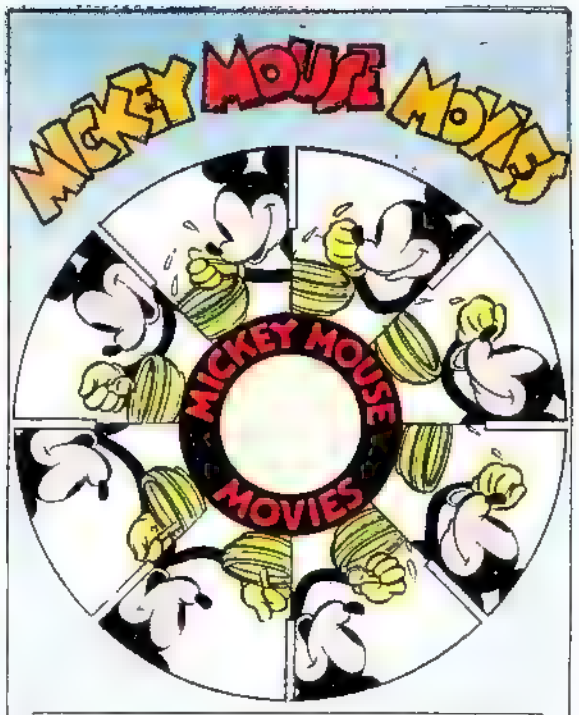
SILLY SYMPHONY

by WALT DISNEY









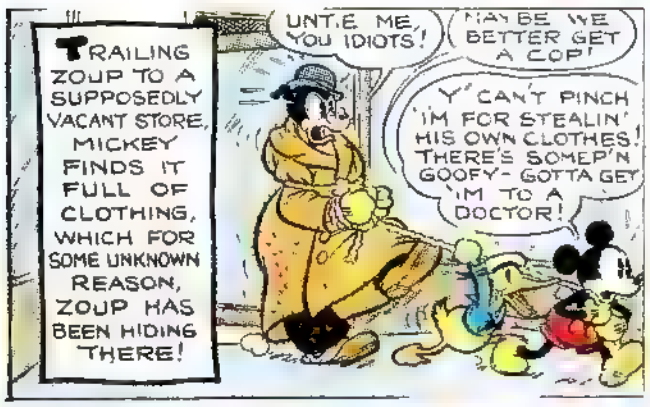
–INSTRUCTIONS–

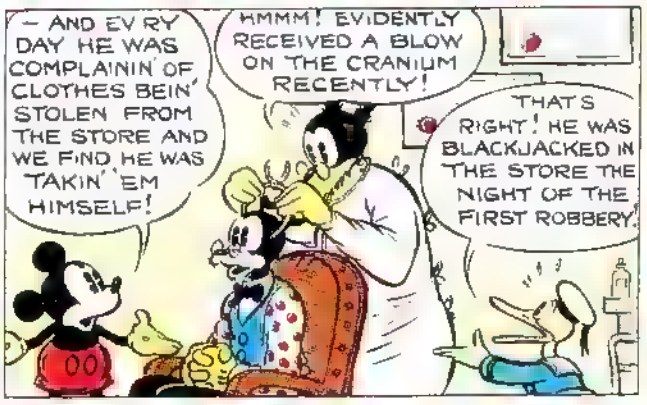
PASTE MOVIE WHEEL ON CARDBOARD CUT OUT WHEEL AND PAINT BACK OF IT BLACK CUT OUT SLITS, STICK A PIN THROUGH DOT IN CENTER AND PUT PIN INTO ERASER END OF PENCIL

TO OPERATE – STAND BEFORE A MIRROR AND SPIN WHEEL WITH BLACK SIDE TOWARD YOU CLOSE ONE EYE AND WATCH IMAGE THROUGH SLITS

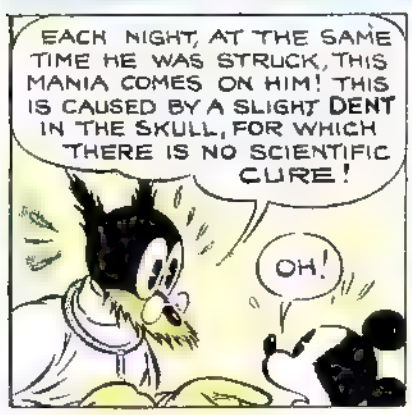
MICKEY MOUSE

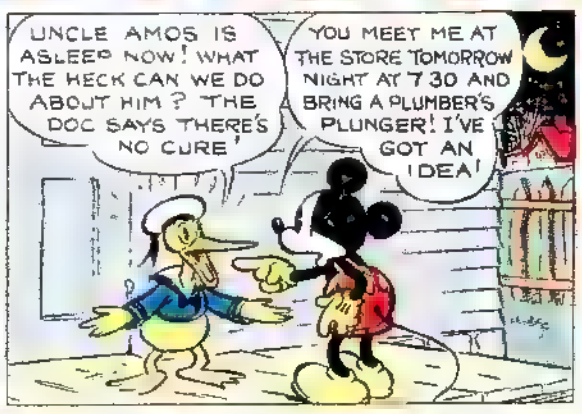
REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE


TRAILING ZOUP TO A SUPPOSEDLY VACANT STORE, MICKEY FINDS IT FULL OF CLOTHING, WHICH FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON, ZOUP HAS BEEN HIDING THERE!
UNTIE ME, YOU IDIOTS!
MAYBE WE BETTER GET A COP!
Y' CAN'T PINCH 'IM FOR STEALIN' HIS OWN CLOTHES! THERE'S SOMEP'N GOOFY- GOTTA GET 'IM TO A DOCTOR!

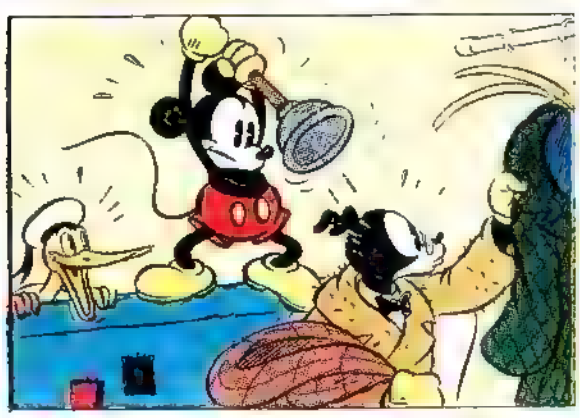

– AND EV RY DAY HE WAS COMPLAININ' OF CLOTHES BEIN' STOLEN FROM THE STORE AND WE FIND HE WAS TAKIN' 'EM HIMSELF!
HMMM! EVIDENTLY RECEIVED A BLOW ON THE CRANIUM RECENTLY!
THAT'S RIGHT! HE WAS BLACKJACKED IN THE STORE THE NIGHT OF THE FIRST ROBBERY!

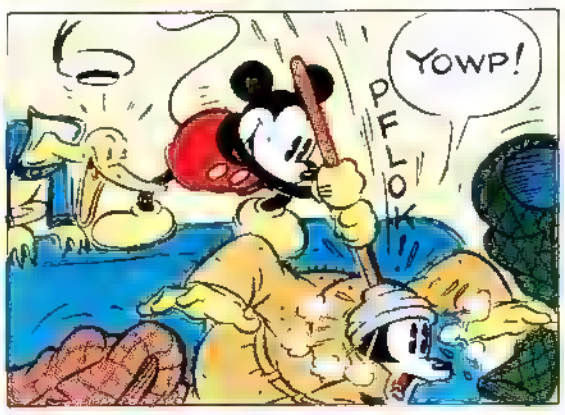
– THE RESULT PRODUCES IN THE VICTIM AN UNCONTROLLABLE KLEPTOMANIA, RENDERING HIM TEMPORARILY NON COMPOS MENTIS!
EXCUSE ME! I DIDN'T QUITE CATCH IT!

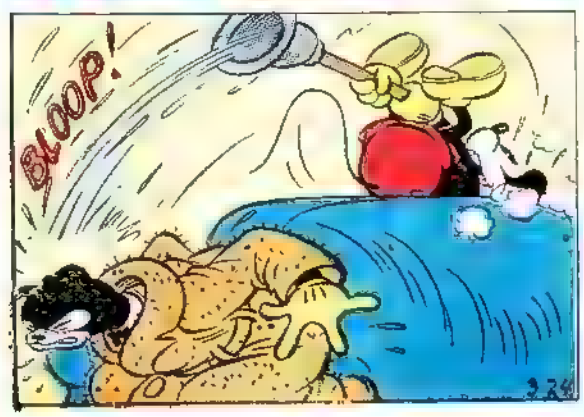

EACH NIGHT, AT THE SAME TIME HE WAS STRUCK, THIS MANIA COMES ON HIM! THIS IS CAUSED BY A SLIGHT DENT IN THE SKULL, FOR WHICH THERE IS NO SCIENTIFIC CURE!
OH!

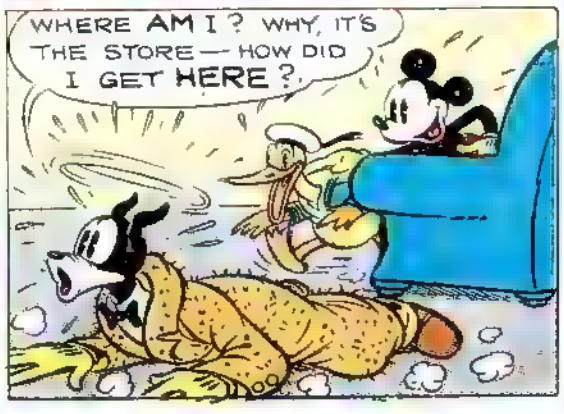

UNCLE AMOS IS ASLEEP NOW! WHAT THE HECK CAN WE DO ABOUT HIM? THE DOC SAYS THERE'S NO CURE!
YOU MEET ME AT THE STORE TOMORROW NIGHT AT 7 30 AND BRING A PLUMBER'S PLUNGER! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

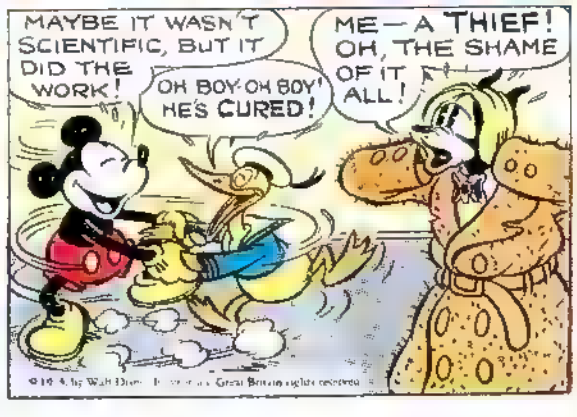
EIGHT O'CLOCK THE NEXT NIGHT!











MIKE AND IKE—THEY LOOK ALIKE — By [illegible]

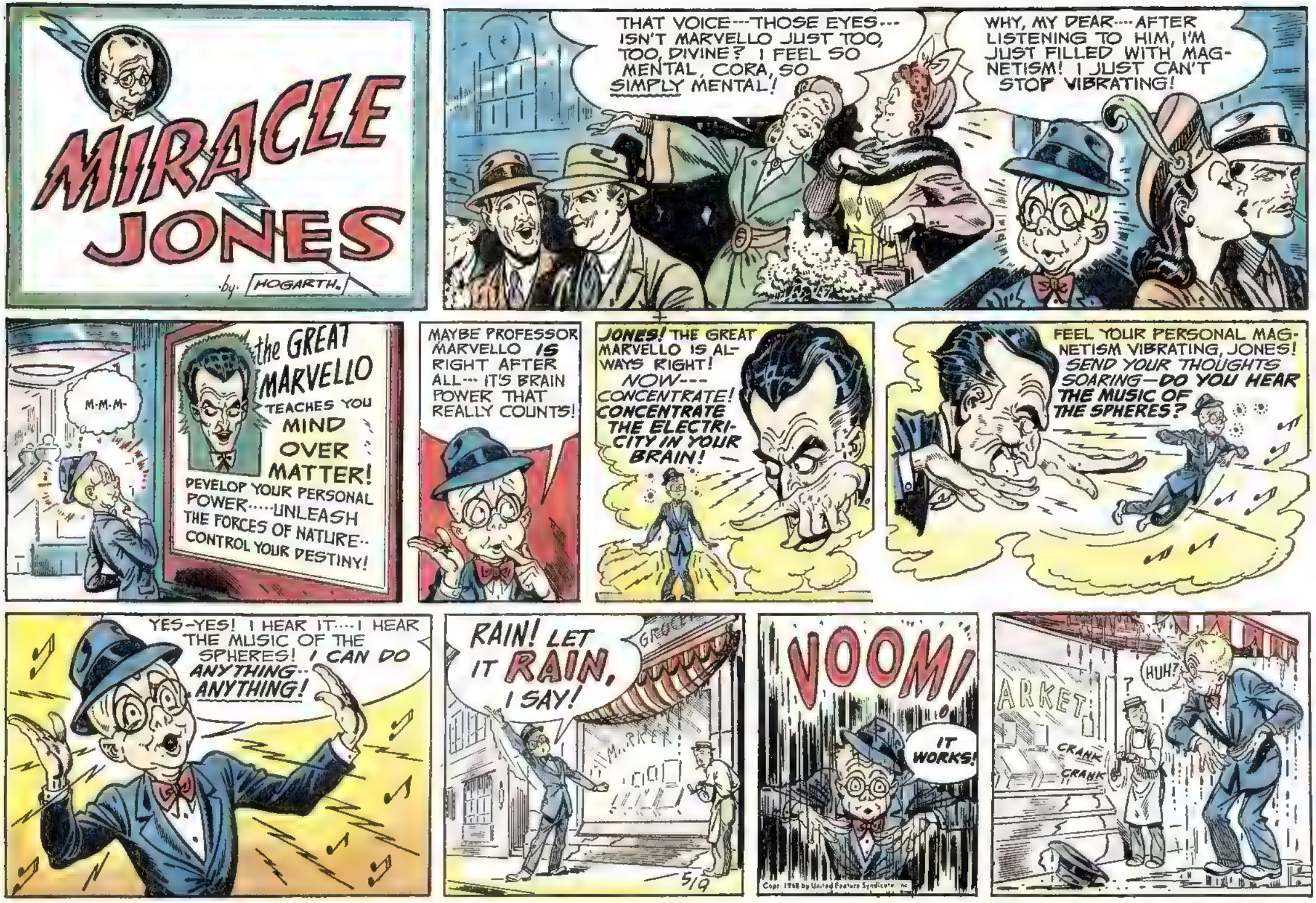
[illegible] MIKE AND IKE WERE IN THE [illegible] E TEACHER ASKED [illegible] OLLOWING QUESTION:

AN AUTOMOBILE [illegible] S GOING [illegible] RATE OF SIXTY MILES [illegible] THROUGH A TOWN THAT COVERS 265 SQUARE MILES AND CONTAINS 60,000 PEOPLE. HALF OF WHOM ARE ENGAGED IN THE FISH BUSINESS AND IF THE MAYOR'S BIRTHDAY FALLS ON THE 18TH OF SEPTEMBER, WHAT IS THE COLOR OF THE CHAUFFEUR'S HAIR?

MIKE AND IKE ANSWERED, "IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHETHER OR NOT THE PASSENGERS IN THE AUTOMOBILE WORE GLASSES."

JUST THEN A FIRE BROKE OUT IN THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AND MIKE AND IKE HAVE NOT [illegible] BEEN BACK SINCE TO FIND OUT IF THEIR ANSWER WAS CORRECT.

JOHN, WE CAN'T LEAVE THE TWINS HOME ALONE - I'LL TAKE ONE OUT AND YOU TAKE [illegible]
YOU TAKE LUDWIG AND I'LL TAKE OTTO
2.
3
BUY FIFTEEN ¢'S WORTH OF
HOLD THIS KID FOR A MINUTE OR TWO WHILE
4
SIXTY CENTS' WORTH OF HAM AND EGGS TEN CENTS' WORTH OF CLOTHES.
PARDON ME, MADAM, THIS ISN'T YOUR BABY I'M HOLDING IT FOR A
5.
!
!
6.
TAKE BACK THE BABY AND I'LL SLIP YOU A DOLLAR
YOUR BABY, SIR. I'M
7
!
8.
THEY'LL NEVER KNOW
9.


MIRACLE JONES
by HOGARTH
THAT VOICE---THOSE EYES--- ISN'T MARVELLO JUST TOO, TOO, DIVINE? I FEEL SO MENTAL, CORA, SO SIMPLY MENTAL!
WHY, MY DEAR---AFTER LISTENING TO HIM, I'M JUST FILLED WITH MAG-NETISM! I JUST CAN'T STOP VIBRATING!
M-M-M-
the GREAT MARVELLO TEACHES YOU MIND OVER MATTER!
DEVELOP YOUR PERSONAL POWER----UNLEASH THE FORCES OF NATURE-- CONTROL YOUR DESTINY!
MAYBE PROFESSOR MARVELLO IS RIGHT AFTER ALL--- IT'S BRAIN POWER THAT REALLY COUNTS!
JONES! THE GREAT MARVELLO IS AL-WAYS RIGHT! NOW--- CONCENTRATE! CONCENTRATE THE ELECTRI-CITY IN YOUR BRAIN!
FEEL YOUR PERSONAL MAG-NETISM VIBRATING, JONES! SEND YOUR THOUGHTS SOARING—DO YOU HEAR THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES?
YES-YES! I HEAR IT---I HEAR THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES! I CAN DO ANYTHING-- ANYTHING!
RAIN! LET IT RAIN, I SAY!
GROCERIES
MARKET
5/9
VOOM!
IT WORKS!
Copr. 1968 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
ARKET
CRANK
CRANK
HUH?
?

MISS ALADDIN
By VIRGINIA HUGET

Red Riding Hood's Wolf Gets Busy Again

SUNDAY, APRIL 7, 1929

Jack the Giant Killer to the Rescue

Verses by J. Kenneth Jones

"HOW ever will we get away
From the ghosts and [illegible] here?"
Said Miss Aladdin to her dwarf
In the magic forest drear.

(For they were touring Fairy Land
And the magic little lamp
Which had whisked them from [illegible]
[illegible]
Was impotent against the spell
Of the Land of Make Believe,
Where things are always what they seem,
And looks do not deceive!)

"I'm sure I cannot answer that!"
Said the dwarf with doleful sigh,
So they sat down on two mushrooms
And watched the snails whiz by!

But soon the two were up again,
And racing through the wood
Behind them came the angry wolf
That met Red Riding Hood!

But Jack, the Giant Killer,
Was passing by that day
And seeing Miss Aladdin's fright
He chased the wolf away!

(To be Continued)

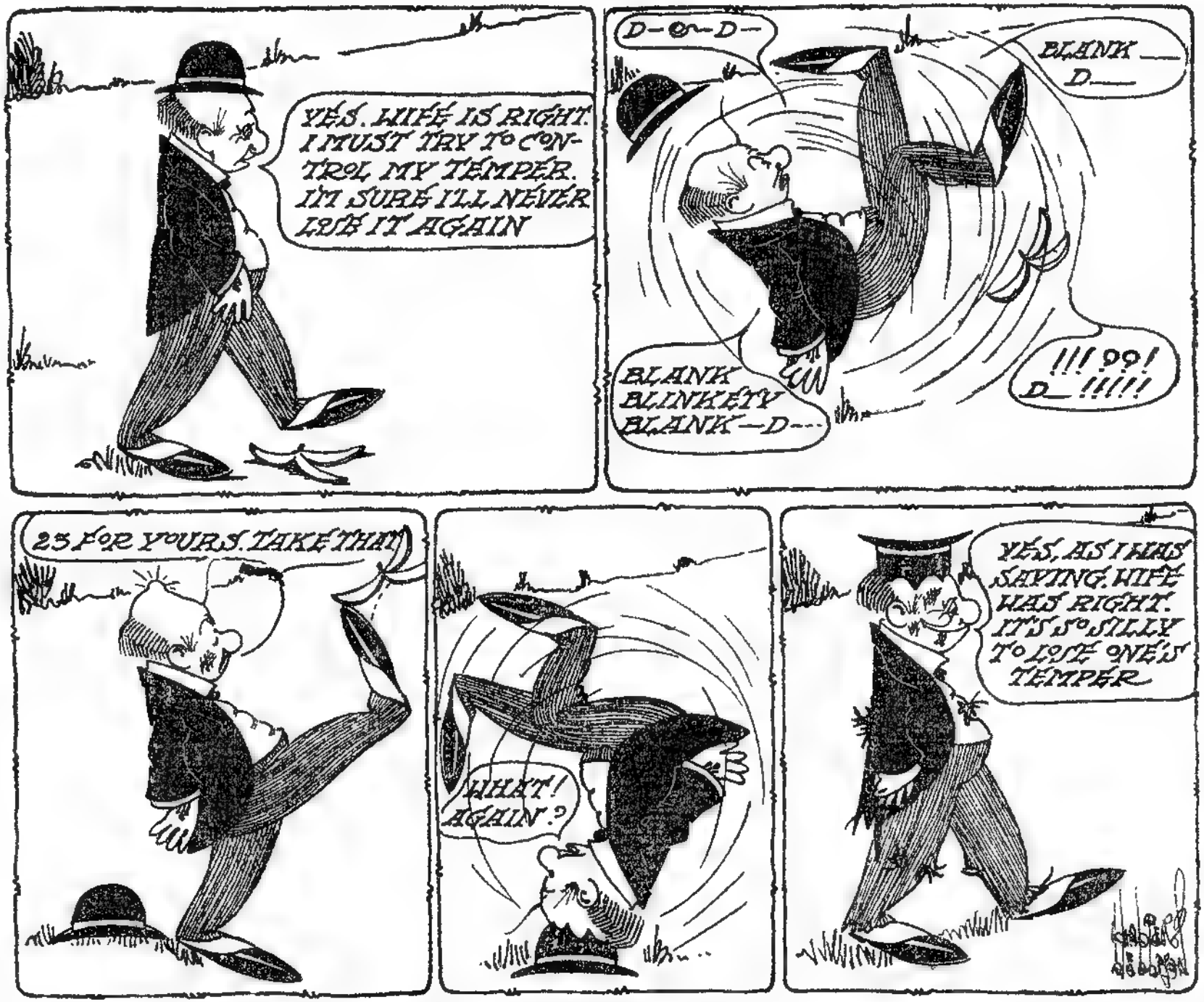
MR. & MRS.

By Kin Platt

IT'S NOT SUCH BAD NEWS. BEING RETIRED AT YOUR AGE ISN'T EXACTLY FATAL!
JUST HATE GOODBYES IS ALL!
NONSENSE.. PEOPLE WHO KNOW YOU WILL UNDERSTAND YOUR FEELINGS!
HOPE SO..
IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE REAL. IT'S ONLY A COMIC STRIP..
I FEEL REAL!
IT'S JUST A MATTER OF GOING OUT THAT DOOR AND CLOSING IT BEHIND YOU!
SOUNDS SIMPLE ENOUGH..
LET ME STRAIGHTEN YOUR TIE!
PETE'S SAKE! HATE FUSSING!
11-24
JOE — WAIT! I'M GOING WITH YOU! HOW WOULD IT LOOK IF YOU LEFT ME HERE ALONE --
TRUE ENOUGH! OKAY, C'MON!
GOODBYE, DEAR FRIENDS -
C'MON, LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!
We regret to inform our many dear friends... this is our last appearance. Thank you for all the pleasant years together.
Vi and Joe
Thanks for Clare Briggs, Arthur Folwell, Ellison Hoover, and me, too — Kin PLATT

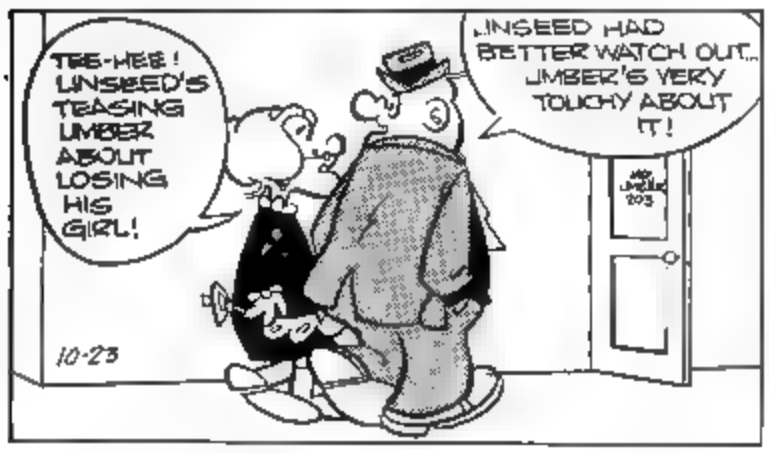
MR. E.Z. DUZZIT.
"SOME PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT."
— o —
By Hoeni Osen
NOW I ASK YOU, WOMAN, DO YOU CALL THIS A CLEAN TOWEL? IT'S A DISGRACE!
YOU GET TOWELS SO DIRTY IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO WASH THEM CLEAN!
BOSH! OTHER WIVES GET THE WASH CLEAN! WHY THE HECK CAN'T YOU?
OTHER WIVES DON'T HAVE YOU FOR A HUSBAND! YOU MESS!
TUT, TUT, MY LOVE BIRDS, MR. DUZZIT'S HERE!
LET DUZ DO IT. NO SOAP MADE GETS GRIMY TOWELS WHITER!
HUMPH!
OBSERVE HOW EASY DUZ DOES EVEN WORK-CLOTHES - NO MESSY RUBBING WITH A BAR SOAP
YET THIS SAME SOAP IS REALLY SAFE, EVEN FOR PRETTY RAYON UNDIES AND FILLYDILLIES. DUZ IS SAFER FOR COLORS THAN THE FOUR OTHER LEADING GRANULATED SOAPS!
NICE DUZZIN', COUSIN!
BEHOLD! DUZ DOES EVERYTHING!
DUZ
SAFE FOR ALL WHITE WASHES
HOW COME YOU NEVER KNOW ABOUT THESE WONDERFUL NEW THINGS? AM I MARRIED TO A DROOP?
OH DRY UP! AND GO GET ME A COUPLE OF PACKAGES OF DUZ RIGHT NOW!
WELL, AT LEAST THEY BOTH AGREE DUZ DOES IT!

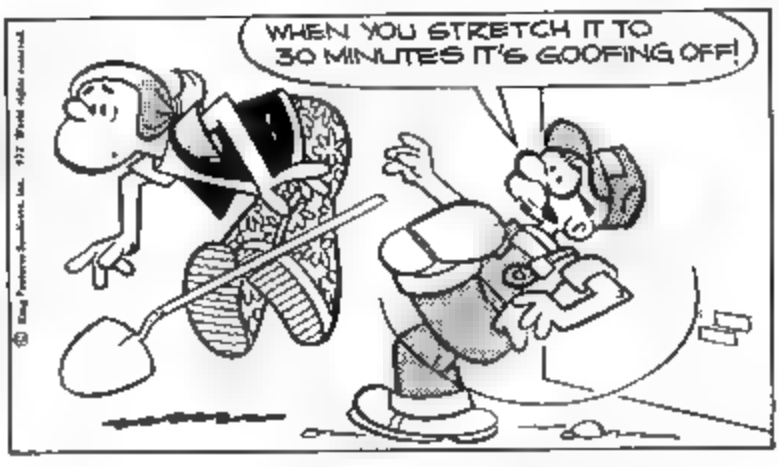
Mr. Hothead; He's Soon Over It. · By Walter Wellman

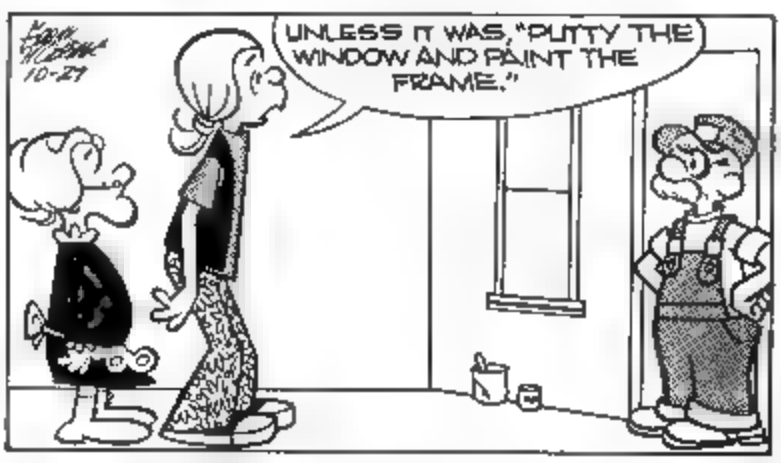

YES. WIFE IS RIGHT. I MUST TRY TO CONTROL MY TEMPER. IM SURE I'LL NEVER LOSE IT AGAIN
D—@—D—
BLANK ___ D___
BLANK BLINKETY BLANK—D—
!!!99! D_!!!!!
25 FOR YOURS. TAKE THAT!
WHAT! AGAIN?
YES, AS I WAS SAYING. WIFE WAS RIGHT. IT'S SO SILLY TO LOSE ONE'S TEMPER

KING FEATURES SYNDICATE

Mrs. Fitz ® **By Frank Roberge**







Mr. Just-too-Late — By Hy Gage

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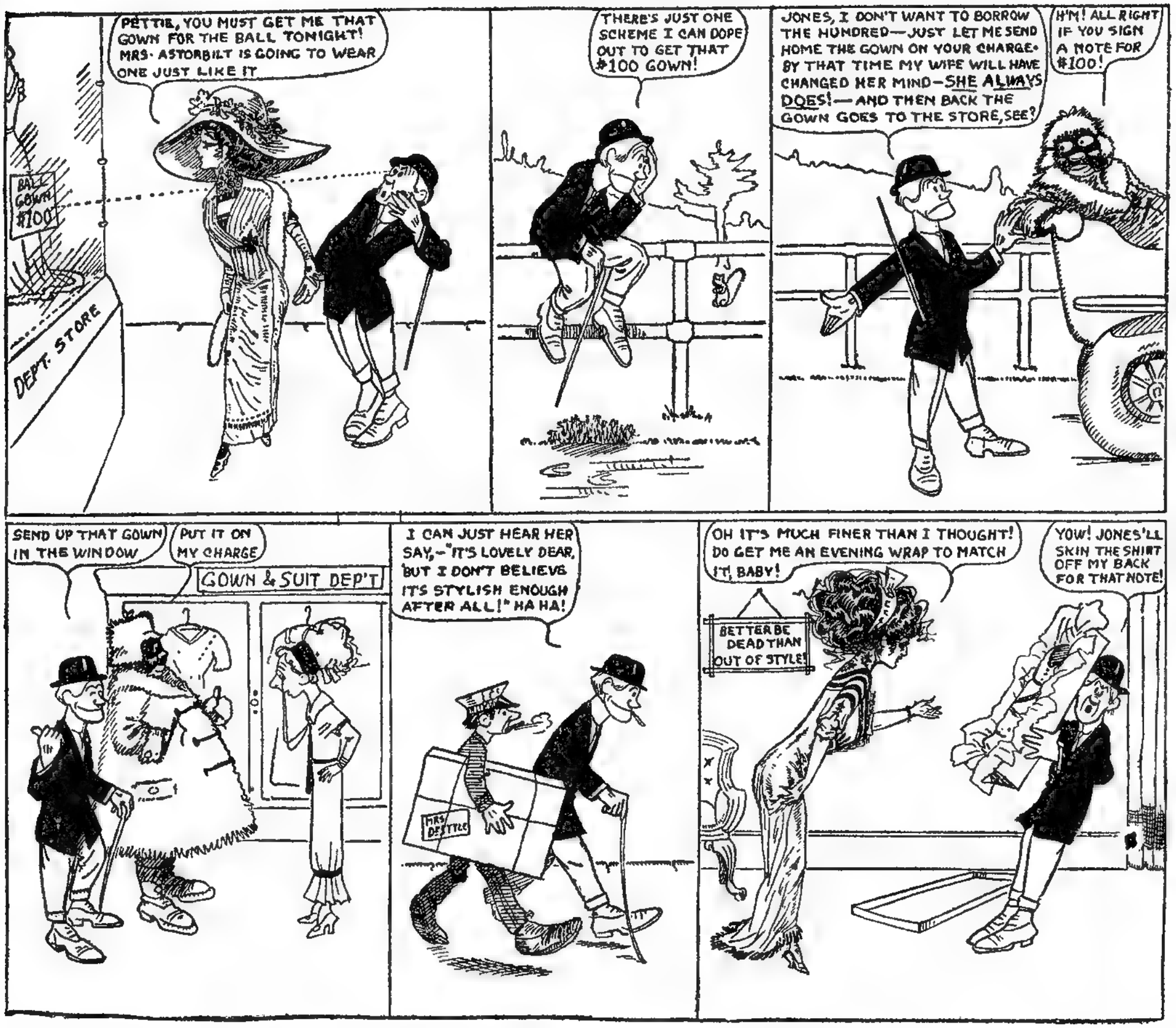
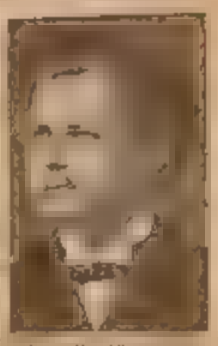

PETTIE, YOU MUST GET ME THAT GOWN FOR THE BALL TONIGHT! MRS. ASTORBILT IS GOING TO WEAR ONE JUST LIKE IT
BALL GOWN #100!
DEPT. STORE
THERE'S JUST ONE SCHEME I CAN DOPE OUT TO GET THAT #100 GOWN!
JONES, I DON'T WANT TO BORROW THE HUNDRED—JUST LET ME SEND HOME THE GOWN ON YOUR CHARGE. BY THAT TIME MY WIFE WILL HAVE CHANGED HER MIND—SHE ALWAYS DOES!—AND THEN BACK THE GOWN GOES TO THE STORE, SEE?
H'M! ALL RIGHT IF YOU SIGN A NOTE FOR #100!
SEND UP THAT GOWN IN THE WINDOW
PUT IT ON MY CHARGE
GOWN & SUIT DEP'T
I CAN JUST HEAR HER SAY,—"IT'S LOVELY DEAR, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT'S STYLISH ENOUGH AFTER ALL!" HA HA!
MRS. DE STYLE
OH IT'S MUCH FINER THAN I THOUGHT! DO GET ME AN EVENING WRAP TO MATCH IT, BABY!
BETTER BE DEAD THAN OUT OF STYLE!
YOW! JONES'LL SKIN THE SHIRT OFF MY BACK FOR THAT NOTE!

The Florida Metropolis.
Florida's Greatest Newspaper

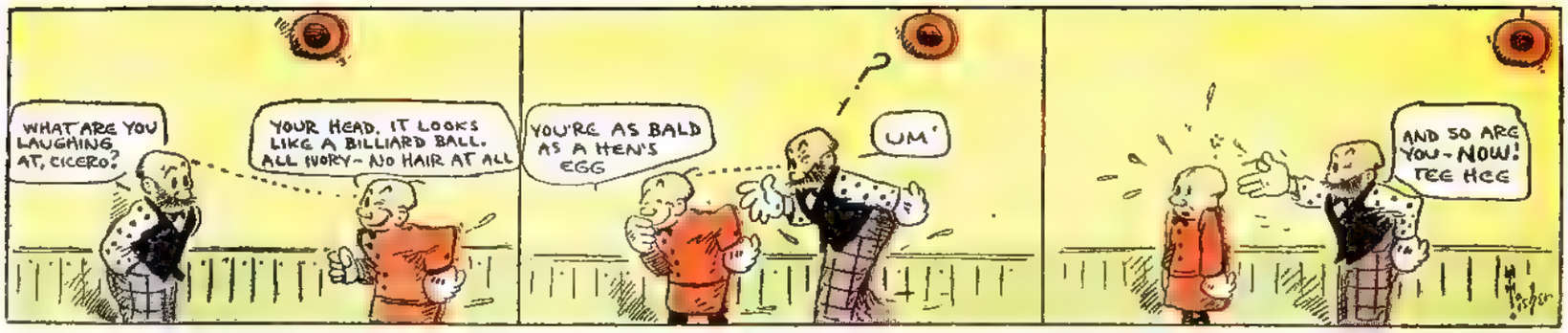
BOOSTER EDITION

JACKSONVILLE, FLA DECEMBER 31, 1913

Gov. Trammell's Invitation



FLORIDA—LAND OF RICHES, ROMANCE AND ROSES


WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT, CICERO?
YOUR HEAD. IT LOOKS LIKE A BILLIARD BALL. ALL IVORY- NO HAIR AT ALL
YOU'RE AS BALD AS A HEN'S EGG
UM'
AND SO ARE YOU - NOW! TEE HEE
Fisher

MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff's Brilliant Idea

By BUD FISHER

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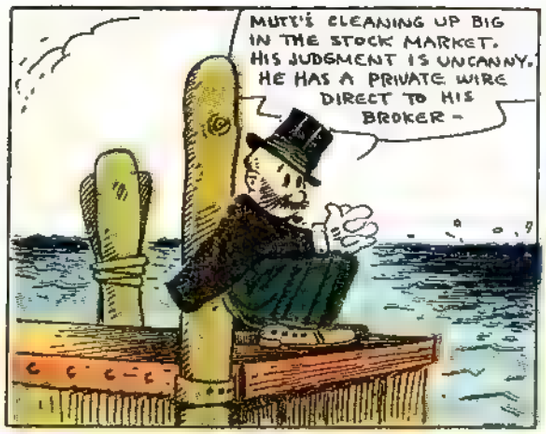
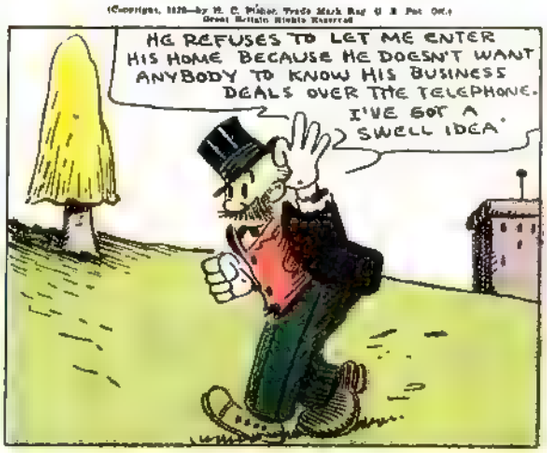
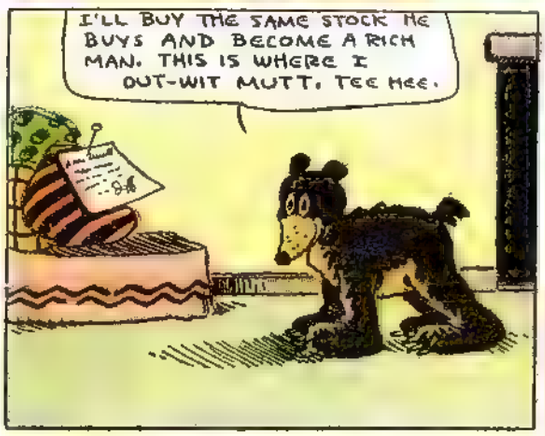
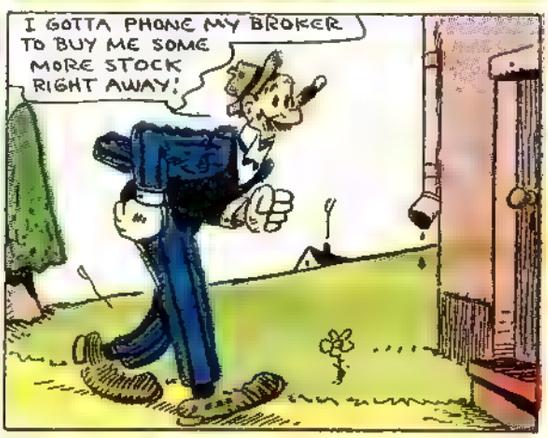
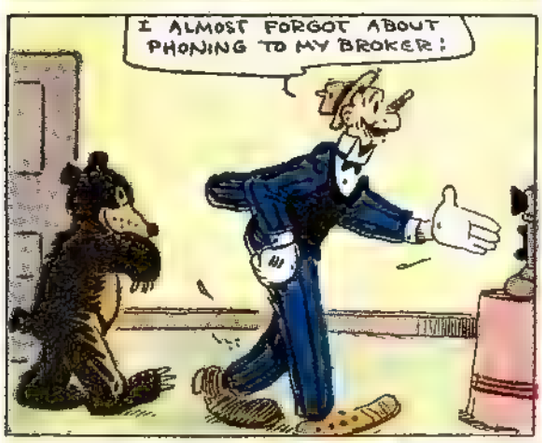



HE REFUSES TO LET ME ENTER HIS HOME BECAUSE HE DOESN'T WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW HIS BUSINESS DEALS OVER THE TELEPHONE. I'VE GOT A SWELL IDEA'

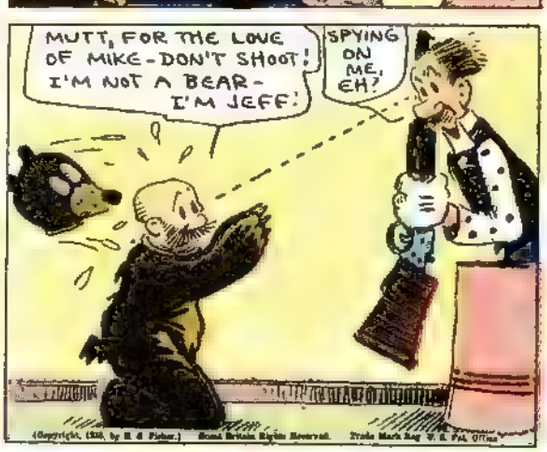
I'VE WRITTEN A NOTE TELLING HIM I'M A PET BEAR - "A GIFT FROM LITTLE JEFF". NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO HEAR HIM GIVE HIS ORDERS TO HIS BROKER - AND I CAN GET RICH TOO!

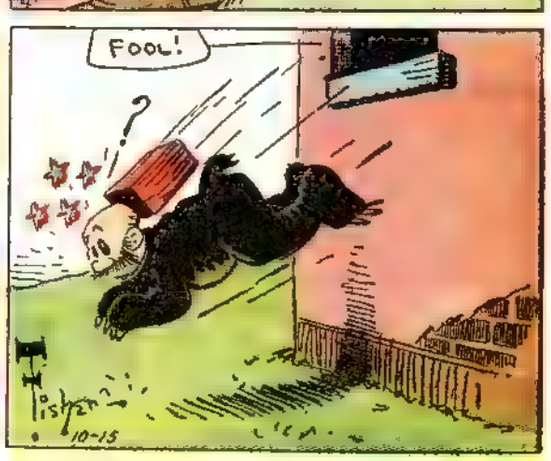






GINSBURG, I'M GONNA BRING OVER A BEAR SKIN AS SOON AS I SHOOT THE BEAR. HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOU TO CURE THE SKIN INTO A FIRE-PLACE RUG?





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THE YOUNG IDEA

"Dey sez Wagner wrote dis here 'Parsifal!'"

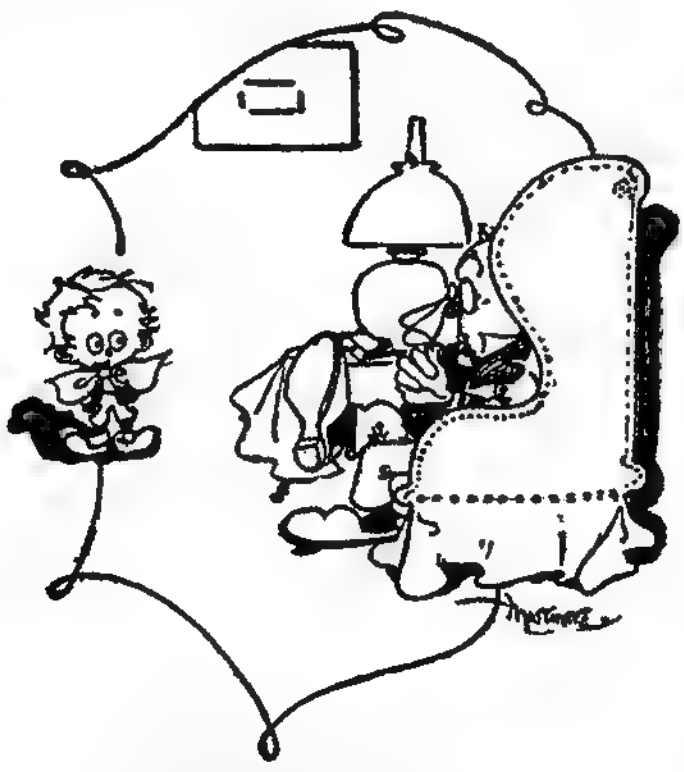
"Yep; I s'pose he puts in de time dey don't play baseball knockin' out dem things."

"What's up, Katie?"

"Sh-h-h! It's Nellie, wot says she'll eider get her letters back from dat faithless young man of hern or horsewhip him within a inch of his life!

Auntie—You seem to have a very bad told, Willie.

Willie—It's a purty good cold. It's kept me outer school most two weeks now.

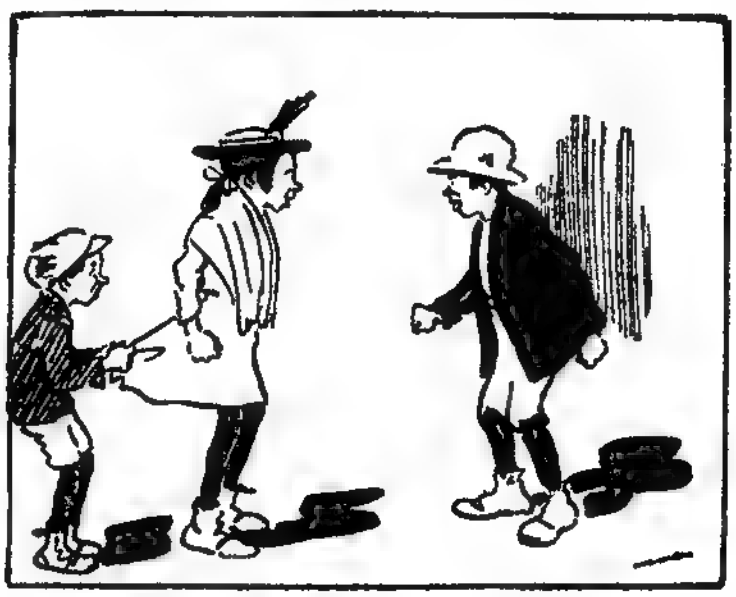


"So you don't like arithmetic?"

"Well, I liked it all right till we got to the place where dey fires nuthin' at youse but fool riddles like 'How old is Ann?' Den I got tired and quit!"

"Do you know where little boys that smoke cigarettes go?"

"Yes'm; back behind our stable uster be the safest place, but mom's onto it now!"



"G'way, he's engaged ter me!"

"Well, jest let him come out so's I kin congratulate him."

LOOKED THAT WAY.

Optician—You need a stronger pair of glasses.

Farmer—Reckon I do. The last pair I bought broke into smithereens in no time.

Why He Rejoiced.

(Chicago News.)

"You evidently enjoyed the sermon this morning," said Mrs. Enpeck to the other third of the combine, upon his return from church with a self-satisfied smile on his countenance.

"You just bet I did," replied Enpeck. "The minister's remarks were exceedingly edifying!"

"What were they about?" she asked.

"About there being no marrying or giving in marriage in heaven," answered the meek and lowly man with a large-sized chuckle.

He—Can you trust the baby with the nurse?

She—Oh, yes. I know her so well; you see she has been with us over a week now.

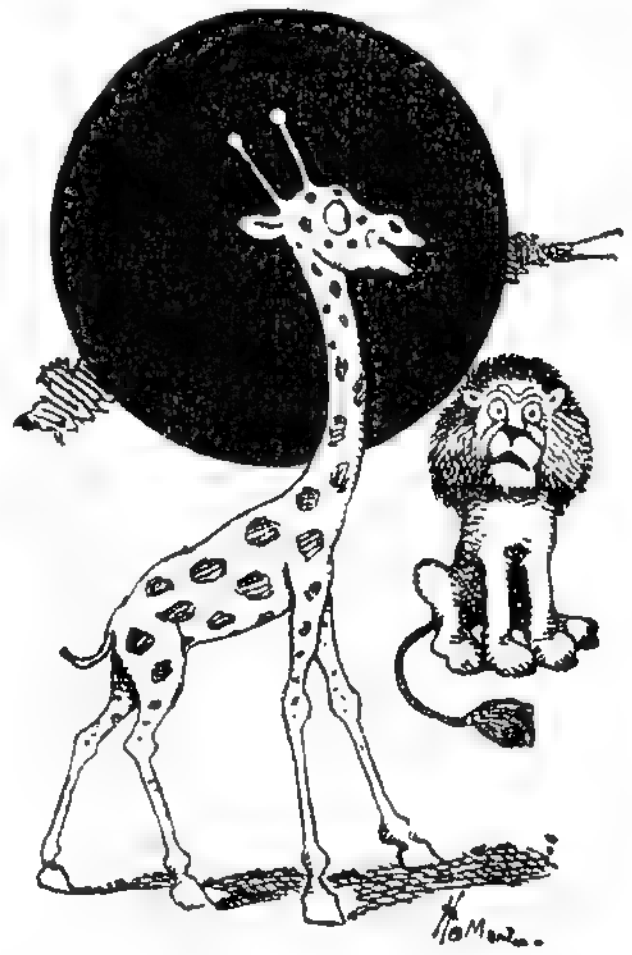
A RAY OF HOPE.

Missionary—But while you are on earth you must forgive your enemies. Then you may meet them in the happy hunting grounds.

Indian—Can I kill them then?

"You help all the ladies across, I believe?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I've just sprained my knee, wrenched my ankle and dislocated my shoulder, and I feel rheumatism coming on, too."



"You look like you had lost your best friend, Leo?"

"So I have—in a fit of anger I ate him."

Mother-in-Law Receipt.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

Choose a mother-in-law that you would be as glad to welcome at the train as you would be to see her off is a dead straight tip to the man who would be happy, though married. If this were done, and if women made as strenuous an effort to please their sons-in-law as to boss them, we should need no legal decisions on the subject of how to treat a mother-in-law.—Dorothy Dix.

When the exchange editor read the above to Brother Dickey, the old man said: "Read dat once mo', please, en lemme git it in my head, good." Then, after a second reading, he muttered, as he shuffled off, "De Lawd help us all!"

UNLUCKY PAUSE.

"Didn't you ever pause to think of the awful effect of drink?"

"Yes, lady, I did onct, but during de pause me partner here drank all the beer up!"

How He Knew.

After supper, when the old man and I had lighted our pipes, I remarked that he was the fifth man of the name of Davis whose hospitality I had enjoyed in that locality during the week, and after describing them I asked if they were his relations, but he shook his head, chuckled grimly and said:

"Right in this county, stranger, thar's at least ten fam'lies named Davis, but not a durned one of 'em is any relashun to me 'tall."

"Do you know them all personally?" I asked.

"Yes, but we hain't on speakin' terms now, and I'll tell you why. 'Bout five y'ars ago, when I was mighty well fixed, all the DAvises in the world, it seamed to me, begun to settle around yere, and not a day passed that sum of 'em didn't call and claim relashunship."

"And all of them impostors, eh?"

"Pur shore!" he exclaimed, warming up to his subject. "At furst I was mighty glad to see 'em, and reckoned they mought be related to me, but when I'd bring up our fam'ly history they knew nothing about it. They jest beat around the bush until my last drap o' licker was gone and then took a scoot. Why, it got so arter a while that I had to stand outside with a club all day a-drivin' Davis fam'lies away."

"How did you finally get rid of them?"

"By jest thin' 'em out, I reckon. When the Davises as hadn't bin yere cum along I'd shut 'em up with fam'ly history, and when the Davises as had bin yere cum back fur more licker I'd use the club. What convinced me more than anything else that they wuzn't my relashuns was this: I had about a dozen suckin' pigs and seven or eight fine calves on the place, and every time a Davis went he took one o' those pigs with him."

"And that proved it, eh?" I asked as he paused there.

"In coursе!" he snapped. "Do you s'pose one o' my relashuns would stoop as low as that? Wall, I reckon not, stranger. One o' my relashuns would have taken a calf every time!"

The Minstrel's Mistake.

He was a merry troubadour,
And his heart was filled with love
For a maiden fair beyond compare,
Who dwelt six blocks above.

The night was dark, the winds were cold,
But the minstrel's heart was gay
As he paused before that silent door
And trilled his happy lay.

The music of his tuneful lute
Rose on the frigid air;
He praised, with sighs, his darling's eyes,
And the color of her hair.

He sang in mellow monotone
Of her form with grace bedight,
And prayed that she with ecstacy
Would dream of him that night.

Then suddenly the moon o'er all
A swift effulgence sent;
And very plain on the window pane
He saw the words: "For Rent."

It Does, Indeed.

ASKINS (meditatively)—After all, is life really worth the living?
GRIMSHAW—That depends on the liver.

Pitied Him.

CITIZEN—Can't give you anything. I work hard for my money.
WEARY WILLIE—I begs yer pardon. I never imposes on de weak-minded.

A Suggestion.

CHOLLY (11.30 p. m.)—Yeth, there are theveral wordth that it ith impothible for me to pronounth.
MOLLY—Can't you say "good night?"

Should Have Spoken Sooner.

"See the nice book Aunty Peace has given you, Johnny! Now, what do you say to her?"
"Huh! I say I wisht it was a gun."

None to Waste.

HE—May I kiss you?
SHE—I have no time to talk about it.

No Place Like Home.

"Yes," said Broncho Bill to his cousin whom he was visiting, "you'New Yorkers have a tame existence. Why, out in Devil's Gulch, Arizona, we find on an average a corpse a day, murder, robbery and—and"——

Suddenly the speaker's face assumed a deathlike pallor, his eyes bulged out, his hair became rigid, and great beads of perspiration rolled from his forehead.

"Great Scott! Are you ill?" asked his cousin in alarm.

Broncho Bill trembled, gasped and hoarsely whispered:

"Till take the next train back to Devil's Gulch." Then he pointed and swooned.

George looked as indicated, and suddenly it occurred to him that they were at Union square and had unwittingly approached "Dead Man's Curve."

Disappearance Meant Death.

BUMPUS—Ziegsby is a great fellow for trying to keep up an appearance.
McSMITH—Yes indeed! He got out beyond his depth while bathing this morning, and I never saw a man try so hard to keep up an appearance in all my life.

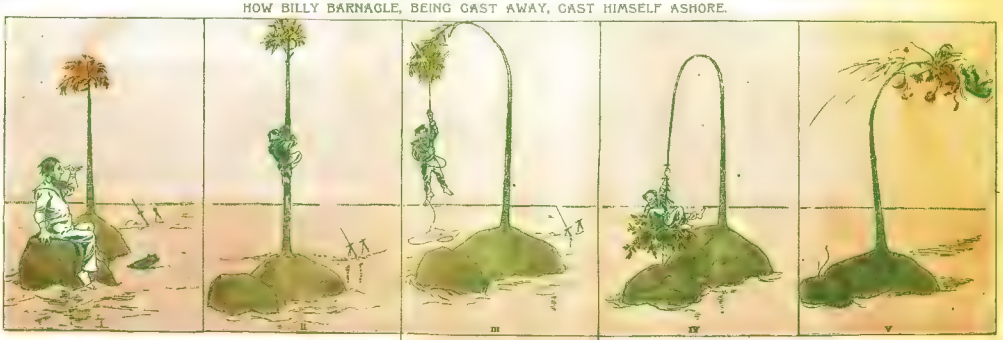
Obliged To.

HAVERLY—I wonder why it is women always throw sidelong glances at men.
AUSTEN—Well, you know how it is. Women cannot throw straight anyway.

Street Primer.

Do you see the boy?
Yes; I see the boy.
What is the boy doing?
The boy is running away.
Why does the boy run away?
The boy has just stolen an apple from a passing wagon.

HOW BILLY BARNAGLE, BEING CAST AWAY, CAST HIMSELF ASHORE.



Do you see the man?
Yes, I see the man.
What is the man about to do?
The man is about to throw a hard apple at the boy's head.
And will the hard apple hit the boy's head?
No, the hard apple will not hit the boy's head.
But the hard apple is going straight toward the boy's head.
Very well, but the hard apple will not hit the boy's head. Why will not the apple hit the boy's head?
Because the boy will turn and catch the apple in his hands. Then the boy will have two apples. One apple and one apple make two apples.
And the boy caught the apple.

Moral—Never throw anything but a red hot coal at a bad boy.

They Certainly Have Some Temptation.

MRS. BENHAM—All men are liars.
BENHAM—All married men have to be.

Their Loving Hour.

All of a sudden a fifth-story window is flung up and the head and shoulders of a young man in his shirt sleeves are thrust out.

A pedestrian below observes him and stops.

In three minutes there is a crowd of a hundred people.

"Is the boiler going to explode?"

"Is the place on fire, and is he cut off from the stairs?"

"Why don't some one turn in the alarm?"

The crowd now numbers two hundred, and the drivers of trucks and wagons stop to look and block the cars.

"Tell to him not to jump!"

"Where's the hook and ladder truck?"

Another hundred is added to the crowd, and there is a jam of vehicles which it will take fifteen minutes to break.

The man at the window looks up and down and around, and the crowd groans and shouts.

He evidently prefers death on the cruel stones below to being cremated where he is.

"Don't jump! Don't jump!"

"If he only had a rope!"

"If he could only reach the fire-escape!"

The great clock strikes three times to signify that it is 2 o'clock instead of 4 or 5.

A window in the fifth story of the opposite building is flung up as the last deep-toned note dies away, and the head and shoulders of a girl appear. She is a bon-maker, and has paste on her hands and glue on her nose.

But she is handsome and in love with the engraver opposite, and she throws a 2 o'clock kiss at him.

He returns it with two.

Three o'clock is their regular hour—"ta! ta!"

Down go the windows, the crowd swears, laughs and scatters, and five minutes later a great city is marching on again to greater New Yorkness.

It Was Safer.

He had voyaged o'er the billows
From a far and foreign land;
For his home was 'mid the willows
On Jersey's shining sand.

And he watched the frantic hurry
Of the busy, bustling mart;
But his thoughts were far from merry—
No joy was in his heart.

A fierce and frenzied molar
With its anguish filled his frame;
And the hapless Jersey stroller
Softly cursed the city's name.

A sign-board met his vision;
He swiftly rushed inside;
At last—oh, joy Elysian!
"Hyar, jerk it quick!" he cried.

"Take gas?" the dentist queried
As he loaded his machine.
Faintly came in accents wearied
The reply: "Naw, kerosene."

Generally Gets It.

INGHAM—Every time I get on a street car it reminds me of my schoolboy days.
JINGHAM—How is that?
INGHAM—Why, I generally get the strap.

Not in Keeping.

REFINED BEGGAR—Beg pardon, but could you furnish me with the price of a good bed? The fact is I am a little hard up.
JOCULUS—So you want to change hard up for soft down?

Don't You See the Point.

PAUL PRY—Can you tell me how old Miss Passe is?
THE OTHER ONE—She was quite well when I saw her last.

In South America.

FIRST CITIZEN—Let us fling our standard to the breeze and let us adopt for our emblem a bicycle wheel!
SECOND CITIZEN—Why a bicycle wheel?
FIRST CITIZEN—It makes as many revolutions.

UNDER THE GREEN HOLLY; OR, WHY THEY WERE NOT MARRIED XMAS.

"If your father says 'yes,' wont it be a"——

snap.

Scarcely Credible.

TAGLEIGH—Do you believe that spectacles enable the Boston girl to see plainer?
WAGLEIGH—No. They only make her look plainer.

Only Too Glad to Oblige.

BEGGAR—Happy New Year, sir!
SURLY LOOKING MAN—Oh sir!
BEGGAR—Right you are, sir! I will, if you'll give me a dollar.

No Creaking for Him.

BROWNE—The first thing poor Van Ribber did after the terrible accident was to request that his shoes be taken off.
TOWNE—Mere habit. He knew he was about to climb the golden stairs.

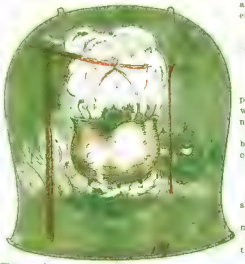
Classic Lore.

MISS VASSAR—How large do you suppose the ancient horn of plenty was?
COLONEL BLUEGRASS—Not less than five fingers.

In the Opera Box.

SHE—Naturally. Her is suggestive of Greece.
SHE—Naturally. Her father manufactures lard.

A BROTH OF A BOY.



Envy.

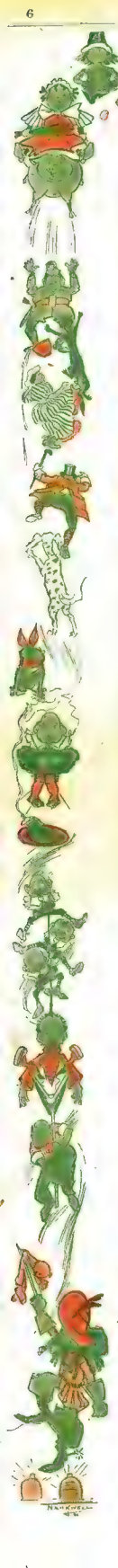
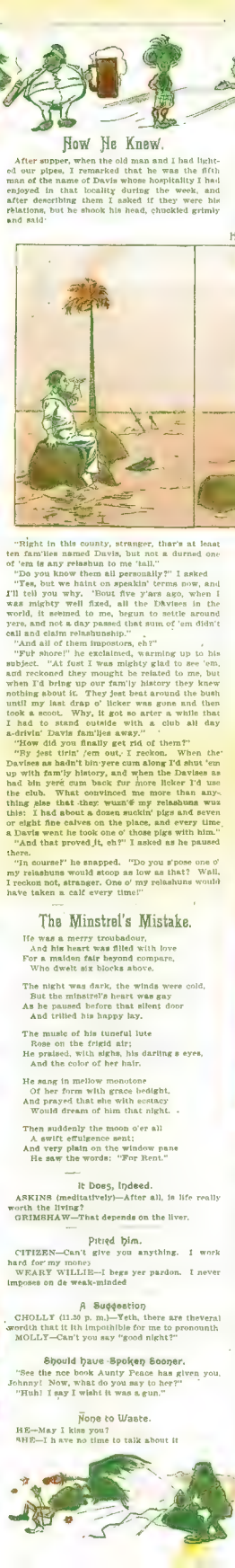
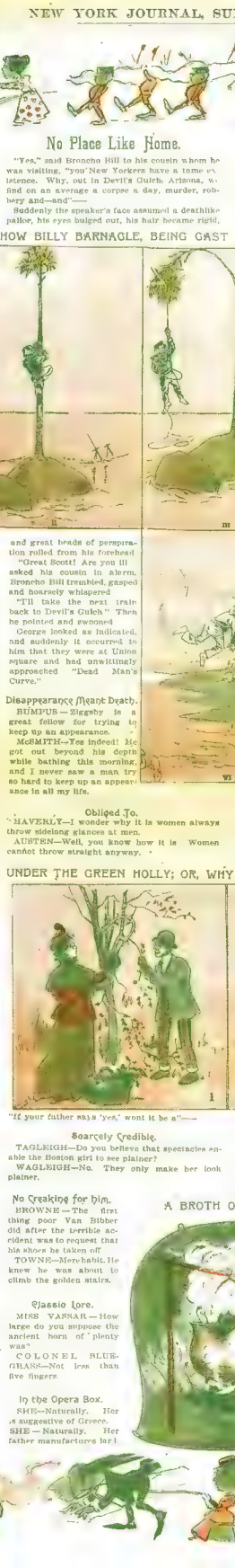
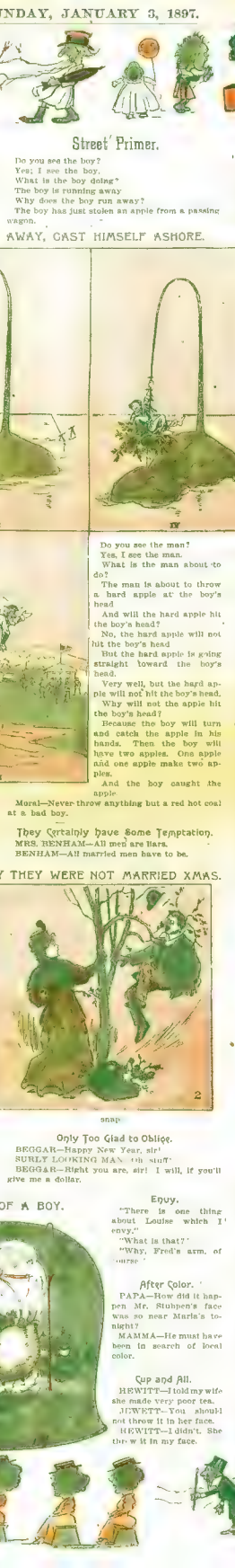
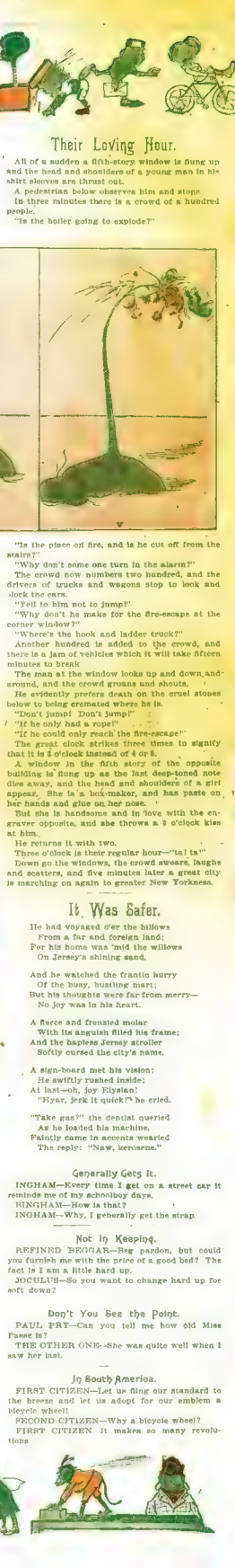
"There is one thing about Louise which I envy."
"What is that?"
"Why, Fred's arm, of course."

After Color.

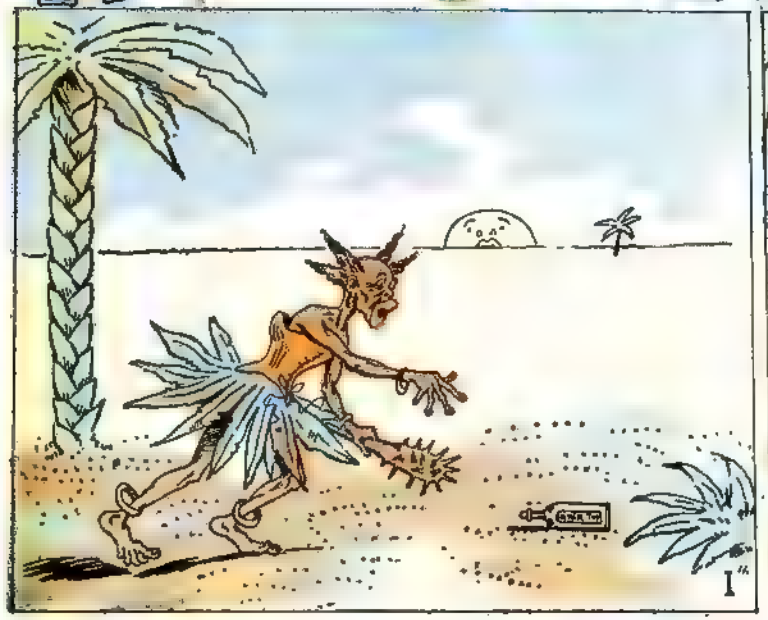
PAPA—How did it happen Mr. Stubpen's face was so near Marie's tonight?
MAMMA—He must have been in search of local color.

Cup and All.

HEWITT—I told my wife she made very poor tea.
JEWETT—You should not throw it in her face.
HEWITT—I didn't. She threw it in my face.

THE NATIVE, THE HAIR RESTORER AND THE SNAKE.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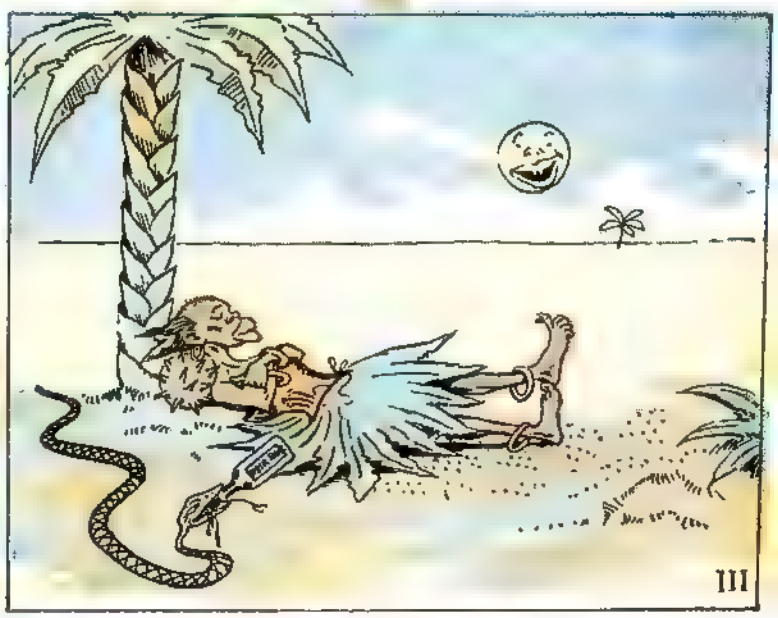
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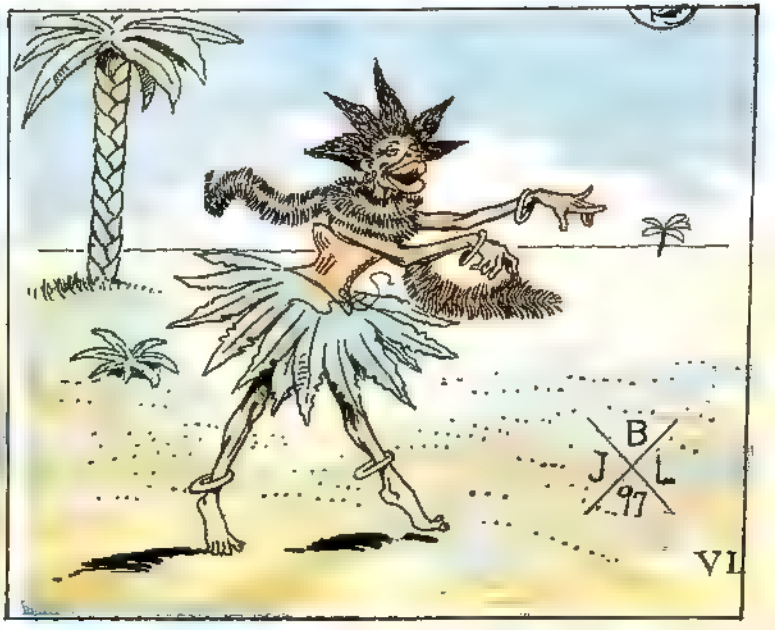

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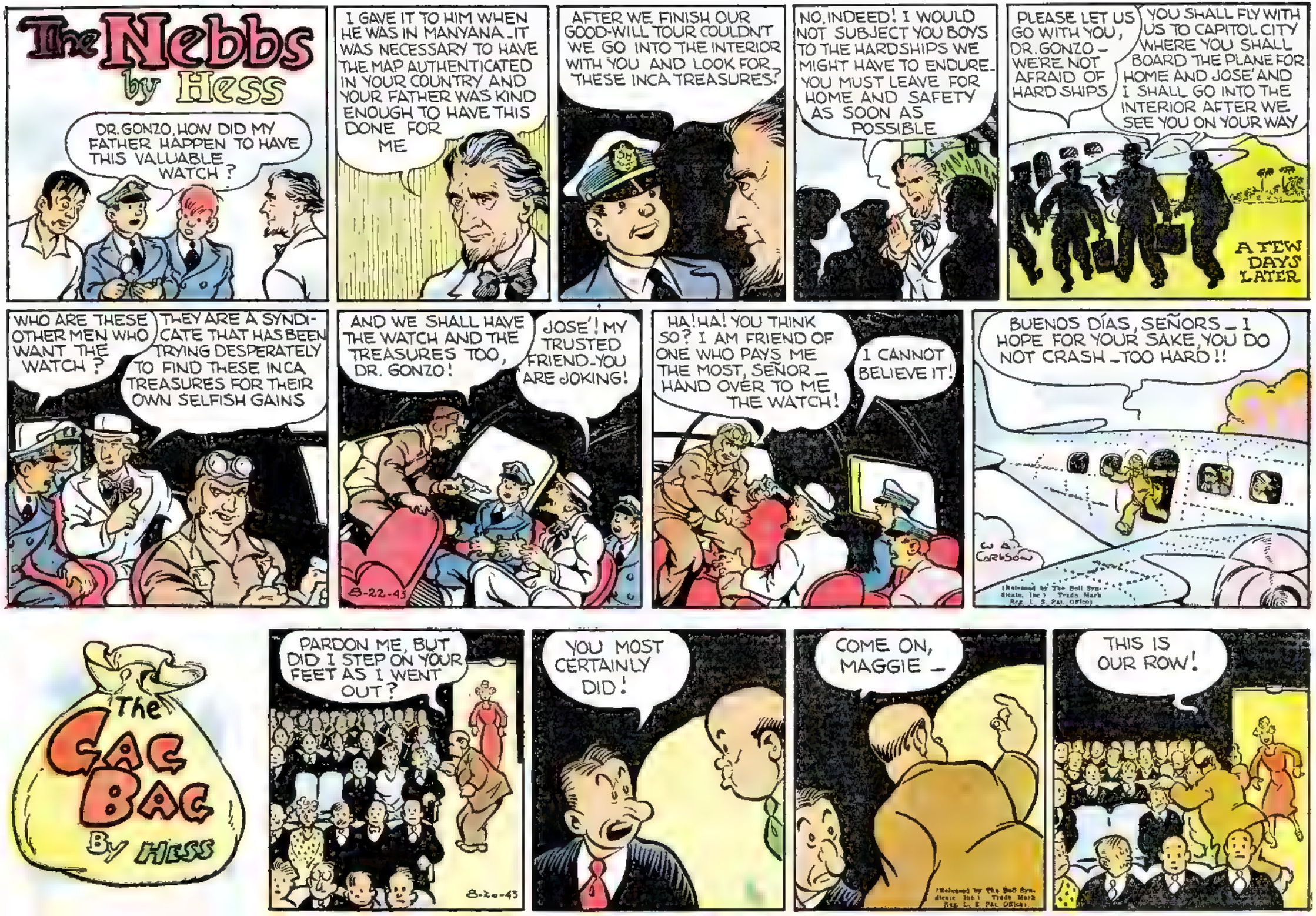

The Nebbs by Hess
DR. GONZO, HOW DID MY FATHER HAPPEN TO HAVE THIS VALUABLE WATCH ?
I GAVE IT TO HIM WHEN HE WAS IN MANYANA - IT WAS NECESSARY TO HAVE THE MAP AUTHENTICATED IN YOUR COUNTRY AND YOUR FATHER WAS KIND ENOUGH TO HAVE THIS DONE FOR ME
AFTER WE FINISH OUR GOOD-WILL TOUR COULDN'T WE GO INTO THE INTERIOR WITH YOU AND LOOK FOR THESE INCA TREASURES?
NO, INDEED! I WOULD NOT SUBJECT YOU BOYS TO THE HARDSHIPS WE MIGHT HAVE TO ENDURE - YOU MUST LEAVE FOR HOME AND SAFETY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE
PLEASE LET US GO WITH YOU, DR. GONZO - WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF HARD SHIPS
YOU SHALL FLY WITH US TO CAPITOL CITY WHERE YOU SHALL BOARD THE PLANE FOR HOME AND JOSE' AND I SHALL GO INTO THE INTERIOR AFTER WE SEE YOU ON YOUR WAY
A FEW DAYS LATER
WHO ARE THESE OTHER MEN WHO WANT THE WATCH ?
THEY ARE A SYNDICATE THAT HAS BEEN TRYING DESPERATELY TO FIND THESE INCA TREASURES FOR THEIR OWN SELFISH GAINS
AND WE SHALL HAVE THE WATCH AND THE TREASURES TOO, DR. GONZO!
JOSE'! MY TRUSTED FRIEND - YOU ARE JOKING!
8-22-43
HA! HA! YOU THINK SO? I AM FRIEND OF ONE WHO PAYS ME THE MOST, SEÑOR - HAND OVER TO ME THE WATCH!
I CANNOT BELIEVE IT!
BUENOS DÍAS, SEÑORS - I HOPE FOR YOUR SAKE, YOU DO NOT CRASH - TOO HARD !!
W. A. CARLSON
(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)
The GAG BAG By HESS
PARDON ME, BUT DID I STEP ON YOUR FEET AS I WENT OUT?
8-20-43
YOU MOST CERTAINLY DID!
COME ON, MAGGIE -
(Released by The Bell Syndicate Inc.) Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)
THIS IS OUR ROW!

Is this Miss. Bowell's room?-I'm Sylvia Thorne.
yes— make your self at home
I think you will like it here after you meet the gang. There's a dance tomorrow nite if you'll go I'll see that you have a good time. I know lots of boys and girls.
After I show you your room I'll show you the Kampus
The motto of this school is "Live and Learn" every thing you are hot to know. There the boys now Hi-Boys!

ent crisis in the nation's history has again forced thought-

demagogues are passing!

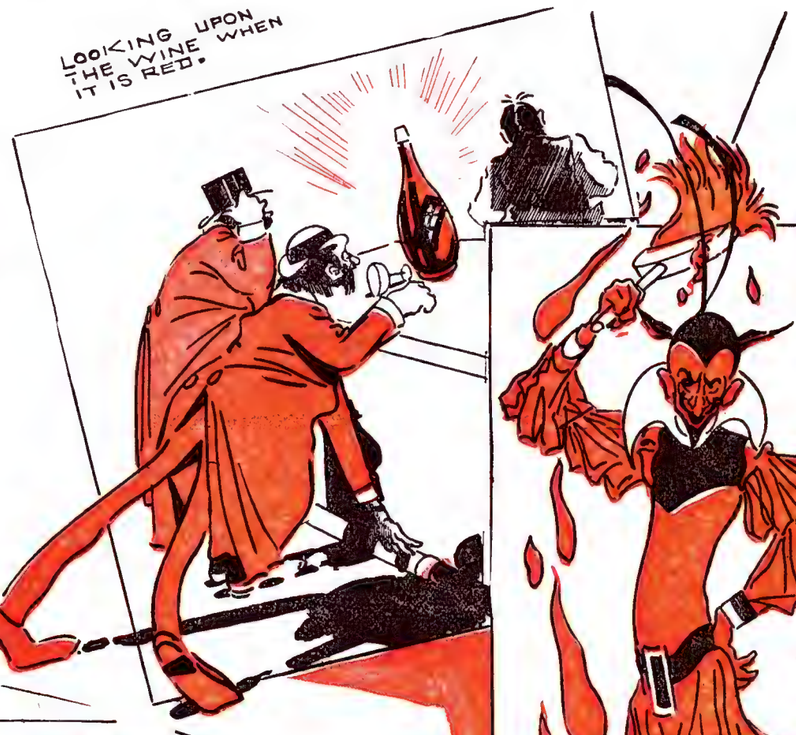
tasies caused by Americanized propaganda, hokum and rackets.

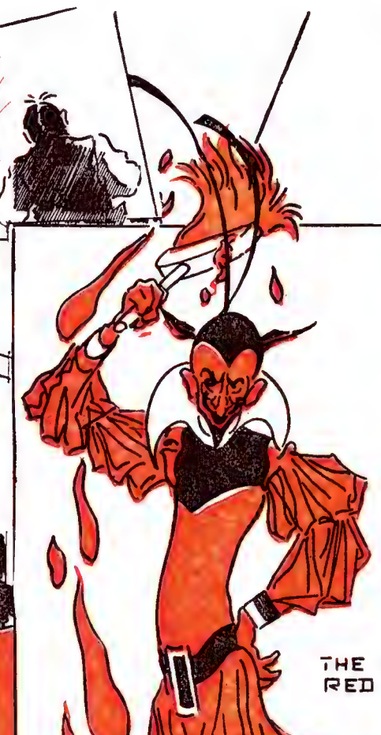
* * * * *

Whatta Life!

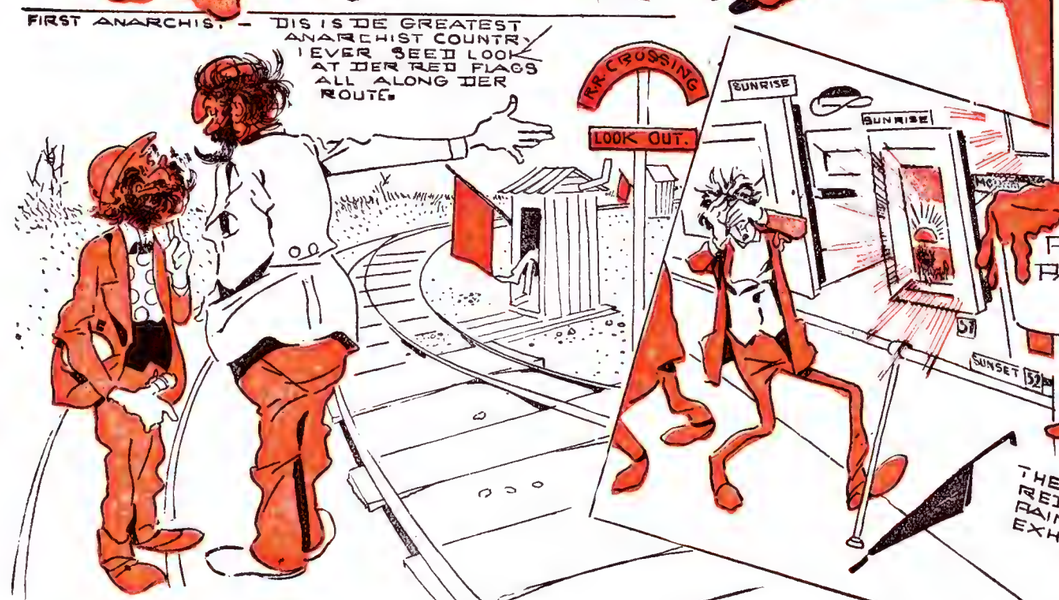
Hey! whatsa matter?
You heard the teacher when she said you couldnt be punished for something ya did do didnt you?
yeth
Well I didnt do something and I had to stay after school
what dincha do?
I didnt do my Homework!

SCAN THESE NINE RED JOKES O'ER AND O'ER
AND IF YOU DO NOT SEE THEIR WIT,
WHY, HOLD THEM UP BEFORE A BULL,
AND THEN PERHAPS THEY'LL MAKE A HIT.





HARDUP KENNY— ITS TOUGH WHEN A MAN HAS TER TAKE A JOB LIKE DIS IN A TOWN WHERE BULLS ARE ALLOWED IN DER STREETS.
AUCTION TO DAY AT CASEY'S


FIRST ANARCHIST.— DIS IS DE GREATEST ANARCHIST COUNTRY I EVER SEED LOOK AT DER RED FLAGS ALL ALONG DER ROUTE.
RR CROSSING
LOOK OUT.
SUNRISE
SUNRISE
SUNSET 57

THE NOBODIES OF SANTA CLAUS LAND, DISCOVERED BY A MODERN COLUMBUS.

VI.

CINDERELLA AND ALADDIN.

"There are other fairies all over this land,
And some people who form quite a separate band.
Of some, I am sure, you'll be glad to hear,
For they're in the books that I gave you last year.
Surely you are not the kind of a 'fellah'
Not to remember that dear Cinderella
On the border she lives, with her children three,
And seems just as happy as happy can be.
Near by her is Beauty, the queen of each feast,
With her own charming prince, not that horrid great beast,
And there is Aladdin, a jolly, bright scamp,
Who forever is singing and swinging his lamp.
His small Chinese fairies sing quite a queer song
But soon you will meet them—they'll all be along
For they each are invited to our Xmas tree,
The important Somebodies, from over the sea,
And the tall, Anybodies, a queer lot to see,
Who also live here at the big polar sea."
Nick laughed and said,—"How very queer it all seems!
Much grander than any of my fondest dreams.
Why, dear Santy Claus, then can it be true
That great Jack the Giant Killer lives up here too?"
"Though I might talk to you for days and for nights
I could never describe all the wonderful sights—
In fact, the Nobodies are scouring each nook
And are writing about it a wonderful book.
Birdies and butterflies, crickets and bees,
Whose homes are in summer mid flowers and trees,
When the first wintry blasts of November appear
Come flying in haste to make to make their homes here.
But come, little fellows, my own little kin,
Let feasting run high and again fun begin
With happiest mirth and bright Xmas cheer
Show little Nick Claus what we do here."
All the time Santy was talking to Nick
The fairies were saying, "Why don't he be quick?"
For they had been busily laying their plans,
And at Santy's word with great joy clapped their hands.
Here one of the Emeralds, named Verdi, a wag
Said, "Some of you fellows form into a flag."
Rubies and Diamonds and bright Sapphires, too,
Formed into a flag of red, white and blue.
Mid shouting and cheering, much laughter and clamor,
The band started loudly "The Star Spangled Banner."
With others a bright English flag was now seen
And the fifers then piped out "God Save the Queen."
A large German flag next came into view,
And then all the others, of various hue.
A flag like a rainbow appeared to the right,
Which indeed was, believe me, a very fine sight.
Here Nick, quite bewildered, said, "I never knew
That there was a flag of such varied hue."
'Come here," said dear Santy "and sit on my knee,
And I'll tell you how it all happened to be
Nicholonia is the name of our country so dear,
We've a flag of our own we use always to cheer.
Bright colors in stripes across it appear,
The colors form into a big rainbow clear
Matching birthstones for each month of the year,
In the centre is pictured a Nobody, dear."

(Copyright, S. R. Mascarchis, 1897.)

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

$100 PRIZE FOR A FUNNY IDEA.

The Sunday World will pay $100 for the best suggestion for a new comic series received before May 1 1906. It must be for a new character or characters similar to those now appearing in the Funny Side, and outlined for a series to continue from week to week. It is not necessary that drawings shall accompany the suggestions—a written description of the "idea" and its development is all that will be required. In this way the contest will be open to everybody—to children, as well as grown-ups.

Address, Editor of the Funny Side of the World, Box 1,354, New York Post-Office.

Funny Side

SUNDAY, MAR. 25 1906

SECTION OF

The World

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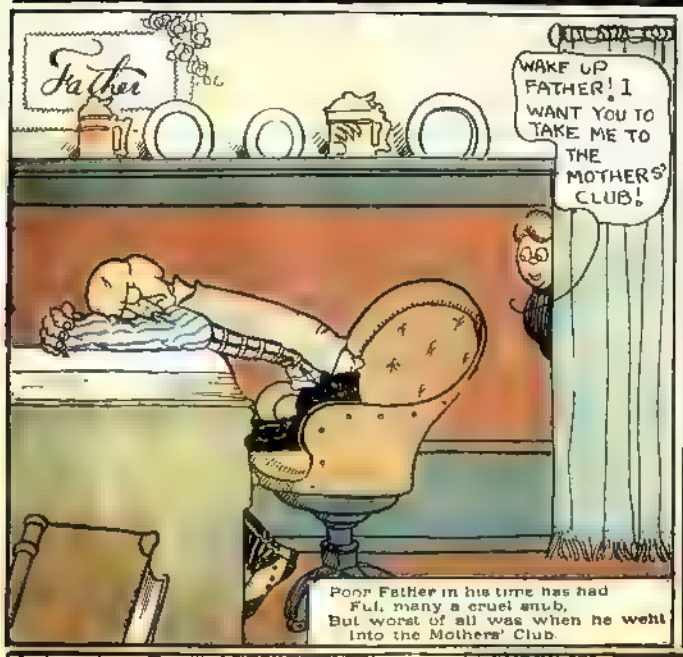
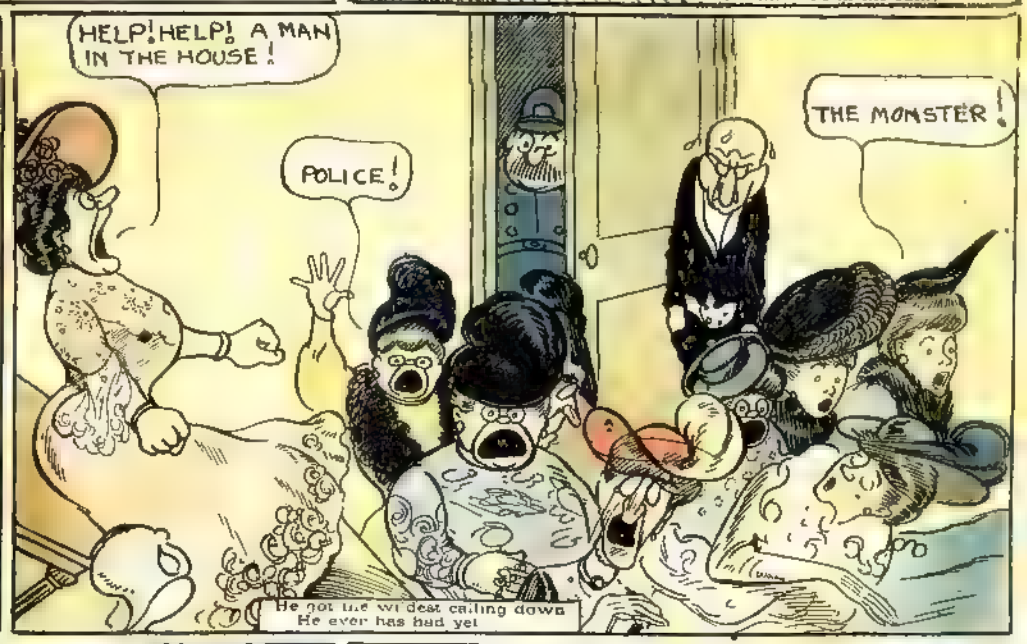
FATHER AT THE MOTHERS' CLUB

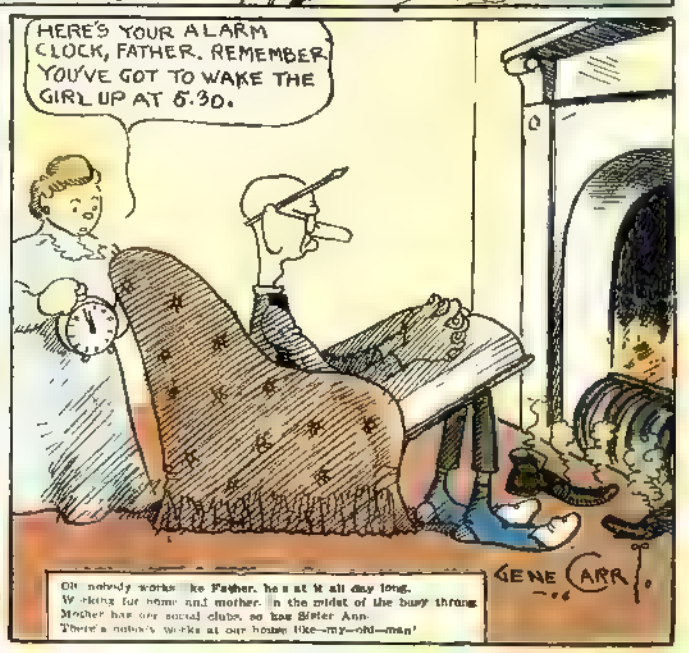
NOBODY WORKS LIKE FATHER. BY GENE CARR


Father
WAKE UP FATHER! I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME TO THE MOTHERS' CLUB!
Poor Father in his time has had
Ful, many a cruel snub,
But worst of all was when he went
Into the Mothers' Club.

MOTHERS' CLUB MEETING TONIGHT SUBJECT "THE TYRANT MAN"
STAY RIGHT HERE, FATHER! I'LL BE OUT AS SOON AS THE MEETING IS OVER!
My mother left him at the door
And told him to remain,

DOWN WITH THE TYRANT MAN—THE AUTHOR OF ALL OUR WRONGS!
GOOD!
HEAR HEAR!
RIGHT YOU ARE!
BRAVO!
When he's leaked softly in the room
To get out of the wet,



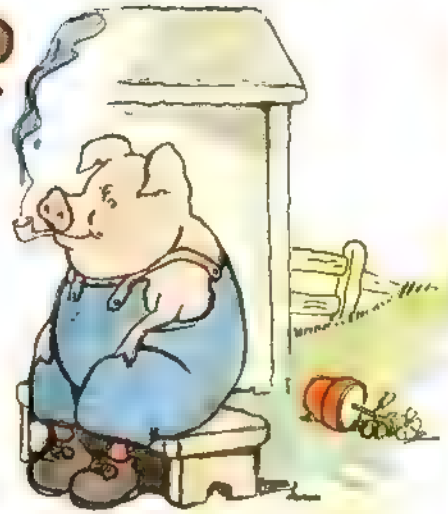

HERE'S YOUR ALARM CLOCK, FATHER. REMEMBER YOU'VE GOT TO WAKE THE GIRL UP AT 5.30.
Oh nobody works like Father, he's at it all day long.
Working for home and mother in the midst of the busy throng
Mother has our social clubs, so has Sister Ann
There's nobody works at our house like—my—old—man!
GENE CARR

Nursery Rhymes for the Scrap Book.

The Five Little Pigs.

Copyrighted, 1905, by the American-Journal-Examiner.

This Little Pig
Went to Market,

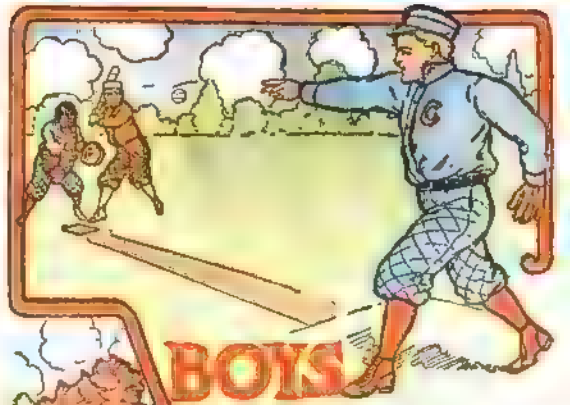


This little Pig
Stayed at Home.

This Little Pig
Had none,

This Little Pig
Had Roast Beef.

This Little Pig cried
"Wee-Wee-Wee!"
All the way Home!



BOYS

HERE'S A CHANCE TO GET A COMPLETE
BASEBALL
OUTFIT ABSOLUTELY FREE

All Express Charges Prepaid. This baseball outfit consists of flannel shirt, laced front, well padded pants, college style cap and double strapped worsted belt. COLOR: Beautiful light gray. A handsome outfit and one any boy will be proud of owning!

BOYS, Send No Money.

We trust you. Write at once and we will send you thirty-two of our superior quality, soft finished hemstitched handkerchiefs. Sell them at 10c. each and send us the $3.20, and the very day we receive the money we will send you a complete baseball outfit, absolutely free, all express charges prepaid.

AMERICAN HANDKERCHIEF CO., 52 West 14th St., NEW YORK.

GIRLS

BEAUTIFUL SILK PARASOLS FREE!

Express Charges Prepaid.

MADE OF THE FINEST JAP SILK, with two ruffles of the same material and fine silk puffs. The very best imported Congo handles and fine steel frames. Run and hemmed with silk. Colors: Pink, light and dark blue, purple, helio and white, red, light and dark green.

GIRLS, Send No Money. WE TRUST YOU. WRITE AT ONCE and we will send you thirty-two of our superior quality soft finished, hemstitched handkerchiefs. SELL THEM AT 10c EACH, and send us the $3.20, and the very day we receive the money we will send you your choice of any of our beautiful silk parasols, any color or size you desire ABSOLUTELY FREE. ALL EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID.

AMERICAN HANDKERCHIEF CO. 52 West 14th St., NEW YORK.

54

The OLD GLORY Story

by RICK FLETCHER and ATHENA ROBBINS

TO ORGANIZE DISCIPLINED MILITARY REGIMENTS FROM THOSE FREEDOM-LOVING MEN WHO RUSHED TO JOIN THE PATRIOT ARMY WAS A TASK WHICH DROVE GENERAL WASHINGTON TO DESPAIR.

HE THOUGHT THEY LOOKED MOST UNSOLDIERLY. GUNPOWDER MIXED WITH DRIED VENISON IN THEIR PACKS, AND PERHAPS A FRYING PAN OR COFFEEPOT WAS BROUGHT FROM HOME.

OFFICERS WERE ELECTED BY THE MEN, AND WASHINGTON DISLIKED THE LACK OF DISTINCTION BETWEEN THEM. IT INFURIATED HIM TO FIND A CAVALRY OFFICER — MAYBE HE WAS A BARBER BACK HOME — SHAVING ONE OF HIS MEN.

YET WASHINGTON RECOGNIZED HIS ARMY'S FIGHTING QUALITIES. IN BOSTON HE ASKED A LITTLE GIRL WHICH SOLDIERS SHE PREFERRED. "THE REDCOATS!" SHE REPLIED. "YES, THEY LOOK BETTER — BUT IT TAKES THE RAGGED BOYS TO DO THE FIGHTING," THEIR GENERAL SAID.

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MORE FLAGS MIGHT HELP INSPIRE A MILITARY SPIRIT, WASHINGTON HOPED. ON FEB. 20, 1776, HE FIRST ORDERED THE COLONELS TO SEE THAT THEIR REGIMENTS ACQUIRED STANDARDS, SUGGESTING THE USE OF MOTTOES.

CONNECTICUT REGIMENTS ALREADY HAD BANNERS. PENNSYLVANIA RIFLEMEN OF THE FIRST CONTINENTAL REGIMENT PROMPTLY OBTAINED A GREEN AND RED FLAG.

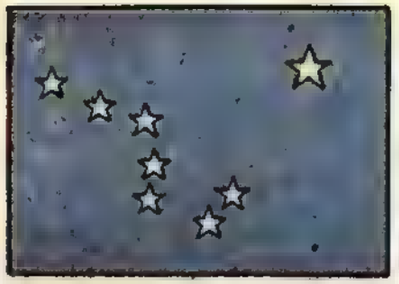
TO THOSE WHO DELAYED, WASHINGTON REPEATED HIS ORDER IN MAY, URGING HASTE. "WE EXPECT A BLOODY SUMMER," HE PREDICTED.

19

FLAG FACTS and FABLES

by RICK FLETCHER and ATHENA ROBBINS

WHEN SECRETARY OF STATE WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD PERSUADED CONGRESS IN 1867 TO PURCHASE ALASKA FROM RUSSIA, IT WAS OUR FIRST STEP IN ACQUIRING TERRITORY NOT ADJACENT TO THE UNITED STATES. AN ACT OF CONGRESS MADE ALASKA A TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1912.



THE BLUE AND GOLD OF ALASKA'S FLAG ARE SYMBOLIC OF ITS NATURAL BEAUTY AND WEALTH.

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THE GOLD OF THE STARS SUGGESTS THE SHINING PRECIOUS METAL WHICH HAS LONG LURED PROSPECTORS TO ALASKA'S HILLS AND STREAMS.

SEVEN OF THE STARS IN ALASKA'S FLAG FORM THE CONSTELLATION *URSA MAJOR*, THE *GREAT BEAR*, WHICH CAN BE SEEN SO CLEARLY IN THE NORTH SKY. THE EIGHTH STAR IS *POLARIS*, THE *NORTH STAR* — THAT STEADFAST GUIDE TO MARINERS, EXPLORERS, AND WOODSMEN.

54

Advertisement

HERE'S A SURE WAY to please pipe-smokers. At Christmas time delight them with the Christmas-wrapped one-pound tin humidor, or a one-pound real glass humidor, of America's leading smoking tobacco—PRINCE ALBERT—an appealing, yet inexpensive gift.

PRINCE ALBERT is specially "crimp cut" and "no-bite" treated to burn cooler, smoke milder. Yet P. A. tastes rich, full-bodied without harshness.

● Check the pipe-smokers on your list and give them this gay Christmas-wrapped one-pound tin of the world's largest-selling smoking tobacco. Millions of smokers know that P. A. is the COOL-SMOKING tobacco—so MILD, yet so rich and tasty.

PRINCE ALBERT

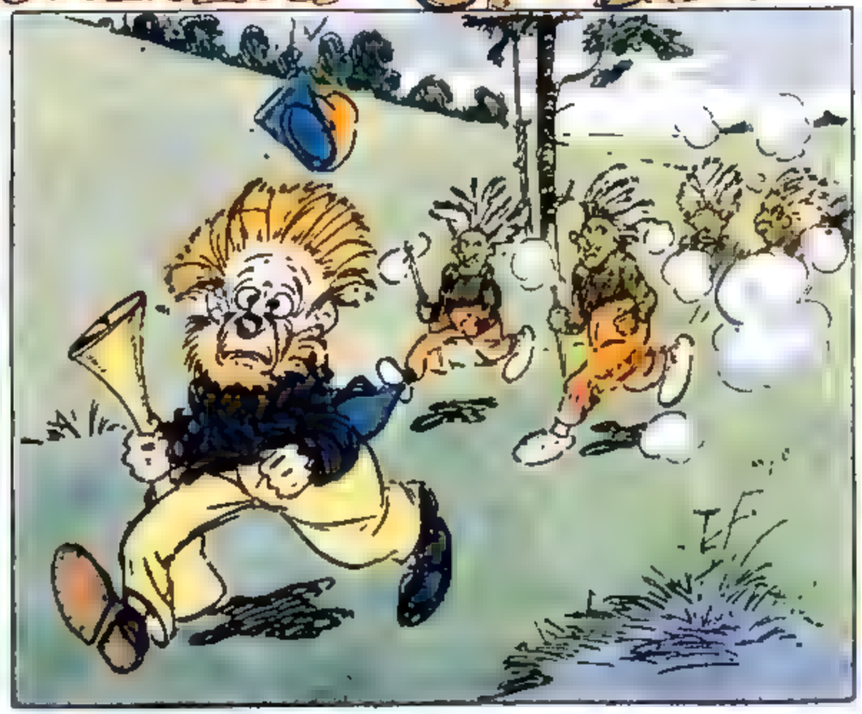
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

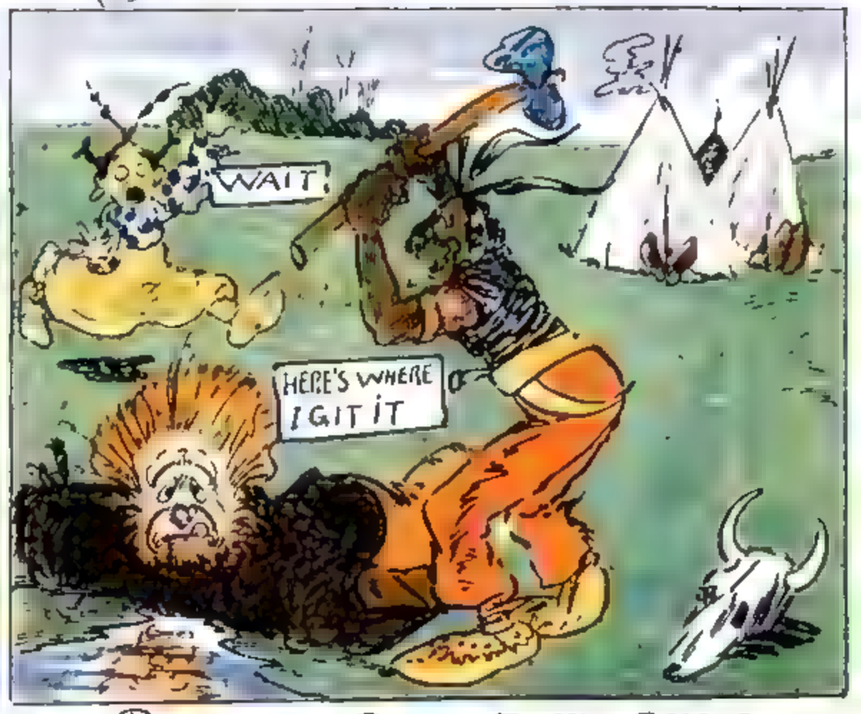
THE MODERN POSTER CATCHES THE EYE AND HOLDS IT, TOO.

Pocahontas Up-to-Date

CAPT JOHN STOPS TO THINK IT OVER



WHEN HE IS SURPRISED BY THE INDIANS



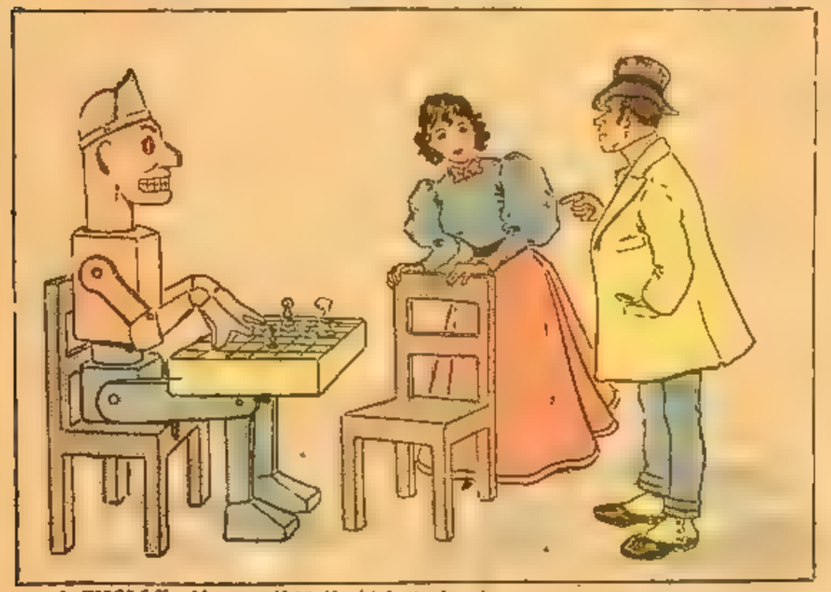
POCOMONTAS RUSHES TO THE RESCUE –

INTERCEDES FOR HIM

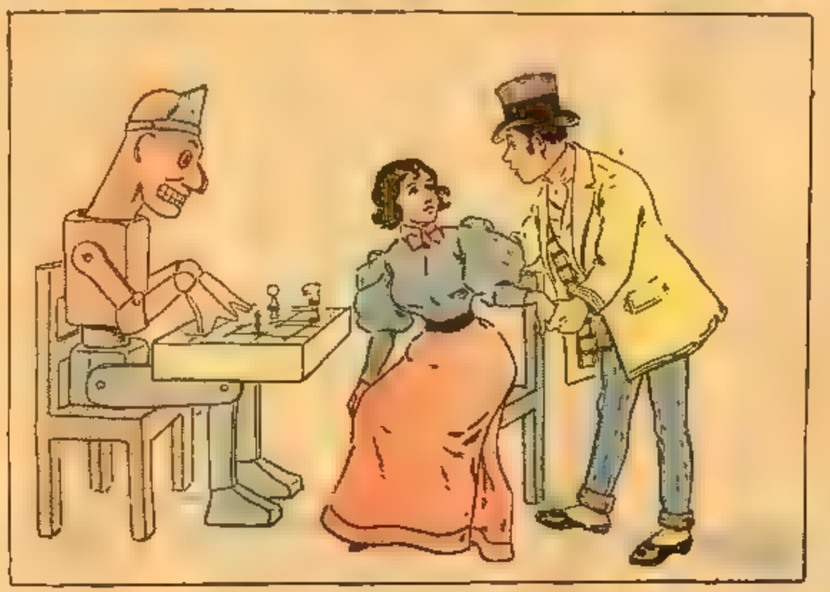
AND SHELTERS HIM – AND – THEY

LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER

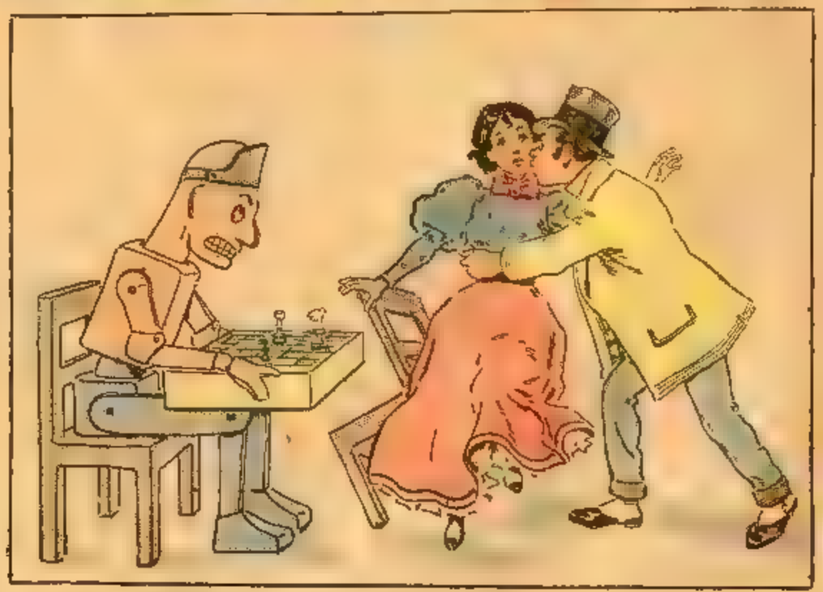
CAN YOU BLAME THE AUTOMATON?



1. CHOLLY—Ah, sweetheart! At last alone!
THE AUTOMATIC CHESS PLAYER—Gee! something's going to happen!



2. CHOLLY—One little kiss, my tootsy-cootsy!
THE A. C. P.—I can't stand this!



3. CHOLLY—Oose 'itty cotsy-wootsy woozy is oo?
THE A. C. P.—Gosh! this is getting warm.

A Reflection on His Wares.

Broncho Bill leaned moodily against his bar. "It ill becomes me," he remarked slowly, with a note of sadness in his voice, "to speak disrespectful of the dead, but I mus' say, boys, that even at ther last Cactus Clarence done me dirt.

"I've fed that onery galoot on me best drinks w'en he wuz broke, an' w'en he had dust I wuz allus ther fust ter drink with him. How duz he repay my kindness? Why, he's heapin' insults upon me from the grave—insults that I caint answer, which is bound ter bring down my gray hairs."

"I don't see, Bill," said Setemup Sam, "where the perticler insult comes in. It was a disgrace to the gan'ral community that Cactus should die of water on the brain, but that aint nothin' to you."

"It aint?" Broncho Bill cried fiercely. "Ware'd that thar water come from?" he asked. "Didn't Cactus allus take his drinks straight? No, boys, I tell yer I've been done dirt. Liquor goes to the head, you know, an' if Cactus Clarence died of water on the brain he hinted in a low down way that my liquor is adulterated, which, 'fore the Lord, isn't so."

And in his grief Broncho Bill absent-mindedly set up the drinks.

The Face.

MAMMA—And here is baby.

CALLER—Dear me How very strongly its features favor your make of bicycle.

Frank.

THE HEIRESS—Tell me why you love me, Count.

THE COUNT—There are a million reasons.

A Tight Hold.

MISS KITTISH—What do you mean by saying that Miss Fosdick holds her age well?

MISS FOSDICK—She never gives it away.

Defined.

TOMMY—Pop, what's a designing villain?

PAPA—A poster artist, my son.

4. "Take that, and learn to make love in private!"

A Great Privation.

"These are very hard times," said Mrs. Hempack, of Chicago, to Mrs. Dearborn.

"Indeed they are," replied the latter. "They are so hard that I have decided to make my last year's divorce last me until next year."

The Reason.

"Why do you always have your letters with receipted bills in them marked "Personal?"

"So everyone that gets a glimpse of them will read them."

Compliments.

"I have been referred to in the newspapers as a professional beauty," she said boastfully

"I am glad I am only an amateur," said her young rival.

Advantages of a Musical Education.

"The fact that I was a good musician," said the lady from Johnstown, "was the means of saving my life during the flood in our town a few years ago."

"How was that?" asked the young lady who sang

"When the water struck our house my husband got on the folding bed and floated down the stream until he was rescued."

"And what did you do?"

"Well, I accompanied him upon the piano."

No Good.

GENIUS—I've got an idea for a patent that's simply worth millions. It's an inseparable collar button attached to every shirt. What do you think of it?

PHILOSOPHER—It isn't worth a cent. No man wants to go down on his knees every morning and poke his shirt out from under the dresser with a stick.

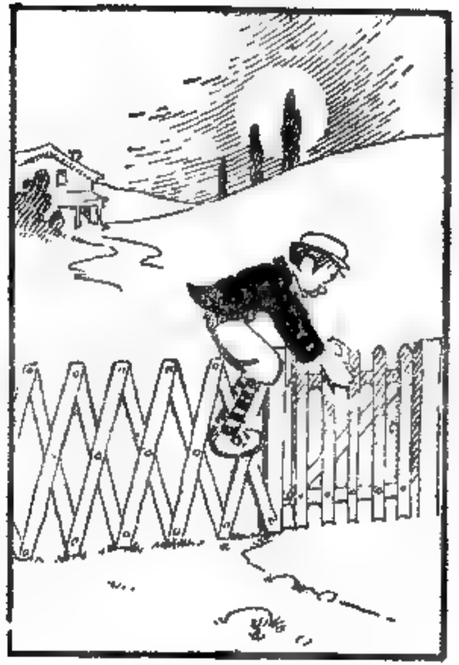
She Got the Engagement.

MISS SERE—Well, if you must have the plain truth, you're too young and pretty to be my maid.

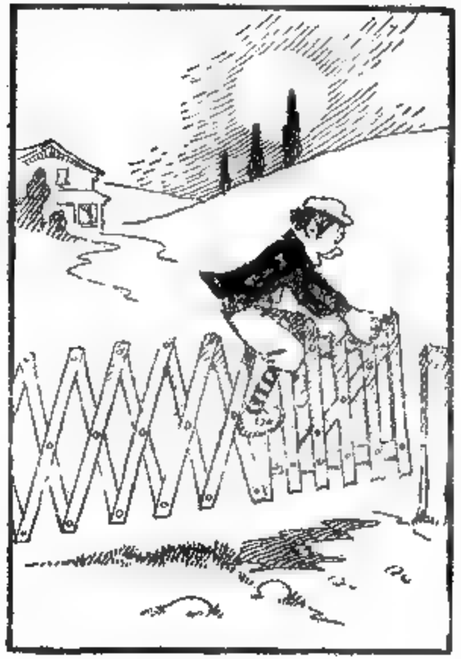
APPLICANT—But, Ma'm'selle, you can say that I nursed you during your childhood.

ON RETRIBUTION ISLAND.

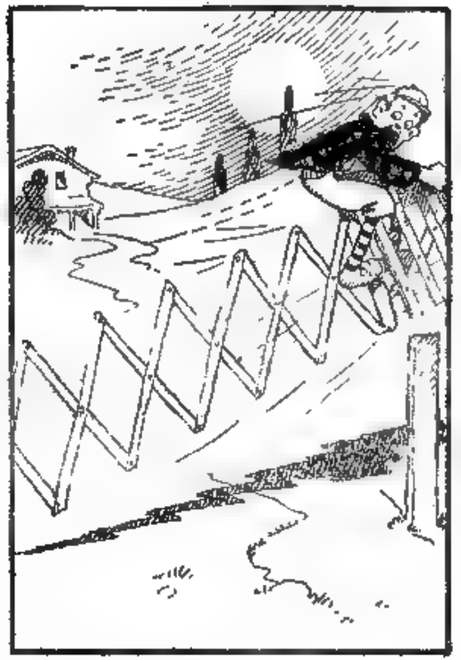
Naughty Ned—"Well, its about dusk and here's a gate.



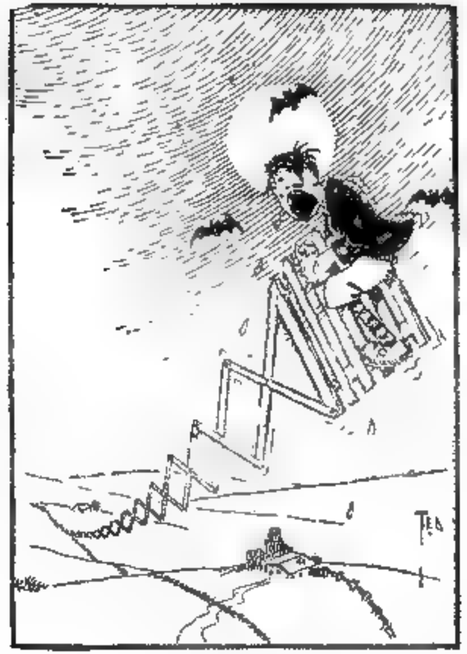
"Never mind its being an enchanted island. I'm——



"Going to lift this gate and carry it away, even if——



"Ow! What's the matter with it! Stop! Stop!



"Lemme off and I'll never touch another one!"

ON THE HOME FRONT

By C. Kessler

YOU BRING YOUR RATIONS TO OUR HOUSE NEXT WEEK AND I'LL COOK THE DINNER!

IS THIS OUR BUTTER OR YOURS?

WILL YOU HAVE ONE OF OUR EIGHT-POINT CHOPS, OR SOME OF YOUR SIX-POINT LIVER?

(Released by Consolidated News Features)

4-17-43

GUESTS — A LA RATIONING

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BY ALAIN DAW

C'MON, BOOTS - I'LL SHOW YOU SOME OF THE PRETTIEST SCENERY YOU EVER SAW —

YES SIR! THIS IS BEAUTIFUL SCENERY -

HOLD ON TIGHT -

1-16 ©1927 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

OH, MR. AND MRS WIMBLE, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! — JUST WISHING SOMEBODY WOULD DROP IN! —

THANKS! — I SAID TO LESTER AT DINNER, LET'S CALL ON THE HOOPLES! —

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU HAVE EVER MET MY HUSBAND — AMOS, THIS IS MRS AND MR. WIMBLE!

HOW DO YOU DO!

PLEASED TO MEET YOU!

WIMBLE? — EGAD, BY ANY CHANCE RELATED TO SIR RUFUS WIMBLE OF LONDON? — A DEAR FRIEND OF MINE!

YOU MEN CAN HAVE THE PARLOR WHILE FLORA AND I LOOK AT SOME DRESS MATERIAL!

WE AWAIT YOUR RETURN WITH ANXIETY!

PRETTY FAIR CIGAR MR GOOPLE, PARDON, — I MEAN TOOPLE! —

IT'S HOOPLE, SIR — I AM A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF DUKE LANKSWORTH HOOPLE! — YAS —

HM-M — IT APPEARS I MUST IMPRESS UPON THIS PERSON THAT HE IS IN THE PRESENCE OF CULTURE AND DIGNITY

HA — A PICTURE OF NAPOLEON ON HIS WAY TO ST HELENA FOR EXILE! — POOR OLD BONAPARTE!

MOST EXTRAORDINARY THING Y'KNOW, MR. WIMBLE, — SO FEW PEOPLE CAN TELL YOU WHERE ST. HELENA IS LOCATED! — HAVEN'T EVEN THE REMOTEST IDEA, EGAD!

WHY, I THOUGHT EVERYBODY KNEW! — I'VE KNOWN WHERE ST. HELENA IS SINCE I'VE BEEN A KID! —

THE ISLAND OF ST. HELEN IS OFF THE SOUTHWESTERN COAST OF AFRICA, — SEVENTEEN DEGREES LATITUDE OF THE EQUATOR, — AND ABOUT A THOUSAND MILES WEST OF MOSSAMEDES! —

EGAD, — AND I WAS GOING TO SAY IT WAS NEAR AUSTRALIA!

TO HIMSELF

BY THE WAY, ROOPLE, — EVER BEEN TO AFRICA?

EVER BEEN TO AFRICA? — HAW, — BLESS YOU, SIR, — I'VE SPENT ELEVEN YEARS IN AFRICA! — KNOW EVERY INCH OF IT, EGAD! —

GOOD! — THEN WE HAVE MUCH IN COMMON TO TALK ABOUT! — I WORKED IN THE KIMBERLEY DIAMOND DISTRICT FOR TEN YEARS! —

SO? — AH, YES, — YES, — HM-M — M!

BEG PARDON, — BUT I BELIEVE I HEARD THE PHONE RING! —

I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING!

HELLO! — WHO? — OH, IS THAT YOU CHARLEY? BY JOVE, — I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT, — I'LL BE RIGHT OVER, — YES! —

THE BIG BLUFFER, — — HAS HIS FINGER ON THE RECEIVER HOOK!

©1927 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

EGAD, WIMBLE, — THAT WAS RADIO STATION K-O-F-F, — MY WORD, — FORGOT THAT I WAS TO GIVE A RADIO LECTURE TONIGHT, — TRUST YOU WILL PARDON ME!

SURE THING — — RUN ALONG! —

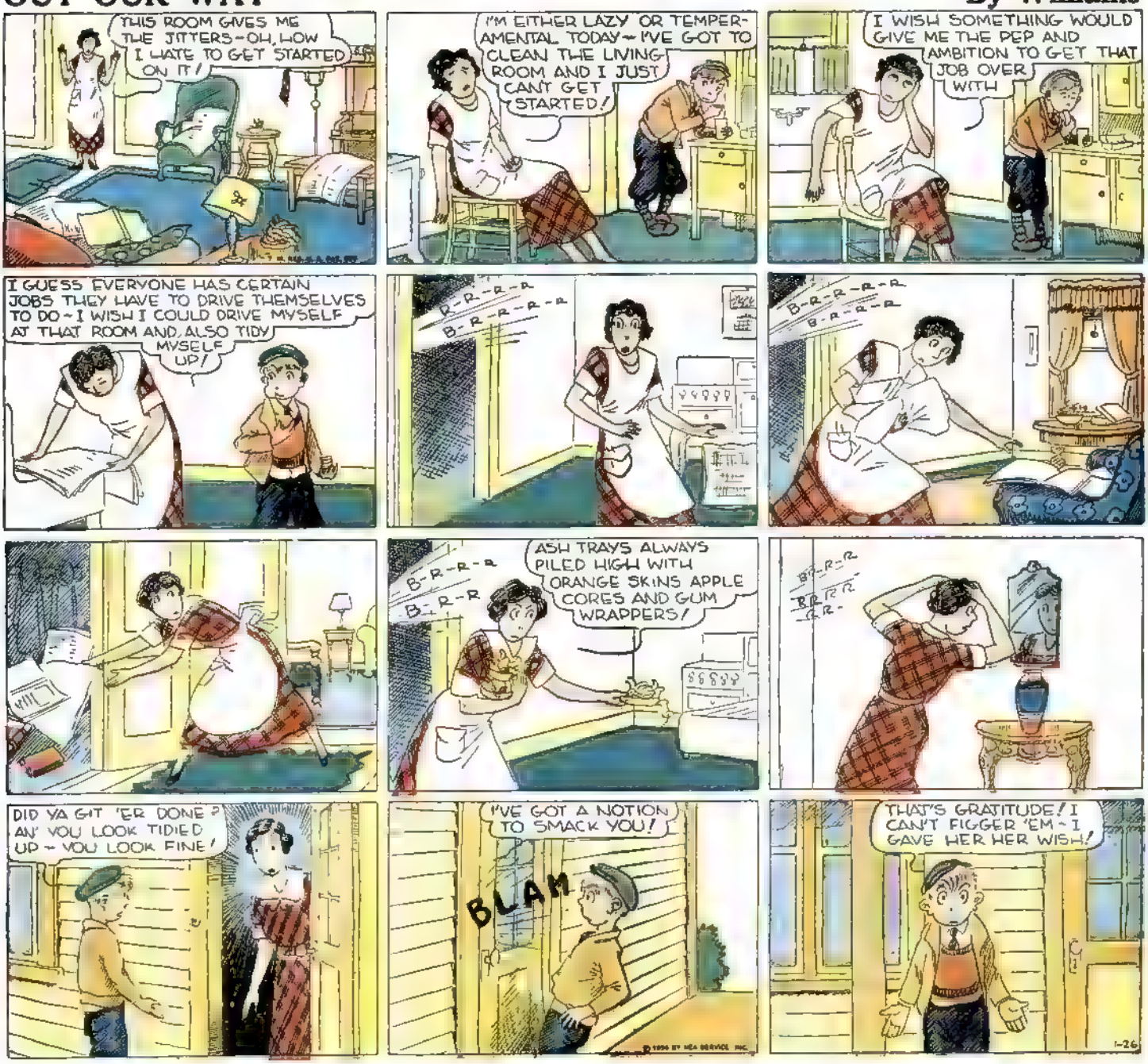
GIVE 'EM A LECTURE ON AFRICA!

GENE AHERN 1-16-27

OTTO HONK
HM-M-M FOOTPRINTS!
TO BE A GOOD DETECTIVE, YOU GOTTA FOLLOW A CLUE AN' THIS IS GONNA BE EASY, 'CAUSE THEY'RE STILL FRESH—
YSSIR—I'LL HAVE FUN FINDIN' THE ONE WHO MADE THESE TRACKS.
'AT'S FUNNY—NOW THERE ARE TWO TRACKS
-AND NOW THREE—
MUST BE A GANG O' CROOKS—
WHATCHA DOIN', MISTER?
TRACKIN' DOWN CRIMINALS
HAW-HAW-HAW!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT?
I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FROM MY HOUSE ON TH' HILL—AND YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR OWN FOOTPRINTS FOR THE LAST COUPLA HOURS.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams


THIS ROOM GIVES ME THE JITTERS—OH, HOW I HATE TO GET STARTED ON IT!
I'M EITHER LAZY OR TEMPERAMENTAL TODAY—I'VE GOT TO CLEAN THE LIVING ROOM AND I JUST CAN'T GET STARTED!
I WISH SOMETHING WOULD GIVE ME THE PEP AND AMBITION TO GET THAT JOB OVER WITH
I GUESS EVERYONE HAS CERTAIN JOBS THEY HAVE TO DRIVE THEMSELVES TO DO—I WISH I COULD DRIVE MYSELF AT THAT ROOM AND ALSO TIDY MYSELF UP!
R-R-R-R
B-R-R-R-R
B-R-R-R-R
B-R-R-R-R
B-R-R
ASH TRAYS ALWAYS PILED HIGH WITH ORANGE SKINS APPLE CORES AND GUM WRAPPERS!
B-R-R
BR-R-R
G-R-
DID YA GIT 'ER DONE? AN' YOU LOOK TIDIED UP—YOU LOOK FINE!
I'VE GOT A NOTION TO SMACK YOU!
BLAM
THAT'S GRATITUDE! I CAN'T FIGGER 'EM—I GAVE HER HER WISH!
1-26

BOWLING
STORIES—COMMENTS—PREDICTIONS—SCORES
News by Billy Sixty!
Billy Sixty, an accomplished strike artist himself, is on the job again for Milwaukee Journal readers. Watch for his daily reports and comments on city leagues as well as important state and national events.
COMPLETE LEAGUE SCORES DAILY IN JOURNAL PEACH!

OZARK IKE'S
WHODUNITS
by RAY GOTTO
WHAT GREAT MOMENT IN SPORTS DOES THIS EPISODE RECALL?
—ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S—
BABE HERMAN-EBBETS FIELD-1926
STEE-RIKE TWO!
HAW! OZARK MAY BE TH' SULTAN OF SWAT IN HIS HOME PARK, BUT HE'S JUST ANOTHER "OUT" IN OUR TOWN!
SEZ WHO?...
...YUH SEE WHAR MAH OZARK'S A-POINTIN' HIS BAT, DON'T-CHA... HE'S SHOWIN' WHAR HE'S GONNA POKE TH' NEX' PITCH!
IN TH' CENTER-FIELD BLEACHERS?..
...I'LL DOFF MY HAT TO ANY GUY WHO CAN CALL A SHOT LIKE THAT!... AND FIVE'LL GETCHA FIFTY THAT OZARK CAN'T! (THE ODDS SHOULD BE A MILLION TO ONE!)
YOU GOT YO'SELF A BET, MISTUH! (AN' HERE'S WHAR AH RUN MAH LAS' NICKEL UP TO FO' BITS!)
Produced by Stephen Slesinger
OZARK IKE
GID-DUP, HOSSHIDE!... TROT YO'SELF RIGHT INTO THEM BLEACHURS!
YUH NEEDN'T TIP YO' HAT, SUH... JUS' HAN' ME TH' FIFTY!
SOMEBUDDY OUGHTA TEACH THESE CITY FOLKS HOW T' COUNT!
FIFTY SKINS
Gotto 10-5
IN A WORLD SERIES GAME A FAMOUS SLUGGER ALSO POINTED TO THE CENTERFIELD BLEACHERS AND DROVE THE NEXT PITCH 435 FEET TO THE EXACT SPOT! WHODUNIT?-ANSWER NEXT WEEK.

PIGGY'S "MOTHER GOOSE."

A very penurious pig
For appearances cared not a fig;
He said I will wear
This bird's nest for hair,
'Twill save the expense of a wig.

Pinky Doolittle Stumps the Goat

Oh! crool, crool, goat.

I must avenge meself.

Such a brilliant idea.

He is about to charge again.

Aha, aha, haw, haw, haw.

I would advise you, Willie, to go way back and sit down.

WOMEN'S SECTION

St. Paul Dispatch

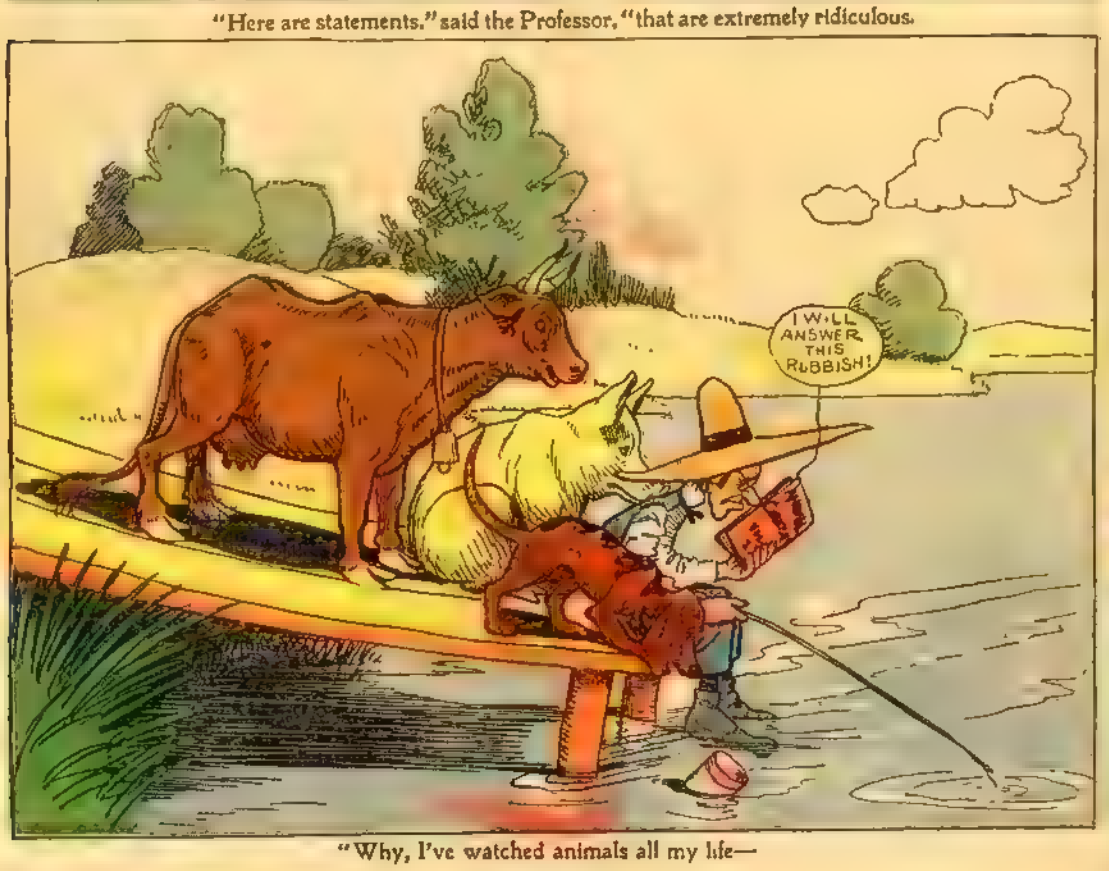
COMIC SECTION

ST. PAUL, MINN., SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1903.

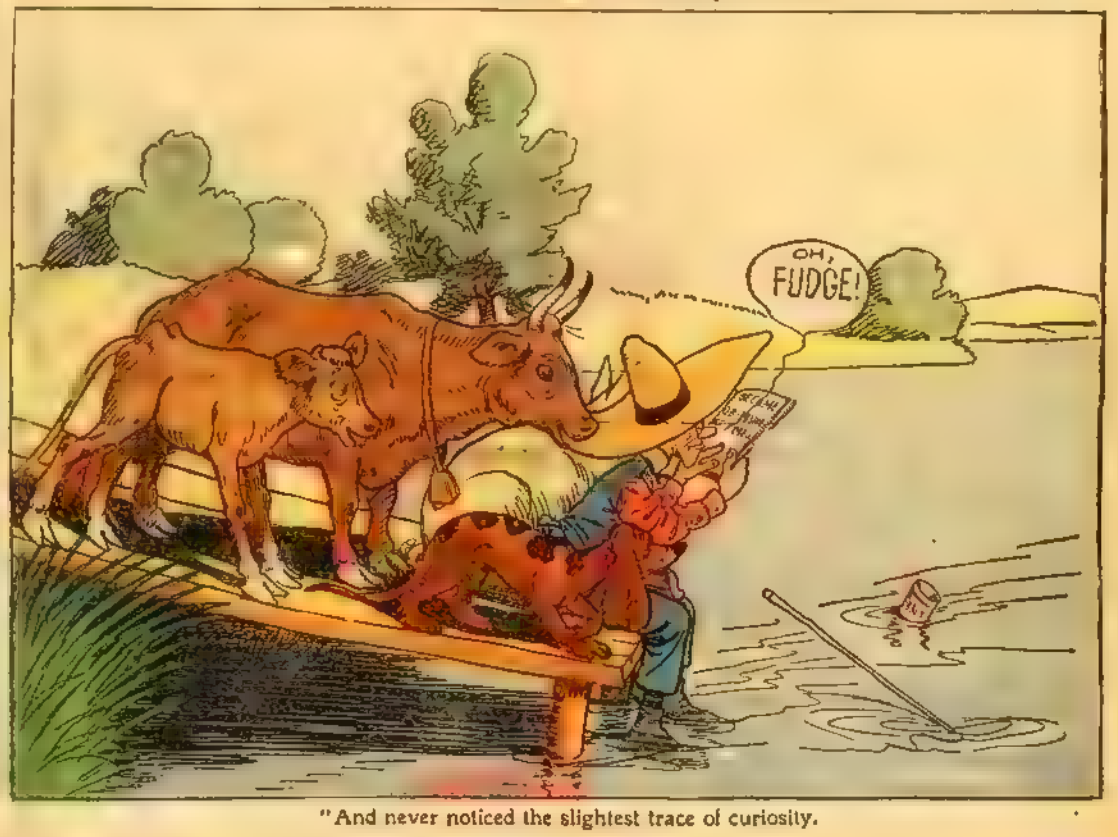
PROFESSOR JYBLITT'S REFUTES A SCIENTIFIC BLUNDER!

"Here are statements," said the Professor, "that are extremely ridiculous.

"A man with the least observation would disprove them.

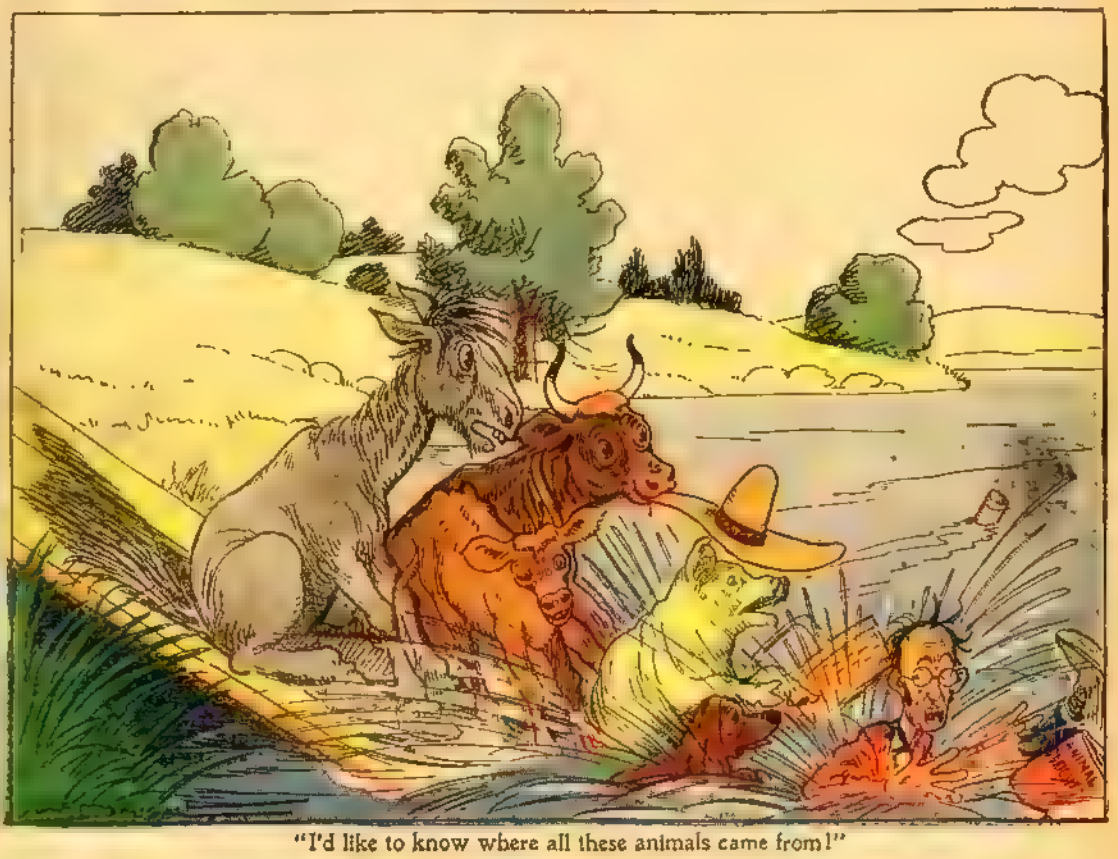


"Why, I've watched animals all my life—



"And never noticed the slightest trace of curiosity.

"How he can make such a—why, goodness me! what's this?



"I'd like to know where all these animals came from!"

PUTTING IT OVER PA

But Think of the Revenge He Had

1.
AND NOW FOR A CIGAR OUT OF THE BOX THAT THE BOSS GAVE ME!
2.
BY JINKS ITS EMPTY!
3.
I SMELL CIGAR SMOKE SOME PLACE!
SNIFF SNIFF
4.
DAUGHTER HAVE YOU SEEN MY CIGARS?
OH FATHER! I FOUND SOME CIGARS IN A BOX ON YOUR TABLE AND I'VE TREATED THE BOYS THEY'RE ENJOYING THEM SO MUCH!
BOW WOW
5.
I'M GLAD YOU KNEW ENOUGH TO KEEP OUTDOORS WITH THAT PIPE!
GUILFORD

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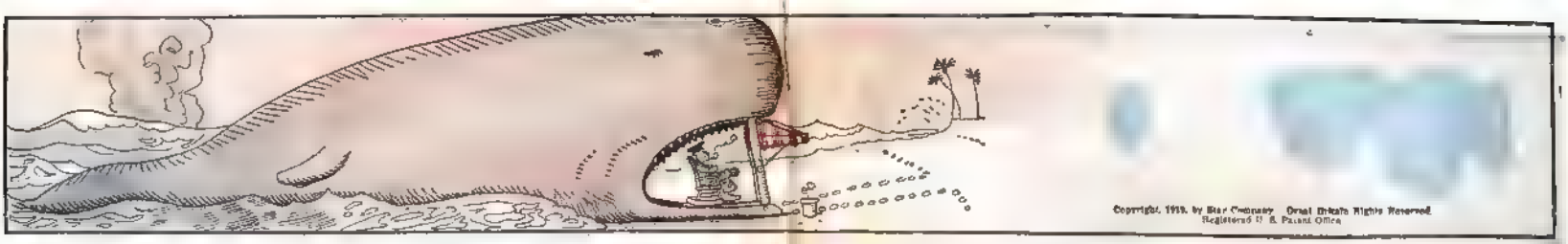

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The Queer Life of Dipsy Beans

PUBLIC ENEMIES Through the Ages

BY EDDIE SULLIVAN — CHARLIE SCHMIDT

The ASSASSINS — CONTINUED —

THE SHIP BEARING HASSAN SABBAH INTO EXILE PUT OUT INTO THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN.

SUDDENLY A STORM AROSE, WHIPPING UP GIGANTIC SEAS..

WHILE PANIC SWEPT THE SUPERSTITIOUS SAILORS, HASSAN, UTTERLY FEARLESS, WAS THINKING FAST.

SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY, HASSAN DECLARED HIMSELF THE LORD'S APPOINTED.....

HIS CONFIDENT MIEN CALMED THE CREW..THE SUN SHONE HASSAN WAS HAILED AS SAVIOR.

RADIO PATROL

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

WHILE PAT STARTS TO "LOOK OVER" FISHERMEN'S PIER - IN RESPONSE TO A CALL - A SECOND MYSTERIOUS VESSEL GLIDES INTO THE WHARF

HERE COME THE BOYS - ARE THE LOOKOUTS SET ?

EVERYTHING'S ROSES, TONY

GET THOSE SACKS UP FAST

WHAT'S UP, GUNNER ?

TONY - A RADIO CAR JUST PULLED UP AN' A COP IS COMIN' !

ALONE ? - HIDE THAT GUN UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD

MORNING, OFFICER, - TOUGH LIFE THESE FISHERMEN LEAD, EH ?

ARE THEY UNLOADING ?

STICK 'EM UP, COPPER ! - YOU'RE COVERED ! TIE HIM UP, BOYS - AND TAPE HIS EYES AND MOUTH

UNDER MENACE OF THE GUNS PAT SUBMITS TO BEING MANACLED WITH HIS OWN 'CUFFS

LAST ONE, TONY

GOOD ! NOW EVERYBODY SCRAM

THE BOAT SWIFTLY UNLOADED, TONY AND HIS SATELLITES QUICKLY EFFACE THEMSELVES AFTER HURRIED INSTRUCTIONS TO THE BOAT'S CREW

WHAT'D TONY SAY ?

WE GOTTA TAKE THIS FLATTY ON THE BOAT - AN' THEN -

CHARLIE SCHMIDT

THE MYSTERY SLOOP GETS UNDER WAY OUT INTO THE NIGHT WITH PAT, BOUND AND GAGGED, BELOW HER DECK - CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

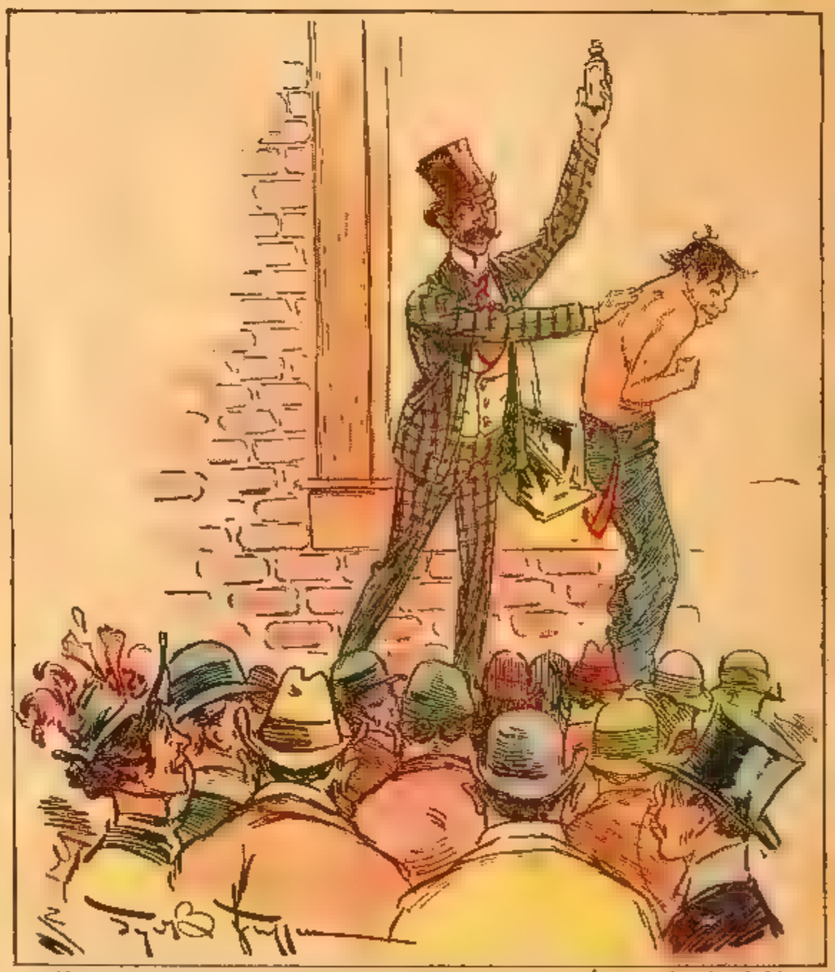
RATTY AND ALGY IN A CORNET SOLO

SURE
MISS LULU LOVES A GOOD CORNET PLAYER NOW YOU PLAY AND I DON'T, YOU GET IN THE BOX I STAND ON AND PLAY WHILE I PRETEND TO PLAY

Ready for Emergencies; A Lesson to Fakers.

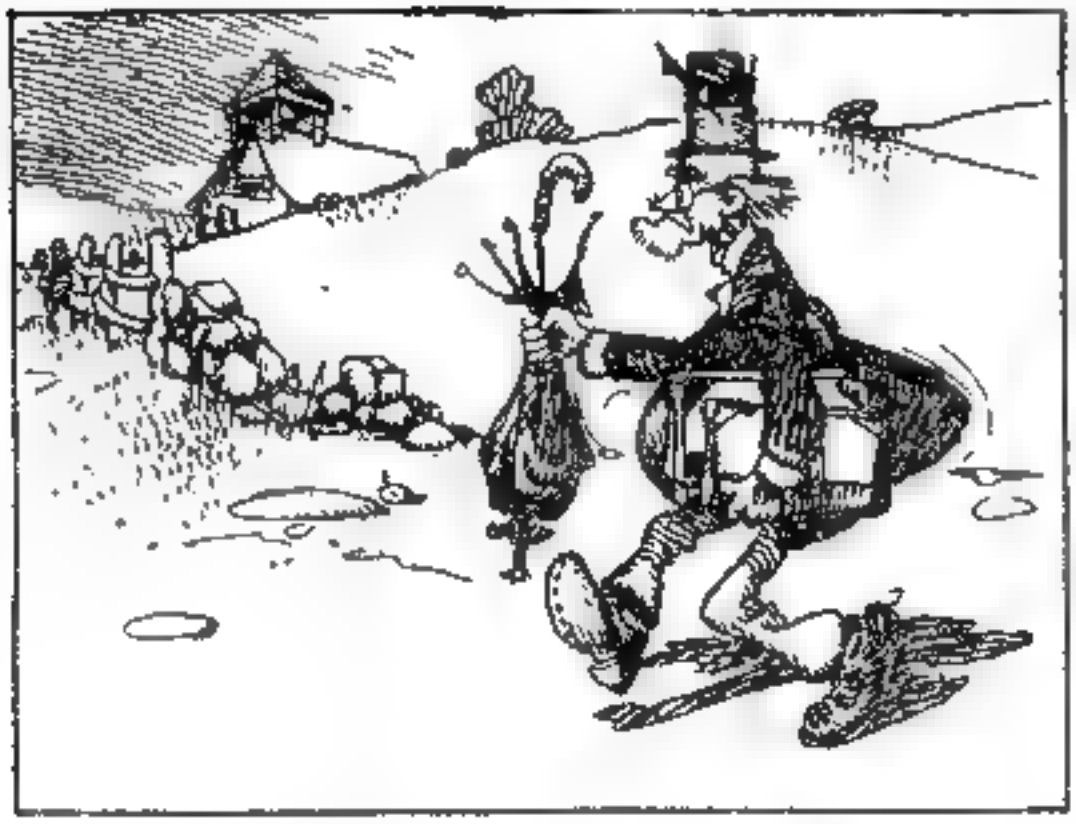
Fakir "Step right up, ladies and gents, and buy one of these double back action safety fire escapes There are only a few left, and no man's life is safe without"——

But just then the rope parted and the assistant had three ribs broken.

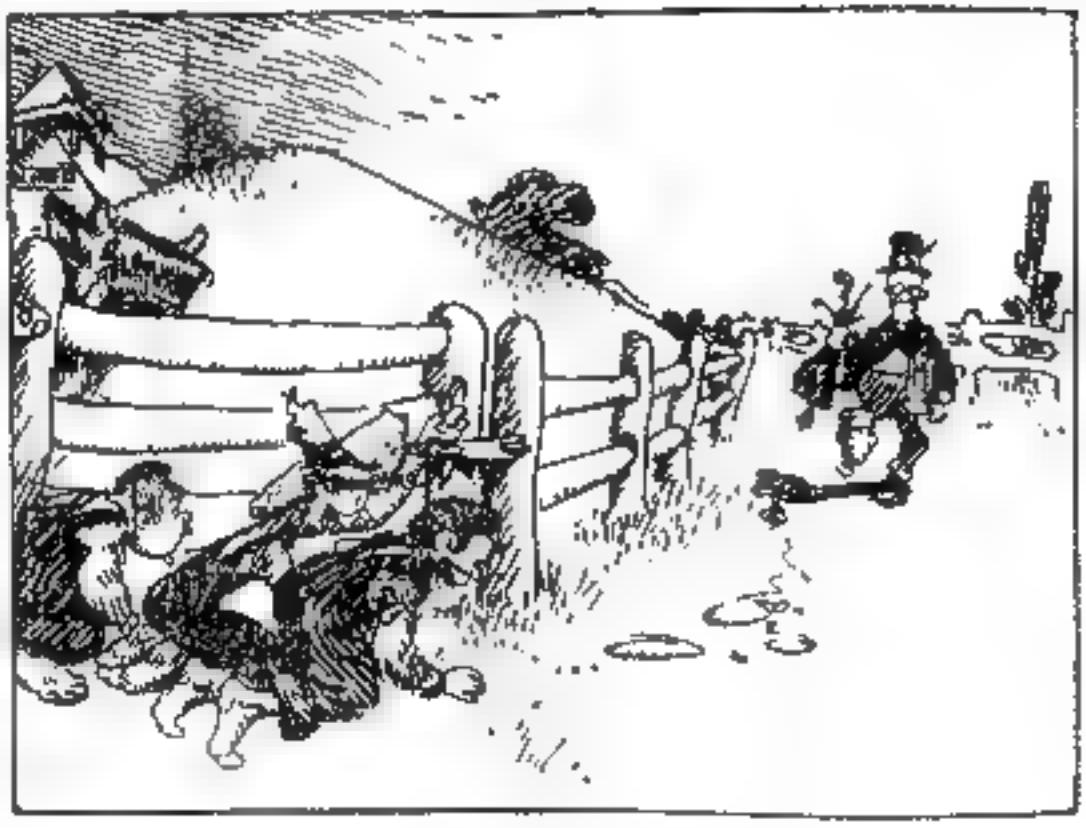


(One minute later.) "Step right up, ladies and gents, and buy a bottle of this Nepiusatira Liniment. You have seen for yourselves what it can do. This young man fell off a fire escape one minute ago, fractured three ribs and knocked his heart fourteen inches out of place. He has just informed me that one application has completely cured him."

THE RED CREEK SCHOOL.



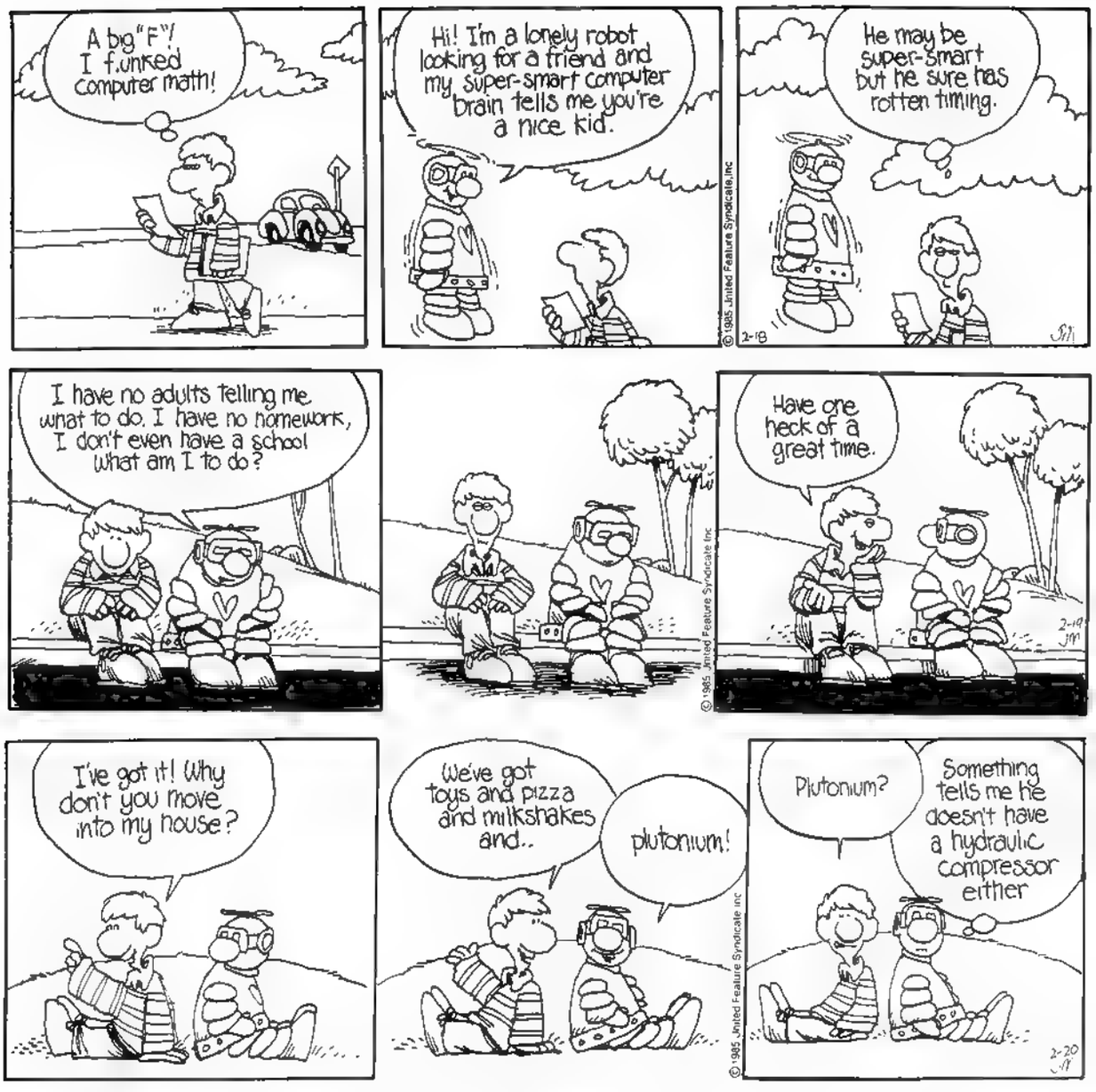
Prof Whack—"Well, they say this is a hard school to manage. But I'll make them toe the mark, or——"



Redskins Three—"Here he comes! Open de gate, quick! We gotter show him.

Prof Whack "Stop that, you young villains! Ouch! Murder!"

Redskins Three—"Come on fishin', fellers! There won't be any school to-day!"


A big "F"! I flunked computer math!
Hi! I'm a lonely robot looking for a friend and my super-smart computer brain tells me you're a nice kid.
© 1985 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
2-18
He may be super-smart but he sure has rotten timing.
I have no adults telling me what to do. I have no homework, I don't even have a school what am I to do?
© 1985 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
Have one heck of a great time.
2-19
I've got it! Why don't you move into my house?
We've got toys and pizza and milkshakes and..
plutonium!
© 1985 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
Plutonium?
Something tells me he doesn't have a hydraulic compressor either
2-20

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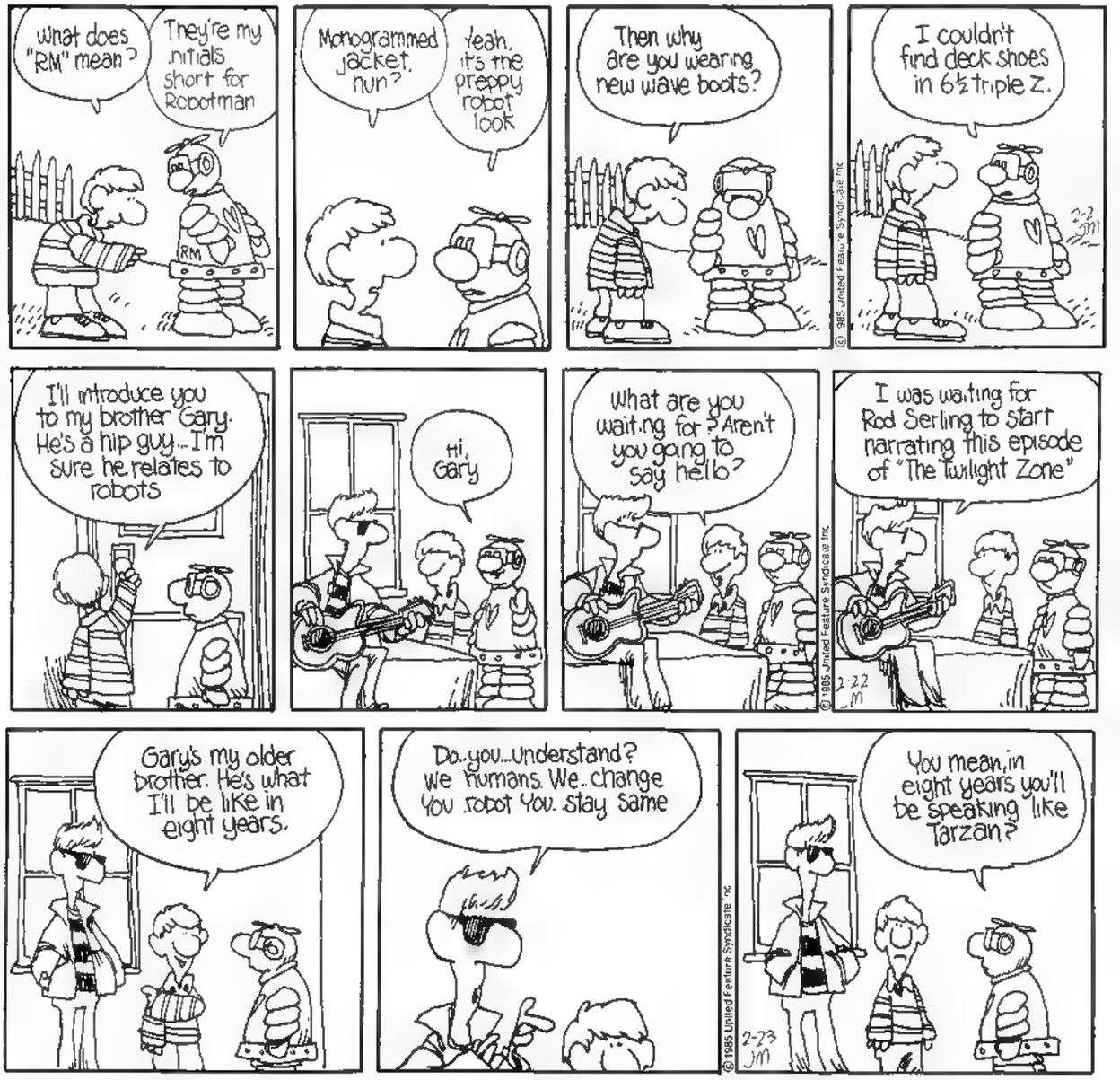

What does "RM" mean?
They're my initials short for Robotman
RM
Monogrammed jacket, hun?
Yeah, it's the preppy robot look
Then why are you wearing new wave boots?
© 1985 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
I couldn't find deck shoes in 6½ triple Z.
2-22
I'll introduce you to my brother Gary. He's a hip guy... I'm sure he relates to robots
Hi, Gary
What are you waiting for? Aren't you going to say hello?
© 1985 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
I was waiting for Rod Serling to start narrating this episode of "The Twilight Zone"
2-22
Gary's my older brother. He's what I'll be like in eight years.
Do..you...understand? We humans. We..change You robot You..stay same
© 1985 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
You mean, in eight years you'll be speaking like Tarzan?
2-23

MAGAZINE SECTION

Of Course Air Travel Isn't Safe. Why Should It Be an Exception?—*Passaic News*

THE DENVER POST

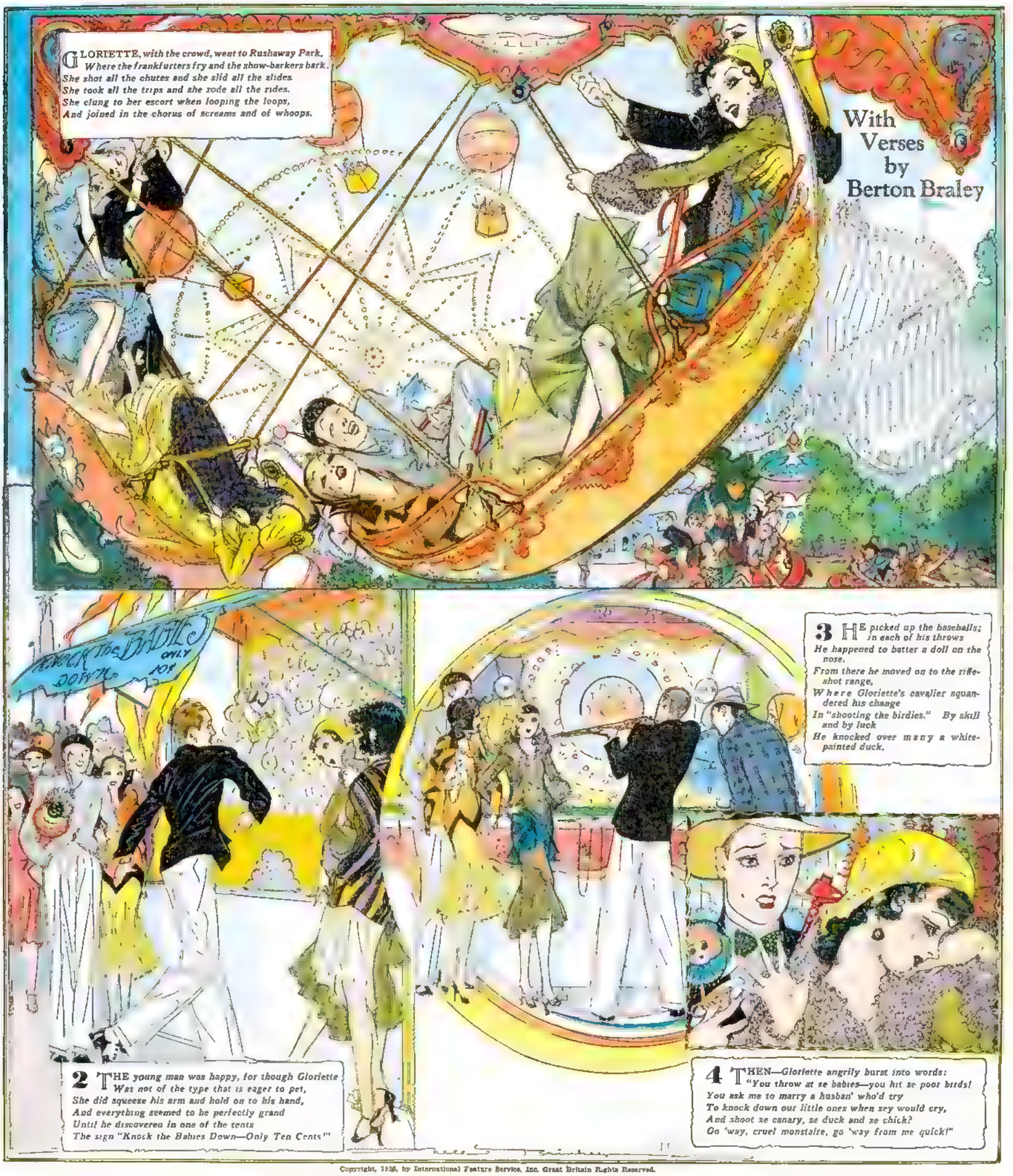
MAGAZINE SECTION

THIRTY-NINTH YEAR — DENVER, COLO., SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 28, 1930

Romances of Gloriette

By NELL BRINKLEY

He Knocked 'em Down, She Threw 'im Down


GLORIETTE, with the crowd, went to Rushaway Park,
Where the frankfurters fry and the show-barkers bark.
She shot all the chutes and she slid all the slides.
She took all the trips and she rode all the rides.
She clung to her escort when looping the loops,
And joined in the chorus of screams and of whoops.
With Verses by Berton Braley
KNOCK THE BABIES DOWN
ONLY 10¢
3 HE picked up the baseballs; in each of his throws
He happened to batter a doll on the nose.
From there he moved on to the rifle-shot range,
Where Gloriette's cavalier squandered his change
In "shooting the birdies." By skill and by luck
He knocked over many a white-painted duck.
2 THE young man was happy, for though Gloriette
Was not of the type that is eager to pet,
She did squeeze his arm and hold on to his hand,
And everything seemed to be perfectly grand
Until he discovered in one of the tents
The sign "Knock the Babies Down—Only Ten Cents!"
4 THEN—Gloriette angrily burst into words:
"You throw at ze babies—you hit ze poor birds!
You ask me to marry a husban' who'd try
To knock down our little ones when zey would cry,
And shoot ze canary, ze duck and ze chick?
Go 'way, cruel monstaire, go 'way from me quick!"

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ROMANTIC ROSIE AND THE MOVIES

MAGAZINE SECTION

THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

CINCINNATI, OHIO

MAGAZINE SECTION

SUNDAY, JULY 7, 1929

ROSALIE GOES RURAL • By John Held, Jr.

Trade Mark Registration Applied for

1 "YES, MISS, *the next station is yours and you are the first passenger we have had for that town all summer.*"

2 "HURRY, HORTENSE. *At last we are away from it all, in the glorious out-of-doors. I can't wait to find the car for a spin in the open.*"

3 "THIS IS INDEED FAR *from the madding crowd. Nothing in sight but a broken-down Model T flivver.*"

4 THIS MUST BE THE MAPLE SUGAR COUNTRY. HERE IS THE SAP. "*Sorry, miss, to be late but the car broke down. Can I take you to the hotel?*"
"*No, thanks — when is the next train BACK?*"

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ARTISTS. ARCHIE GUNN. R FOUTCAULT E.W. KEMBLE SYD B GR FFEN H MAPPENBACH
WRITERS ED. MOTT R K MUNKITTRICK EARLE N EATON. ROY L McCARDLE C B LOOM IS

AMERICAN HUMORIST
COLORED COMIC SUPPLEMENT OF THE

NEW YORK JOURNAL

NO. 12. NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JANUARY 8, 1897. Copyrighted, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.

THE CABLE CAR CONDUCTOR MAY BE POLITE TO LADIES

PERHAPS— WEARY WAGGLES WILL WORK

THE FARMER MAY SELL GOLD BRICKS TO THE BUNCO-MAN

THERE MAY BE BOUNTIFUL TABLES AT THE BOARDING HOUSES

PERHAPS SOME FOREIGN COUNT MAY MARRY A POOR AMERICAN GIRL

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR 1897.

NO MORE SELFISHNESS.
NO MORE FRIVOLITY.
NO MORE FLIRTATIONS.
NO MORE CARAMELS
NO MORE THEATRE HATS
NO MORE WHITE LIES.
EVEN THOUGH MY PARENTS FORBID IT, I WILL NOT MARRY A FOREIGN NOBLEMAN

Theo Gurk

Sally's *So* Sentimental

By Philip Loring

She Meets the Hero of the Cup Races

SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1931

Trade Mark Registration Applied For

1
TODAY will go down as history in the diary of more than one girl. The big intercollegiate sculling races are on the calendar and positively all the boys are going. So nothing less than double pneumonia will keep Sally away. Even Eve is all aquiver to get started
2
BARCLAY drove Sally over in his roadster and had dreams of an afternoon at her side, but introducing her to Kingsley was fatal. Her brown eyes were the toast of the yacht club but the big blonde giant, who had stroked three Harvale crews to victory, almost completely monopolized her.
3-4
WITH a gay crowd aboard Kingsley's speed cruiser, "Cigarette," Sally cheered Harvale to another losing cup.
EVENING. The boys rushed to pay their bets, and the spoils of victory for our pretty heroine were fifteen pounds of candy, thanks to Kingsley's tip.
(To be Continued)
Philip Loring

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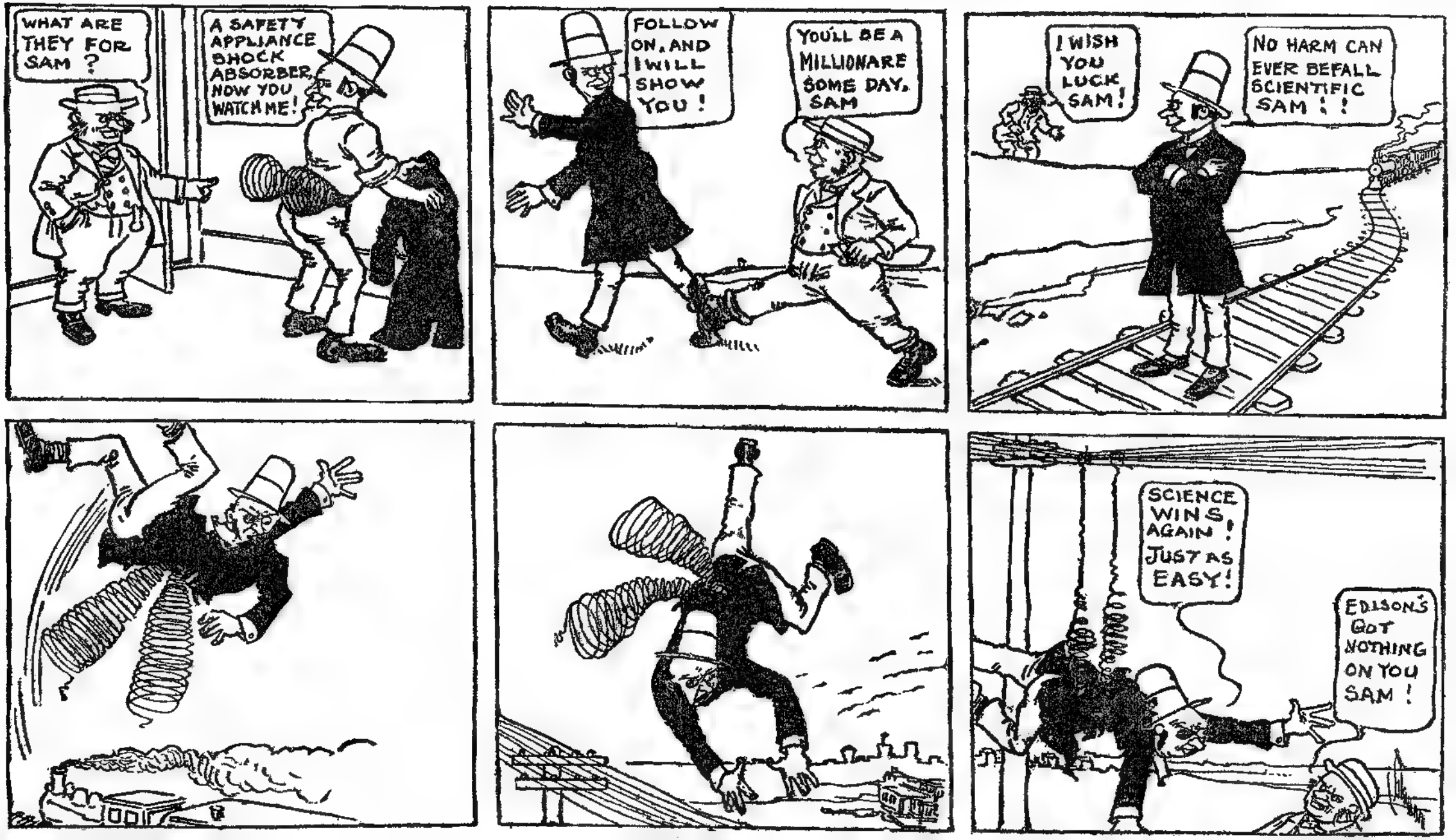
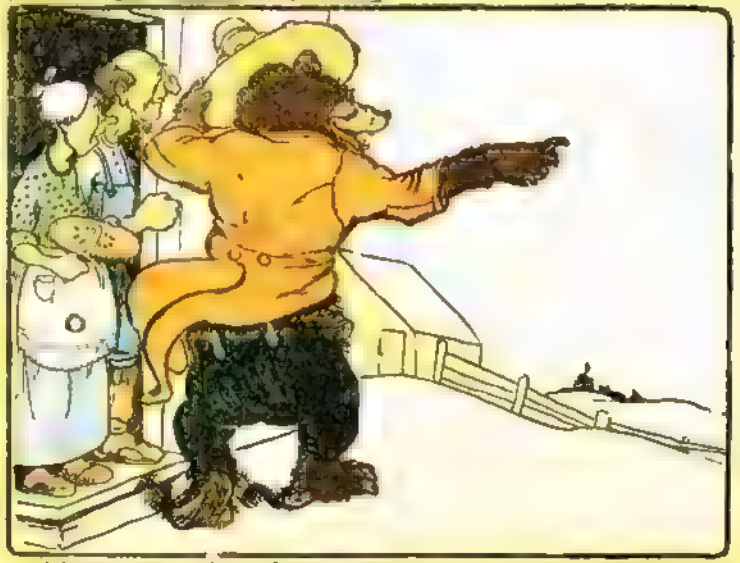
SAMBO REMO RASTUS BROWN IS NOW A POLICEMAN

Scientific Sam:---Have You Met Him? By E. Burton Johnson


WHAT ARE THEY FOR SAM ?
A SAFETY APPLIANCE SHOCK ABSORBER, NOW YOU WATCH ME!
FOLLOW ON, AND I WILL SHOW YOU!
YOU'LL BE A MILLIONARE SOME DAY, SAM
I WISH YOU LUCK SAM!
NO HARM CAN EVER BEFALL SCIENTIFIC SAM!!
SCIENCE WINS AGAIN! JUST AS EASY!
EDISON'S GOT NOTHING ON YOU SAM!

GRANDPA'S STORY

Once when I was a young bear I was captured by a cruel man, who led me about by a rope and made me climb telegraph poles and dance for pennies.



I then ran up to a farm house near by and spread the alarm of tramps, thieves and wild men in the meadows.

One day he fell fast asleep, and I said to myself what's the good of being a trained bear unless I make use of my knowledge.

Well if you could have seen the way they went after my partner—pitch forks and hoes—you would have split your sides laughing.

So while he was sleeping I quietly took off his clothes and put them on myself.

Over the fields they went hopety-skip, leaving me in full possession of the house and all there was in it.

RECORD WEEKLY

SUNDAY, APRIL 24, 1932 PART ONE

Sunday Magazine Section of Philadelphia Record

Get-Your-Man Gloria — By Russell Patterson

1 "THANK my society stars," groans Gloria Glayde in relief. "This time I've drawn a cinch assignment." (Glo's been reporting the top cream off the aristocrats' milk bottle for The Clarion.) "No more trouble crashing The Follies than—batting etaoin on the typewriter." But—a thought hits home. With young Derek Denbeigh, heir to the Denbeigh canned tomato millions, in the cast, oughtn't one to be checking up on him?" Gloria decides to go chorine and scoop up a story

2 A LITTLE larceny now and then is unavoidable if a girl's got to shine in the reportorial line! Glo snoops backstage, gets a quick flash of the star's dressing room, and while the trig shot's powdering the nose, our heroine has eloped with her costume. "And, oh, if the blame thing will only fit me!" is this impatient maiden's prayer.

3 SHE bounces right out with the rest of the steppers, boredom her middle name, for Glo's acquired a pretty fair footing—as far as she's coveted. Luck and a little finagling have put Gloria right next to handsome Derek. Just now, handsome's not as handsome ought to do. The tomato prince seems to be doing a little curtain-time flirting with a provocative brunette

4 BE IT man or woman, Gloria always gets her story—but at what price story! She's just contacted with Derek (is the brunette burning?) and chiseled a lead for her column out of him when the star twinkles through the wings and snatches Glo bareback.

5 "OUTSIDE!" commands the stern debbie at the stage entrance. Gloria'd willingly comply, but it's a dark and stormy night when she thinks of her tinseled tatters and that cold wind in the theatre alley. What'll poor Gloria do?

(To Be Continued)

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The Arizona Daily Star

TUCSON, ARIZONA, SUNDAY MORNING,

HANDY ANDY

BY— JACK WILSON

HELPFUL HINTS

THE REASON A POSTAGE STAMP STICKS TO ITS JOB IS BECAUSE IT N... KNOWS WH... IS LICK...

HANDY ANDY

—AND ALL THE KIDS SAID THEY WOULD COME TO MY MOVIE SHOW!

THAT'S FINE!! LET'S GET EVERY THING UP BEFORE THEY COME

WHOA — UP!! THE SHEET IS CAUGHT!

YOU SEE I'M HELPIN' WITH THE MOVIE!

WERE YOU UNROLLING A FILM?

GOODIE! GOODIE!! CHUCK AN' BILL AN' HELEN AN' RALPH ARE ALL COMING!

GEE, WE'LL HAVE TO SELL STANDIN' ROOM

HEY, WATCH OUT HAP!!

- THAT'S DOWN RIGHT CRUEL, ANDY!!

AH, I NEVER HURT 'IM — I WOULDN'T HURT 'IM FRANYTHING

- TING-A-LING-A-LING-A-LING-

O-O-O-O-W!! O-O-O-O-W!! O-O-O-W!!

HELLO HAP OL' BOY!! HOW'S YOUR BEAN NOW? COME HERE, PUP!!

YOU CRAZY PURP!! COME HERE — I WONT HURT YOU!!

HEY!! WHAT'S TH-

THAT LOCO PUP MUST BE FULL OF HOP!!

MA-MA!!

WOW!!

EEK

LIS'SEN! LIS'SEN!! LIS-SEN!! LIS SEN!!!

WOW!! TH' GHOST OF GRAY GULCH GOT OUTTA HIS FILM!!

BUT LIS-SEN MRS BURKE - IT WASN'T ANY JOKE - I WAS-

-THEN THAT MAKES IT ALL THE WORSE - DON'T TALK TO ME - A BIG MAN SCARING KIDDIES!

Use arrow keys to move left and right between pages

World Color Printing Co. St Louis Mo.

HUMORS OF SPRING FASHIONS

THE EFFECT RAINING IN LUNNON STYLE SHOULD BE GONE SEVERAL BETTER, BY ROLLING 'EM HIGHER —

THUS SHOWING SOME COLOR DREAMS IN SOCKS AND AN OPPORTUNITY TO HARNESS CUFFS TO

THIS FASHION OF HEAD-DRESS WILL REMAIN POPULAR IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER INDEFINATELY

RED DRESSES IN RURAL LOCALITIES ARE APT TO BE "FULL GORED" THIS SEASON.

FASHIONS IN DOGDOM ARE LIABLE TO ASSUME ANY OLD SHAPE — HOWEVER AT PRESENT THE WREATH EFFECT IS MOST POPULAR.

FASHION MONTHS

MECHANIC'S WIFE

POOR CLERK

THE GODDESS OF FASHION

(AMERICAN) THE CIGAR TROUSERS DOING AWAY AT LAST WITH THE BAGGING AT THE KNEES NUISANCE. HAPPY MEDIUM BETWIXT THE BAGGY SAILOR BOTTOMS AND THE BAGGY FRENCH HIPS.

THE BROAD BRIMMED DERBY WILL KEEP RAIN OF ONES COAT, WHILE THE BELL SHAPED COAT-TAILS WILL PROTECT TROUSERS FROM GETTING WET DOING AWAY WITH UMBRELLAS ENTIRELY

JONES BUYS A PAIR OF SPRING TROUSERS DONS THEM RIDES TEN MILES ON A STREET CAR AND THIS IS THE WAY THEY SET WHEN HE ENTERS THE OFFICE

DISGUSTED SINGSINGITE — HIS FASHION REMAINS UNCHANGED FOR LIFE

W. Sluka

Esc to close image. Use scroll bar to move left and right on wide images

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1935

HOLLYWOODN'T!

DRAWINGS BY VIRGINIA HUGET

TEXT BY JACK LAIT

Glory's off to Movie Town To Win Riches and Renown

"Glory," wheezes Uncle Oscar, "you've grew up all of a suddenlike, an' you're a headache to an ol' widderer like me who's got the responsibility o' raisin' an orphant like you. It's positive dangerous to be as good-lookin' as you've got. It's worried me till I'm losin' my last hair!"

"She can't be a nice girl," say the neighbors back of the carbarns, "not and look like that!" But Pete, who's a traveling salesman and gets around, is interested. "Say," he whispers, "I know a man who knows a man who works for a movie outfit. If I could fix it for a screen-test . . .?"

"You don't WANT to go to Hollywood? I never heard such. . . . You want to marry a nice boy and have six kids? You must be crazy—takin' after the other side o' the fam'ly. H'mph—after that test, they'll have a brass band out to escort you in. . . . Drop me a postal an' lemme know how you're gettin' on."

"The reporters are at Pasadena for a preview. There's a tear in Glory's eye. She's scared by all the palms and ostriches and cameras and sunshine. She doesn't want to be a star—she wants to be back, back of the carbarns, back home!"

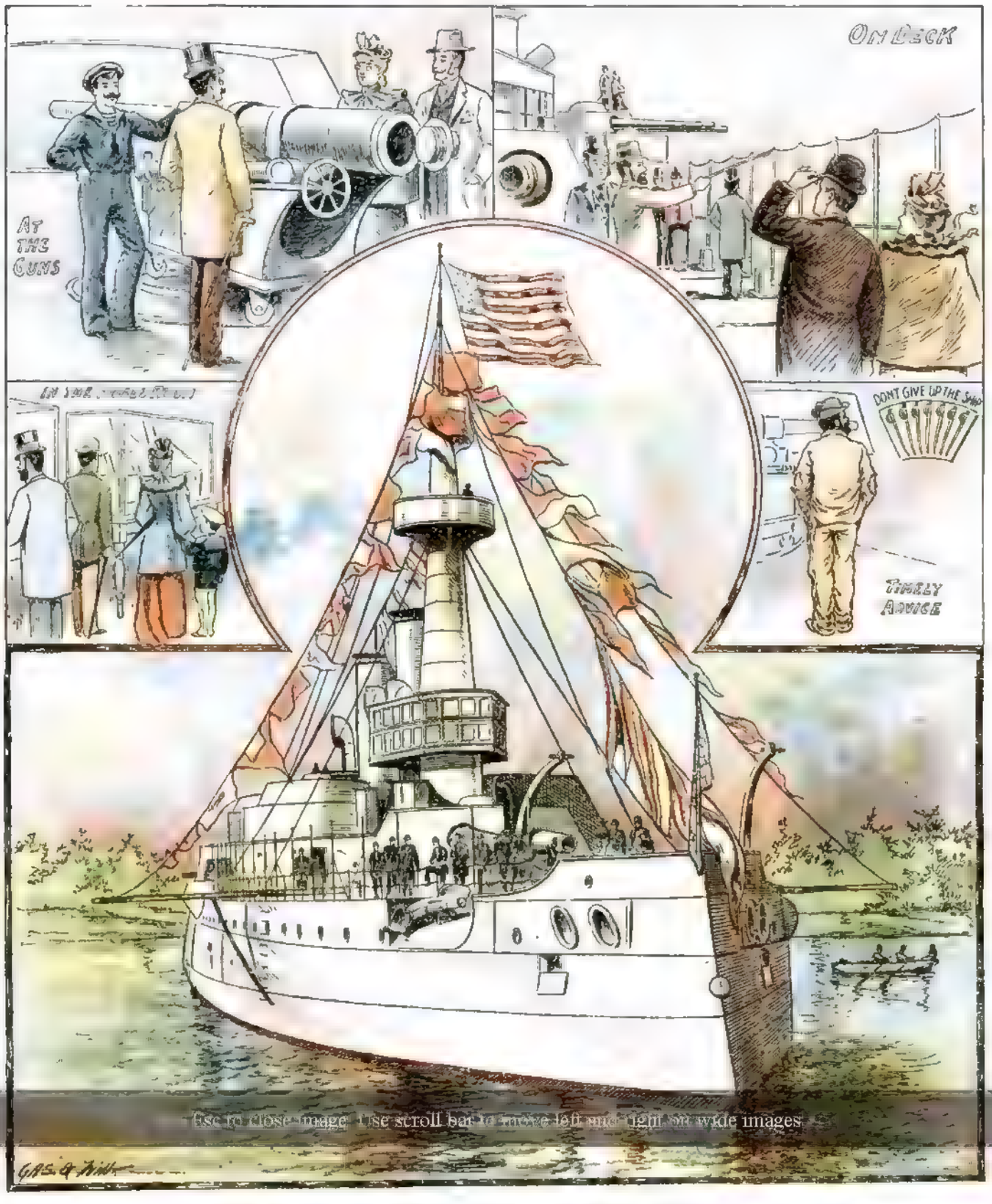
(To Be Continued)

A BALANCED AND COMPLETE FEATURE SERVICE goes to the readers of The Constitution every day in the week. There are laughs and thrills in every comic page, advice for every member of the family from tot to grandparent and the finest in long and short fiction. You will be prepared to meet every crisis in LOVE, SOCIAL AND HOME LIFE, GAMES OF SKILL AND BUSINESS if you keep up with CONSTITUTION FEATURES for they are selected equally for their INTEREST, INSTRUCTIVENESS AND RELIABILITY.

The Inter Ocean

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

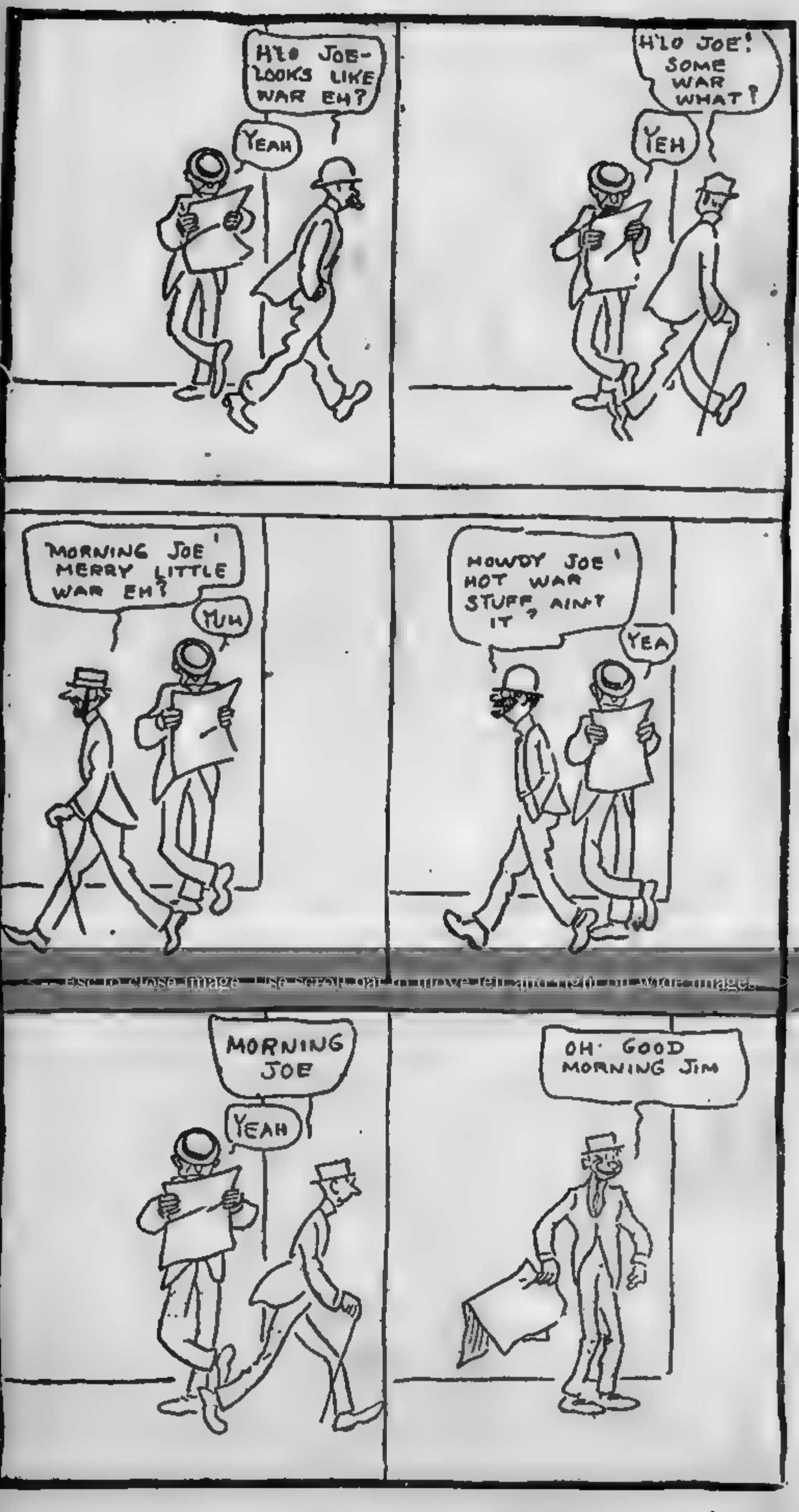
SUNDAY MAY 28, 1893.



THE NAVAL EXHIBIT WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

JAWNNY GRIN---HIS INDELIBLE SMILE WORKS ON THE FARMER

The Morning Greeting

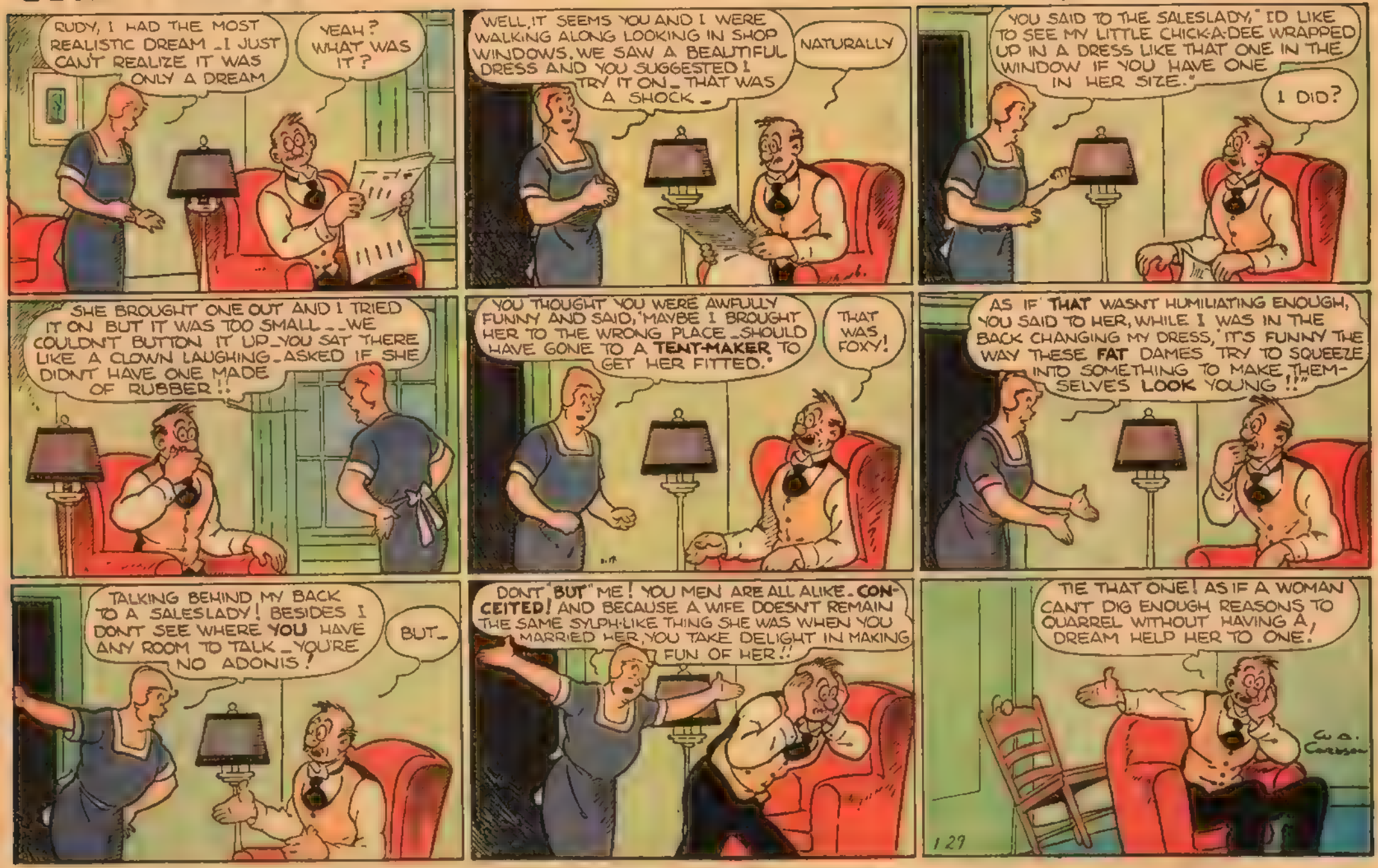


Advertisement

Advertisement

NANCY PAGE STAGES A HIT!
AL PAPAS
"SENIOR" CLASS PLAY TRYOUTS REPORT TO MR WOODS ROOM 204
LOOK, KIDS. CLASS PLAY TRYOUTS IN ROOM 204 AFTER SCHOOL TODAY.
AND I'M SORRY WE COULDN'T FIND PLACES FOR ALL OF YOU. THOSE WITH PARTS WILL REPORT TO THE MAIN STAGE NEXT MONDAY. YOU'RE DISMISSED.
YOU CARRIED THAT LEAD LIKE YOU DO A FOOTBALL, SKIP. TOO BAD NANCY PAGE DIDN'T PLACE-BUT HER FACE.
CAL!! LEND ME 50¢. I HAVE A DATE WITH A DRUG STORE AND MRS. PAGE!
I'M SORRY, SKIP, BUT NANCY IS IN HER BEDROOM NURSING A SLIGHT HEADACHE.
IT'S REALLY YOU I CAME TO SEE, MRS. PAGE. I THINK I HAVE A REMEDY FOR HER ILLNESS.
A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF OURS RECOMMENDED KLEEREX, NANCY. LET'S JUST GIVE IT A FAIR TRIAL. NOW!! WE JUST BRUSH IT ON.
NANCY PAGE?? YOUR FA--! NANCY, WE'VE HIT A SNAG IN REHEARSALS. MAY I SEE YOU ON THE MAIN STAGE AT NOON?
YES, MR. WOODS
A FEW DAYS LATER
SO NANCY AND SKIP WILL PLAY THE LEADS AND THE BUTLER, CAL-THE CAB DRIVER ETC. LEARN YOUR PARTS AND BE HERE PROMPTLY AT 6:30 NEXT FRIDAY EVENING!
THEN, SKIP, YOU SAY, "YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL. I LOVE -???? !!???
NANCY. WOULD YOU MIND IF I DROPPED THE SCRIPT AND JUST USED MY OWN WORDS?
Amazing KLEEREX Makes PIMPLES Disappear Fast
Simply brush on KLEEREX and see how quickly this magic liquid helps clear up pimples, blackheads, ugly skin blemishes. KLEEREX works amazingly fast . . . it's not a smelly greasy salve that pimples thrive on but a soothing medicated liquid that hides pimples as it dries them up . . . sometimes overnight. Relieves itching . . . drives redness out. Safe, harmless, greaseless. Double your money back if KLEEREX does not satisfy
At All Drug Stores 49¢
KLEEREX COMPANY,
2459 University Avenue
St. Paul 4, Minn.
Send me KLEEREX on your fair offer! I'll deposit only 50c (2 bottles for $1.00) plus C.O.D. postage with postman on arrival. If I am not completely satisfied I may return the package and get DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....
Please send me ☐ 1 regular size bottle for 50c ☐ 2 bottles for $1.00.
(Save 20c C.O.D. Enclose remittance and we send KLEEREX all charges paid.)
IF PIMPLES PERPLEX..
..GET ON THE MOVE..
..BUY A BOTTLE OF KLEEREX..
KLEEREX??
YES, KLEEREX
..GET BACK IN THE GROOVE!
KLEEREX is NEW!
nothing like it anywhere — if your druggist does not have it in stock as yet, fill out and mail this coupon.

THE NEBBS · When Dreams Come True · By SOL HESS


RUDY, I HAD THE MOST REALISTIC DREAM - I JUST CAN'T REALIZE IT WAS ONLY A DREAM
YEAH? WHAT WAS IT?
WELL, IT SEEMS YOU AND I WERE WALKING ALONG LOOKING IN SHOP WINDOWS. WE SAW A BEAUTIFUL DRESS AND YOU SUGGESTED I TRY IT ON - THAT WAS A SHOCK -
NATURALLY
YOU SAID TO THE SALESLADY, "I'D LIKE TO SEE MY LITTLE CHICK-A-DEE WRAPPED UP IN A DRESS LIKE THAT ONE IN THE WINDOW IF YOU HAVE ONE IN HER SIZE."
I DID?
SHE BROUGHT ONE OUT AND I TRIED IT ON BUT IT WAS TOO SMALL - WE COULDN'T BUTTON IT UP - YOU SAT THERE LIKE A CLOWN LAUGHING - ASKED IF SHE DIDN'T HAVE ONE MADE OF RUBBER!!
YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE AWFULLY FUNNY AND SAID, 'MAYBE I BROUGHT HER TO THE WRONG PLACE - SHOULD HAVE GONE TO A TENT-MAKER TO GET HER FITTED."
THAT WAS FOXY!
AS IF THAT WASN'T HUMILIATING ENOUGH, YOU SAID TO HER, WHILE I WAS IN THE BACK CHANGING MY DRESS, 'IT'S FUNNY THE WAY THESE FAT DAMES TRY TO SQUEEZE INTO SOMETHING TO MAKE THEMSELVES LOOK YOUNG!!"
TALKING BEHIND MY BACK TO A SALESLADY! BESIDES I DON'T SEE WHERE YOU HAVE ANY ROOM TO TALK - YOU'RE NO ADONIS!
BUT-
DON'T "BUT" ME! YOU MEN ARE ALL ALIKE - CONCEITED! AND BECAUSE A WIFE DOESN'T REMAIN THE SAME SYLPH-LIKE THING SHE WAS WHEN YOU MARRIED HER, YOU TAKE DELIGHT IN MAKING FUN OF HER!!
TIE THAT ONE! AS IF A WOMAN CAN'T DIG ENOUGH REASONS TO QUARREL WITHOUT HAVING A DREAM HELP HER TO ONE!
W. A. Carlson
129

SIMP O'DILL · All the Same Difference · By SOL HESS

SEEMP, GO SEE WHAT IS HE WANTS
YES, SIR?
SAY - IS IT THE CUSTOM TO TIP THE WAITER HERE?
OH, YES - OF COURSE - QUITE NATURALLY
WELL THEN, GIVE ME A TIP - I'VE WAITED A HALF HOUR FOR THE SOUP I ORDERED!
OH-AH, YES - SURE 'NOUGH - THAT WAS PEA SOUP YOU ORDERED, WASN'T IT?
NO - CLAM CHOWDER - AND MAKE IT SNAPPY
THERE GOES AGAIN POUNDINGS - SEE WHAT IS HE WANTS SOME MORE
NOW WHAT?
WHAT IS THIS? PEA SOUP OR CLAM CHOWDER?
CAN'T YOU TELL BY TH' TASTE OF IT?
NO, I CAN'T
WELL THEN, WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?
NONE AT ALL - NONE AT ALL
SEEMP, I TEENK YOU CRAZ'!
W. A. Carlson 1-29

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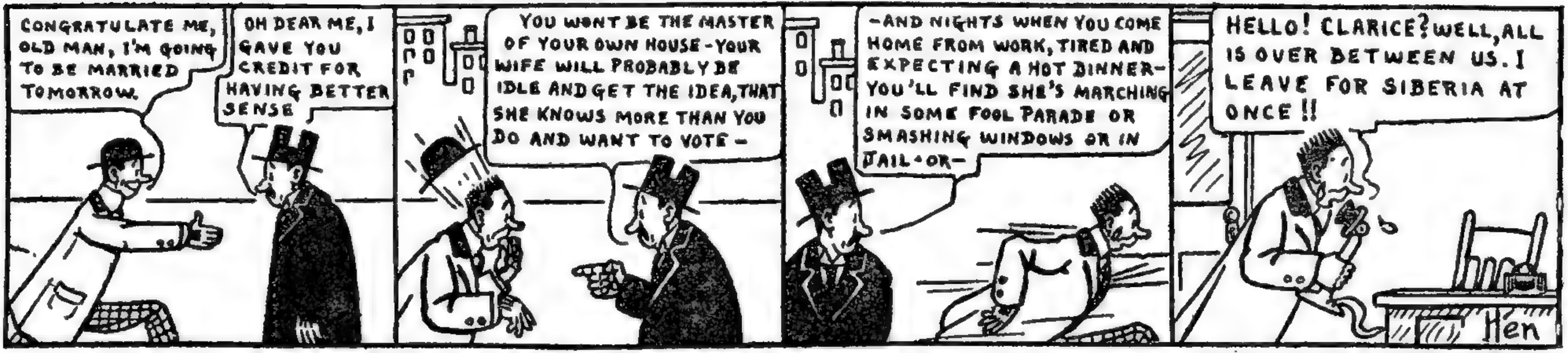
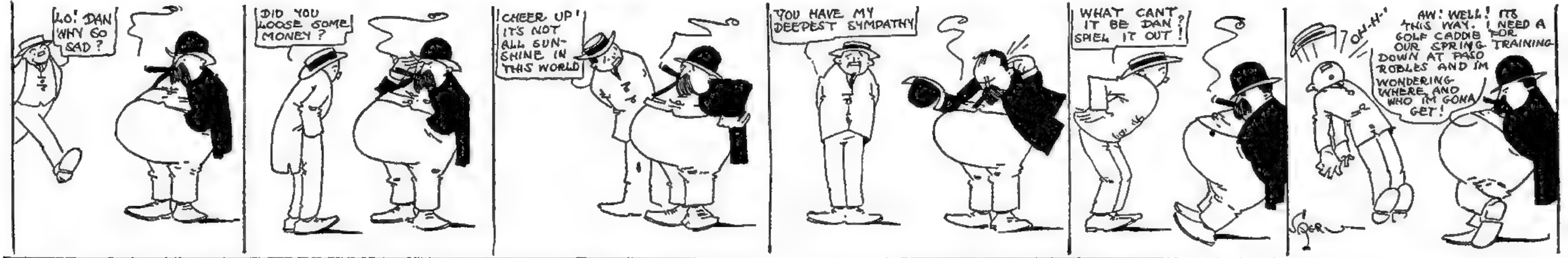
OLD MR. CRAPEHANGER BLOCKS A ROMANCE.


CONGRATULATE ME, OLD MAN, I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED TOMORROW.
OH DEAR ME, I GAVE YOU CREDIT FOR HAVING BETTER SENSE
YOU WONT BE THE MASTER OF YOUR OWN HOUSE - YOUR WIFE WILL PROBABLY BE IDLE AND GET THE IDEA, THAT SHE KNOWS MORE THAN YOU DO AND WANT TO VOTE -
- AND NIGHTS WHEN YOU COME HOME FROM WORK, TIRED AND EXPECTING A HOT DINNER - YOU'LL FIND SHE'S MARCHING IN SOME FOOL PARADE OR SMASHING WINDOWS OR IN JAIL - OR -
HELLO! CLARICE? WELL, ALL IS OVER BETWEEN US. I LEAVE FOR SIBERIA AT ONCE !!
Hen

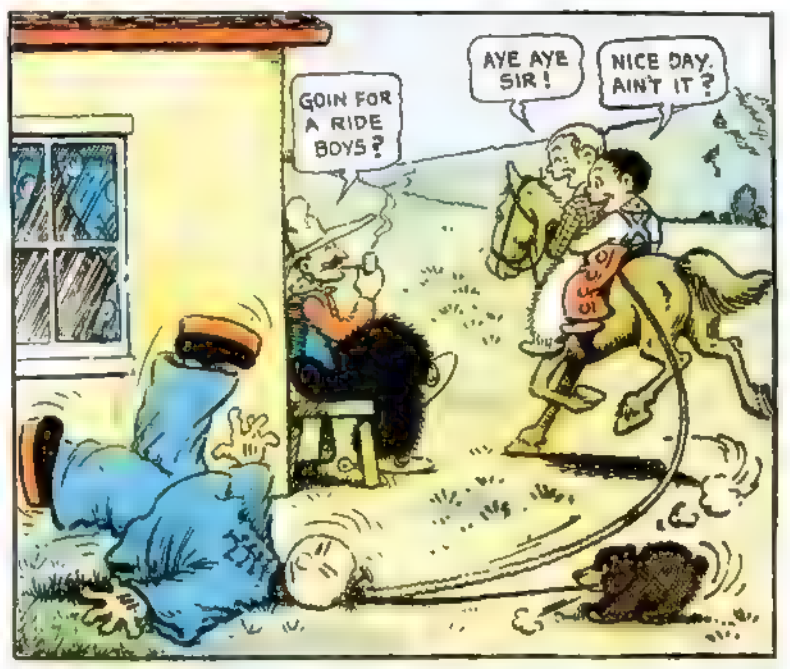
One Thing That Sticks in Danny Long's Noodle - - By Sperry

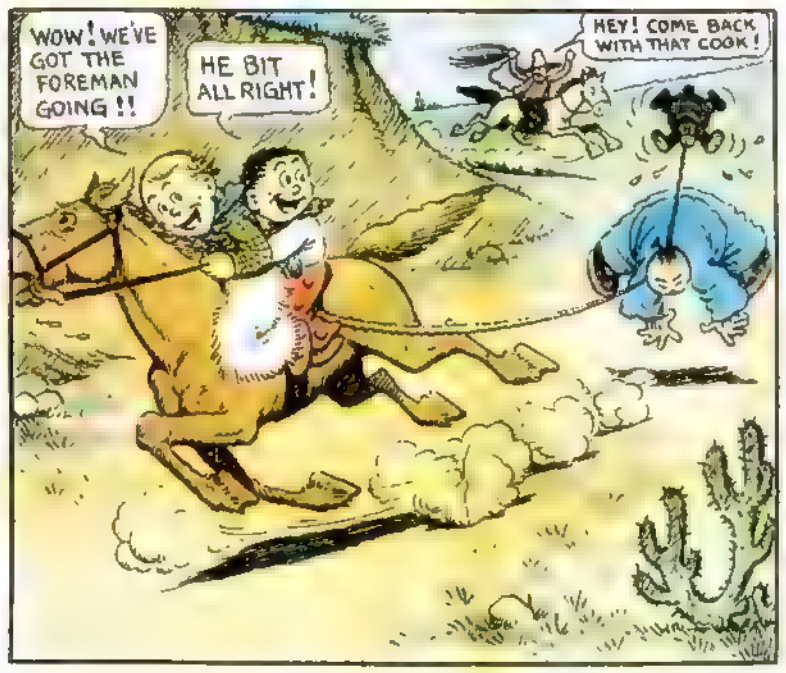

LO! DAN WHY SO SAD?
DID YOU LOOSE SOME MONEY?
CHEER UP! IT'S NOT ALL SUNSHINE IN THIS WORLD
YOU HAVE MY DEEPEST SYMPATHY
WHAT CANT IT BE DAN? SPIEL IT OUT!
OH-H'
AW! WELL! ITS THIS WAY. I NEED A GOLF CADDIE FOR OUR SPRING TRAINING DOWN AT PASO ROBLES AND IM WONDERING WHERE AND WHO IM GONA GET!

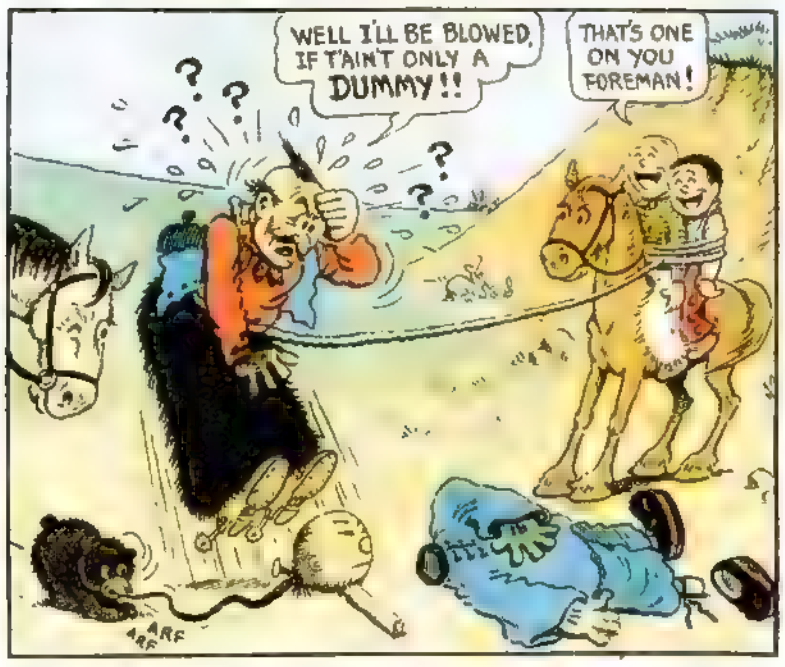
PETE and PINTO

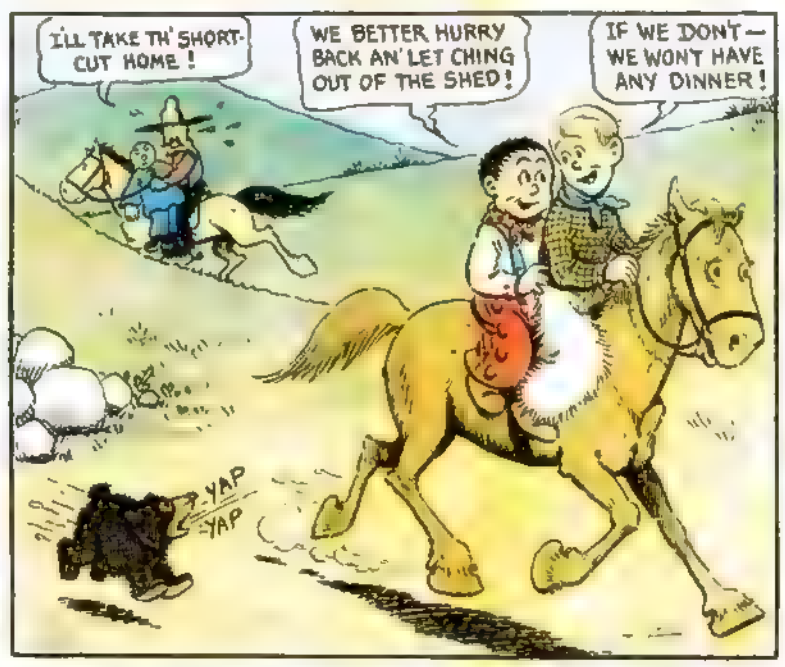
THE COWKIDS of O-JOY RANCH!

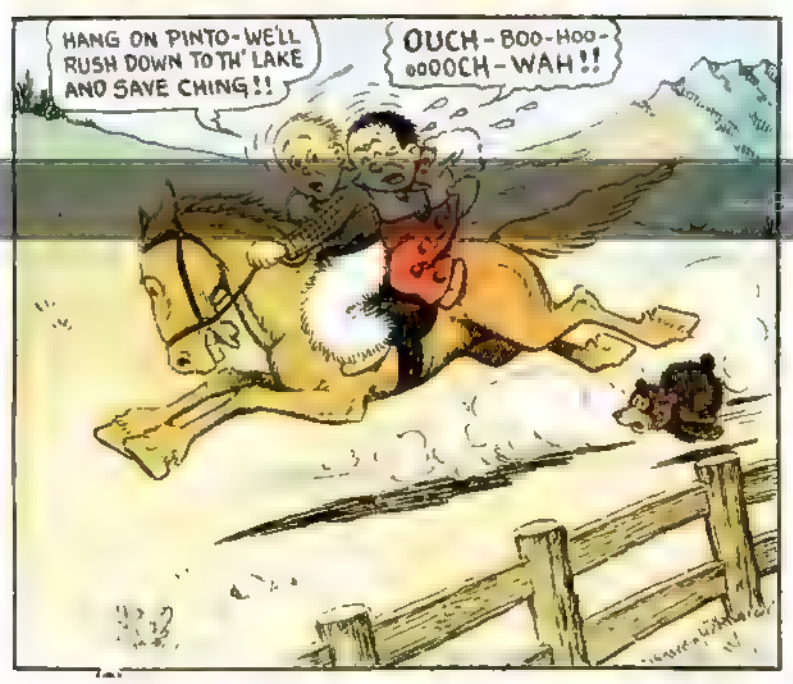
by M. M. BRANNER











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WILLIE DOODLE
PRIDE O' THE FINEST
JAY IRVING

ATTENTION! BOMB SQUAD! BOMB SQUAD! EMERGENCY! SUSPICIOUS PACKAGE IN THE MAILS AT ANNEX POST OFFICE!

A BOMB! OOH! A BOMB! A BOMB! A BOMB! MY GOODNESS!

C'MON WILLIE! LET'S GO!

POLICE EMERGENCY

ATTENTION! BOMB SQUAD! EMERGENCY! SUSPICIOUS PACKAGE IN THE MAIL AT ANNEX POST OFFICE!

BOMB! IN THE MAIL! HURRY!! HURRY! EMERGENCY! BOMB! BOMB!

POLICE EMERGENCY

ANNEX POST OFFICE

POLICE

POLICE EMERGENCY

THERE IT IS, BOYS, IT'S ALL YOURS. ME, I'M GOIN' HOME!

TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK

WAIT! HOLD IT, SARGE!

LEMME SEE THAT STAMP!

I THINK THAT STAMP'S WORTH A LOT O' DOUGH!

TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK

STAMP CATALOGUE

SEE? I WAS RIGHT, SARGE! IF WE HAD THE OTHER HALF O' TH' STAMP, IT'D BE WORTH ELEVEN DOLLARS AN' SIXTY CENTS!

CITY HOSPIT

JAY IRVING

OCT 19 47

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POOKIE
BY MAL EATON

Copyright, 1947, N. Y. Herald Tribune Inc.

HE AIN'T A PENGUIN — I THINK HE'S A TALL DUCK!

I'LL TELL YE IN A MINNIT!

LOOK AT 'IM — CAN'T SWIM A STROKE!

GRAWK! AWK AWK!

- LOOKS T'ME LIKE HE'S A SHORT STORK!

Des Moines Sunday Register Magazine

SUNDAY, NOV. 23, 1924.

A New Nell Brinkley Page

ANOTHER Nell Brinkley page! Pretty Polly, who makes her debut here today, is the newest creation of Miss Brinkley, who, as impresario, is so popular in Iowa that The Sunday Register has signed Polly for a long-term run—an act every Sunday.

The adventures of this appealing miss, whose possessions include S. A., It, and the D. triplets—Deze, Doze and Dem—will do much to cheer you on your day of rest.

And the verses are by Carolyn Wells—mistress of verse.

Red Arrow Fiction Book

THE SMALL BACHELOR," a screaming serial story by P. G. Wodehouse, funniest of the funny writers, begins today in the Red Arrow Fiction Book.

Also—

"On the Heights," by Fannie Hurst.

"Queen's Pawn," by Madelina Kohler.

"The Confessions of a Leap Year Bride," a true story.

And the first of Nina Wilcox Putnam's new series, "The Girl Friend."

The Cartoon Title Contest

THE Cartoon Title Contest—years old and stronger than ever!

On page 4 of this section today you will find the week's prize winners, the Honor Roll, verses and notes from contestants, atop the "Bungle Family" comic.

It's a page of fun that has a multitude as followers. Hundreds of Iowans contribute to the Cartoon Title Contest each week.

Join the game—there's money in it as well as a good time.

PRETTY POLLY - - - Drawings by Nell Brinkley

The Adventures of a Darling With a Copy-Cat Mind

Verses by

Carolyn Wells

1

POLLY was pinky-pretty. A darling face she wore;
She scarcely needed make-up (so she used it all the more!)
She was popular and pampered, queen on her social throne;
But she sometimes sat and pondered,—she had problems of her own.

2

POLLY dared to probe her spirit, dared to higher planes aspire,
Personality her watchword, self-expression her desire.
She felt she had a mission, and it made her fuss and fret,
That she didn't know her orbit, hadn't found herself as yet.

3

LIKE the bird that she was named for
Pretty Polly, you must know,
Had a knack of imitation that was marvelous! And so,
When she saw a type she cared for, all her efforts she'd direct
To copying that pattern and achieving that effect.

4

CAPABLE was her young nature, when her purpose was defined;
Her imagination vivid and adaptable her mind.
Like a parrot she would mimic others' gestures, clothes and styles;
All the features of her model, even to her voice and smile.

5

OF COURSE, the net result was, Polly's friends could never know
Just exactly how they'd find her, just how far she'd dare to go.
And the girls, although they loved her, sometimes felt a little vexed;
While the men would ask her bluntly, what the dickens she'd do next!

To Be Continued.

FUNNY PAPER

BOSTON SUNDAY POST

—FIVE CENTS— BOSTON, AUGUST 27 1905 —FIVE CENTS—

STINGAREE STORY

PROF. SI N. TIFIC'S KISSING PELLETS

He Made a Complete Test of Them and Found They Were as Good as Recommended

KISSING BOSH! I NEVER BELIEVED IN SUCH SILLY STUFF
NOW TO MAKE THE CRUCIAL TEST OF MY MARVELLOUS OSCULATION PELLETS
CHARLES RIVER RULES NO PUBLIC OSCULATION WILL BE TOLERATED ON THE RIVER IN CANOES
THE PELLET
SOME DUDS DROPPED THIS OVERBOARD
CUPID PELLETS, I WONDER WHAT THEY ARE FOR-
CUPID WILL DO A LAND OFFICE BUSINESS WHEN I PLACE THEM ON THE MARKET
IF I TAKE ONE OF THESE I'LL BE FALLING IN LOVE
PERHAPS A FAIRY GODMOTHER WILL BRING US A PRINCE
IN ALL MY SCIENTIFIC LIFE I HAVE NEVER DISCOVERED A GRANDER IDEA
1
2
3
I FELL JUST LIKE KISSING SOMEONE
I HAVE A LOVELY FEELING TOO
THE WHOLE WORLD WILL RING WITH MY NAME AND GENIUS-
CATCH HIM BEFORE HE ESCAPES-
LADIES I AM NOT INCLINED TO FLIRT.
AN OLD BOY HUGGING THOSE YOUNG LADIES
HOLD HIM FOR ME
I WANT A KISS GRANDPA
WOMAN UNHAND ME. I AM AN HONEST MARRIED MAN-
4
5
6
I MUST HAVE A KISS, SIR!
POLICE
WAIT A MINUTE
STOP IT, STOP IT, YOU ARE BREAKING THE RULES OF THE RIVER
ONE MORE SWEET KISS PAPA ERE WE PART-
CEASE THESE EMBRACES, YOU IT IS AN INSULT TO A GREAT SCIENTIST-
HORRORS! I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO KISS EACH OTHER NOW
I KNOW YOU, YOU'RE THE OLD PILL FAKIR, THAT'S ALWAYS GETTING PEOPLE INTO TROUBLE
F. NORMAN
7
8
9

KING FEATURES SYNDICATE

Quincy — by Ted Shearer

MAKE SURE YOU DON'T FORGET ME, LI'L QUINCY!
I LOSE MORE GIRLS TO URBAN RENEWAL!
7-13
TED SHEARER
WHAT YA DOIN'?
LOOKIN' AT THE CLOUDS!
BOY, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE ONE THAT JUS' WENT BY!
7-14
WONDER WHERE IT WENT!
I GUESS IT'S SOMEWHERE RAININ' ON SOMEBODY!
I THOUGHT THEY SAID THIS CAMP WAS INTEGRATED.. I DON'T SEE ANY GIRLS..!
7-15
THREE BUTTER CRUNCH!
FROZEN Pop Cycles
TWO PISTACHIO, FIVE BLACK CHERRY, SIX VANILLA SWIRL.
ANYTHING ELSE, FELLOWS?
7-16
YEAH, AN APPLICATION FOR A CREDIT CARD!
I GOT THE HICCUPS AGAIN!
THAT'S SIMPLE... JUS' HOLD YOUR BREATH AND COUNT TO TEN!
ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX
TED SHEARER
PERCY... SPEAK TO ME... WHAT'S WRONG?
I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT COMES AFTER SIX!
7-17
BOY, HAVE I GOT A TOOTHACHE!
I GOT TO GO TO LINDA'S PARTY!
7-18
TED SHEARER
YOU NEED HELP..!
NOBLE HAS A TOOTHACHE, SO I CAME TO EAT HIS CAKE!
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King Features Syndicate
235 East 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

QUINCY ®

By Ted Shearer

I FIGURE TO SAVE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS DURIN' MY LIFE BY NOT SMOKIN'...
BANK
AN' THOUSANDS BY NOT DRINKIN' OR GAMBLIN'.
SO WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WITH ALL YOUR MONEY?
I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT GIRLS.
9-29
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TED SHEARER

I JUST MADE A 100-YARD PUNT.
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.
IT'S TRUE. IT WENT 20 YARDS IN THE AIR AND THEN ROLLED 80 YARDS
REALLY?
SURE, I WAS STANDING ON A HILL WHEN I KICKED IT.
9-30
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TED SHEARER

I WASHED ALL THE DISHES, GRAN.
THE BIG GAME IS ON!
10-1
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HOW DID YOU FINISH SO FAST, QUINCY?
I JUS' WASHED THE FRONTS. THE BACKS WERE CLEAN.
TED SHEARER

TED SHEARER
10-2
WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT, QUINCY?
MY GRAN SAYS THERE'S A TV CAMERA IN THERE.
SAVING BANK
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I DON'T UNDERSTAND SCHOOLS. THEY GIVE US TEN DAYS OFF AT CHRISTMAS TIME...
AND A WEEK OFF AT EASTER TIME...
BUT NOT A SINGLE DAY FOR THE WORLD SERIES.
10-3
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TED SHEARER

HI, QUINCY. WHERE YA GOING?
TO THE LAUNDROMAT.
BOY, THESE CLOTHES ARE HEAVY!
WELL, THE WORST PART IS OVER...
LAUNDROMAT
BECAUSE THEY'LL WEIGH A LOT LESS WHEN I CARRY THEM HOME.
TED SHEARER
104
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MAGAZINE · SECTION

THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

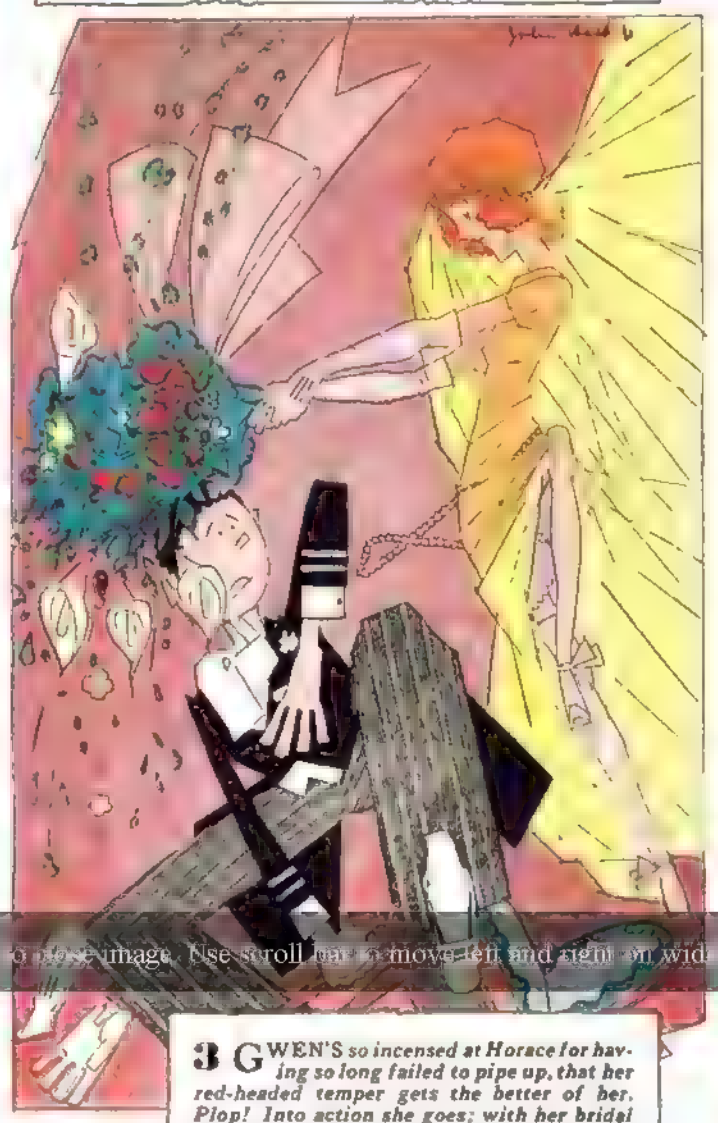
SUNDAY, JUNE 5, 1932

Runaway Red-Head — By John Held, Jr.

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and For.

1 RED-HEADED *Gwen's trying to act altar-conscious. She's fickle with the care-free spirit that goes with those crimson curls. But when Bertram popped the big question-mark at her for the forty-umpth time, she gave in. Little did Gwen nightmare that young Horace, on whom Bert has slapped the best-man label, had adored her secretly for years. The bridesmaids are in a busy huddle. Meanwhile—*

2 AS *best man, just before the wedding, despondent Horace is feeling decidedly second-best. "Oh," he sighs to his pal, Albert, "they may call it madness, but I call it love! If I'd only had the nerve to ask Gwen to go bridal-wise with me!" Just then Gwen flits past the door. Horace's secret is news to her*



3 GWEN'S *so incensed at Horace for having so long failed to pipe up, that her red-headed temper gets the better of her. Plop! Into action she goes; with her bridal bouquet she crowns Horace, whom she has been madly crushed on so long, only to find out NOW—that life with Bertram would have been just a bowl of razz-berries.*

4 GWEN *always finds an out, even if it's an out the window. She just can't go through with her marriage to bewildered Bert. She vaults, not strolls, from the nearest exit. While Horace removes the foliage from his hair, Bertram is trying to remove the cobwebs from his mind*

(To Be Continued.)

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TILLIE—What are the wild waves saying?
WILLIE—Can't hear them. The bathing suits are too loud.

TRAGEDY UP TO DATE.

horse," shouted the tragedian, "my dom for a horse."
attendant bowed.
e are just out of horse," he answered getically.
th a sneer of discontent His Majesty or- liver and bacon, with German fried po- s.—Detroit Tribune.

POLITENESS IS EXPENSIVE.

"Remember, my son," said the prudent father, "that politeness doesn't cost anything."
"Yes," was the reply. "I've heard that."
"You don't doubt it, do you?"
"Well, it certainly costs me about $7 a week to get any politeness out of the waiters in our hotel."—Halifax Herald.

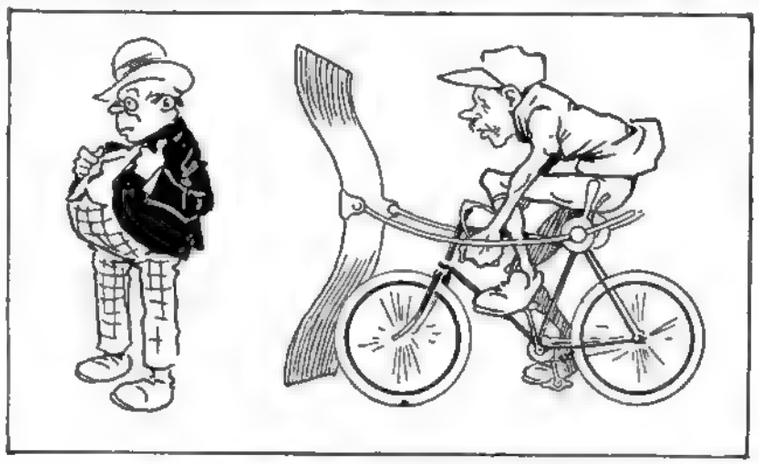
"He seems to visit you quite frequently. But do you think him steady?"
"Steady? Well, I should say he was. He calls every evening."

COULDN'T TAKE ANY RISKS

ou haven't read my new book of poems
o, I haven't. I've just recovered from a e illness, and the doctor is very particu- bout my health."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE OTHER BOY MADE THE NOISE.

Mrs. Bray—I thought you said it was the little boy next door who was making all the noise?
Little Johnnie—So it was, ma. I was beating him with a stick.—Tit-Bits.



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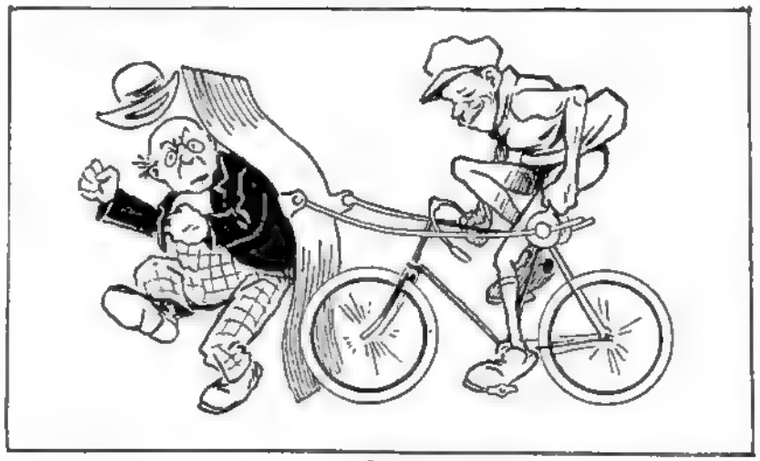

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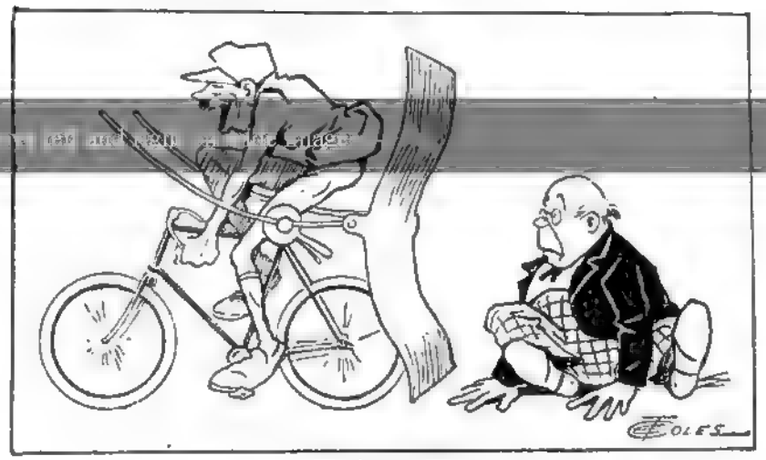
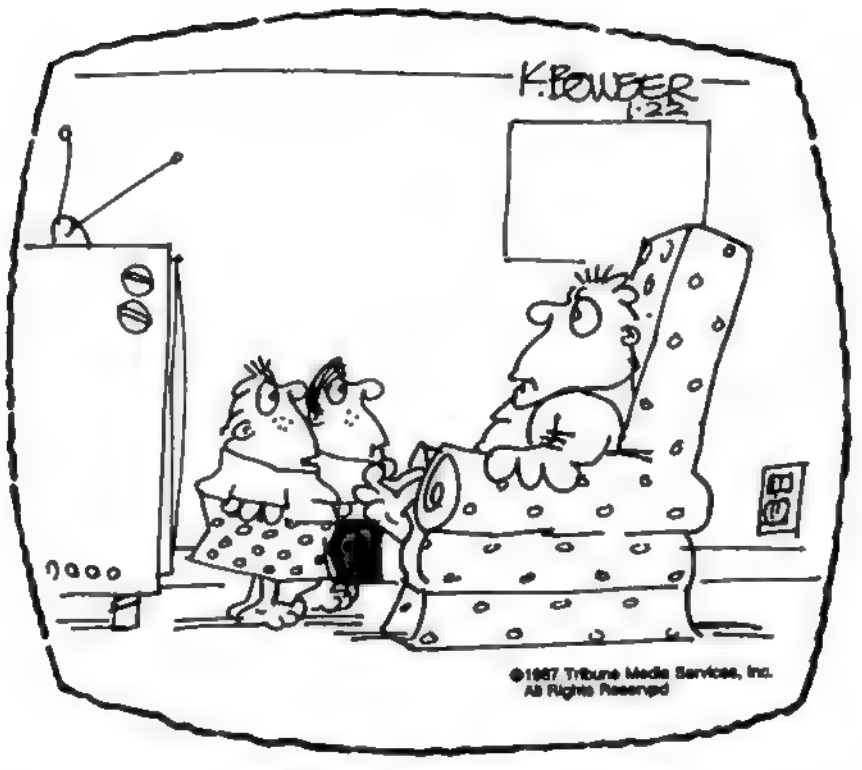


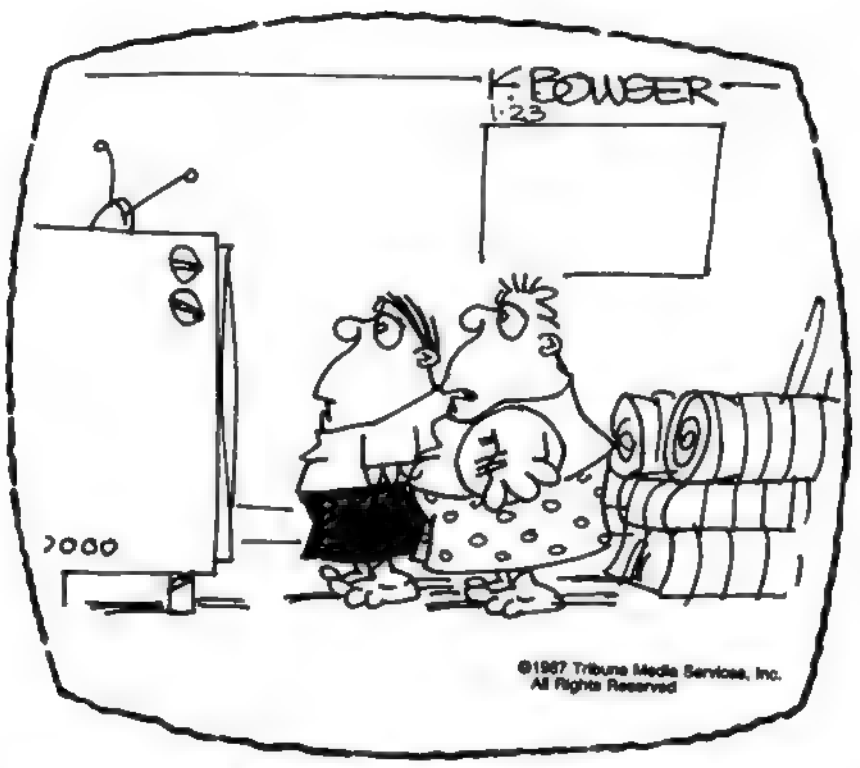
4.

"ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS HOOK THE ATARI UP TO THE MICROWAVE AND PRESTO — MEAT LOAF INVADERS!..."

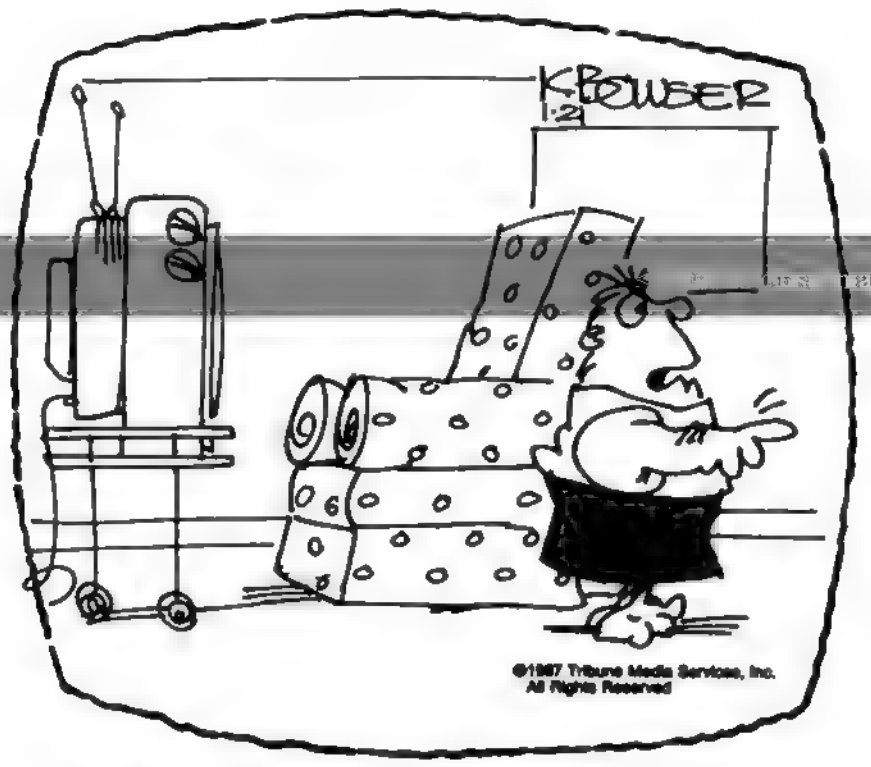


"CARTOONS ARE ON OPPOSITE YOUR GOLF MATCH, DAD. MIND IF WE PLAY THROUGH?"

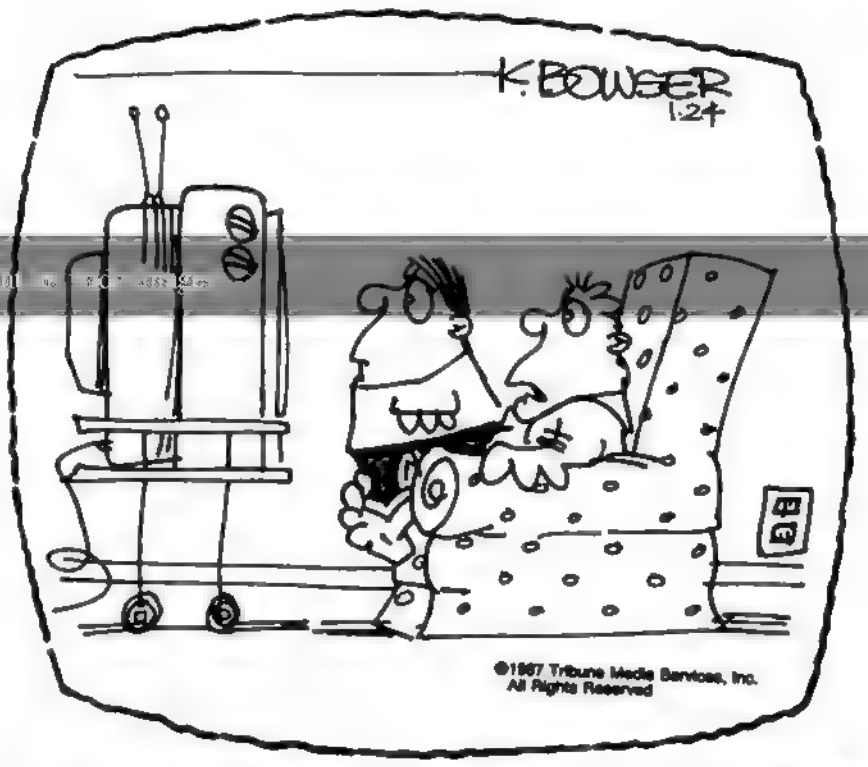
"THIS IS LIBERACE? I THOUGHT I WAS PICKING UP MR. ROGERS AND DAVID LEE ROTH AT THE SAME TIME."



"THIS IS A SEVEN-PART LOVE STORY; SIX PARTS LOVE — ONE PART STORY..."



"NO! YOU CAN'T WATCH 'THE THREE STOOGES'! AND GET THOSE PLIERS OUT OF YOUR BROTHER'S EAR!"



"I STILL SAY '60 MINUTES' HAS THE BEST 40 MINUTES OF COMMERCIALS ON TV."

SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY —By C. Kessler

A NEIGHBOR OF MINE TOLD ME HIS MOTHER TOLD HER THAT HE MAKES SIX DOLLARS A WEEK, DO YOU BELIEVE IT?
TOO BAD TH' COMPANY CAN'T AFFORD COAL FOR TH' STREET-CAR STOVE!
HI, DICK! HAS THE COMPANY BEEN GETTIN' ANY LEAD NICKELS LATELY?
I THOUGHT HE'D NEVER GET OUT OF MY CLASS IN THE EIGHTH GRADE!
LAN'SAKES! NEVER THOUGHT HE'D AMOUNT TO A ROW O' PINS!!
2-23
(Released by Consolidated News Features)

•HOME-TOWN ECHOES•

RICHARD R. DEUPREE, *PRESIDENT OF THE PROCTER AND GAMBLE COMPANY, CHAIRMAN OF THE BUSINESS ADVISORY COUNCIL OF THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE, STARTED TO WORK AT SIXTEEN, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CINCINNATI AND COVINGTON STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.*

Seems Like Yesterday

By C. Kessler

• LIFE AT ITS VERY BEST •

A NEW WATERPROOF SOU'WESTER, OILED SLICKER, RUBBER BOOTS, AN APRIL SHOWER, TWO HAM SANDWICHES, A PIECE OF PIE IN YOUR LUNCH BOX AND ONLY TWO MILES TO WALK TO SCHOOL.

4-16-43

SHANTYLANE

by Vic Vac

Who-o-pee!!!

Oh! Chuck all your sorrows,
You know that tomorrow's
The time to be having
The blues;
We'll go where the dandies
That live in the shanties
Are chancing a cut or
A bruise,
By hitting the ground
Off the Merry-go-round
Or from other wild things that
They choose.

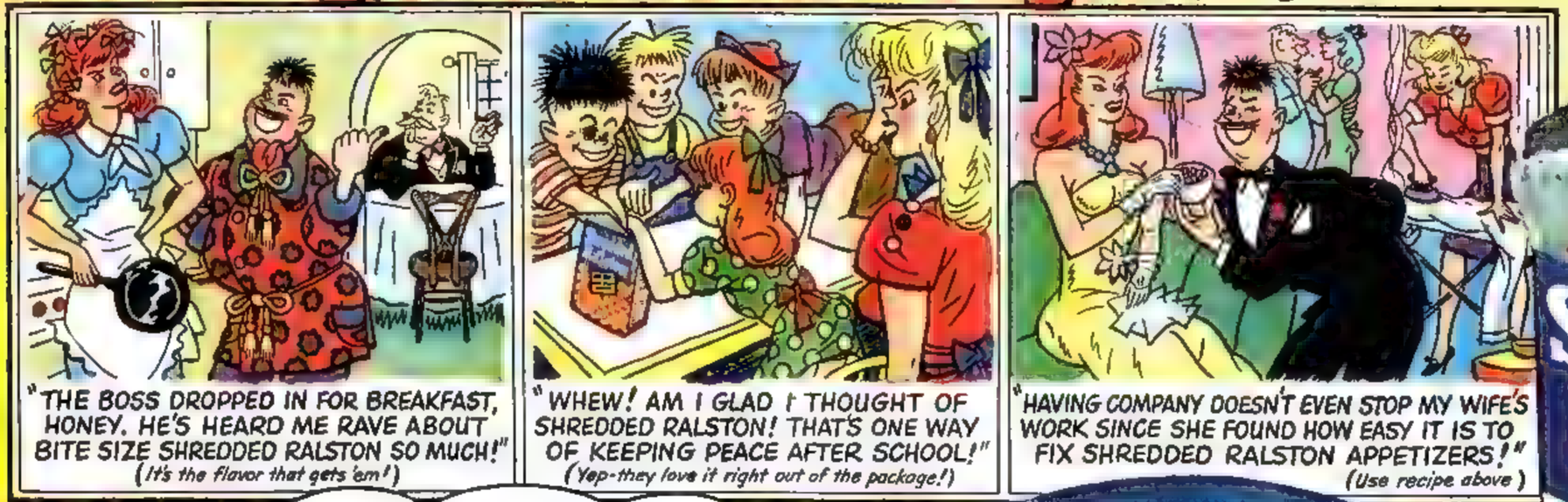
But for natures less daring,
There's bathing or sharing
A boat ride or photo
For two;
And the clatter and clash,
With the swing and the dash
Should all be convincing
To you
That the local report,
Of this famous resort,
Is certainly all that
Is true.

So just do what our kind do,
And let me remind you,
It's this season's smartest
Affair;
Indeed! All the slickers,
Will greet you with snickers,
If you say you've never
Been there,
So don't be declining,
Or you won't be shining,
With Shanty Lane's people
Who care

Jingle by Allen Met

Advertisement

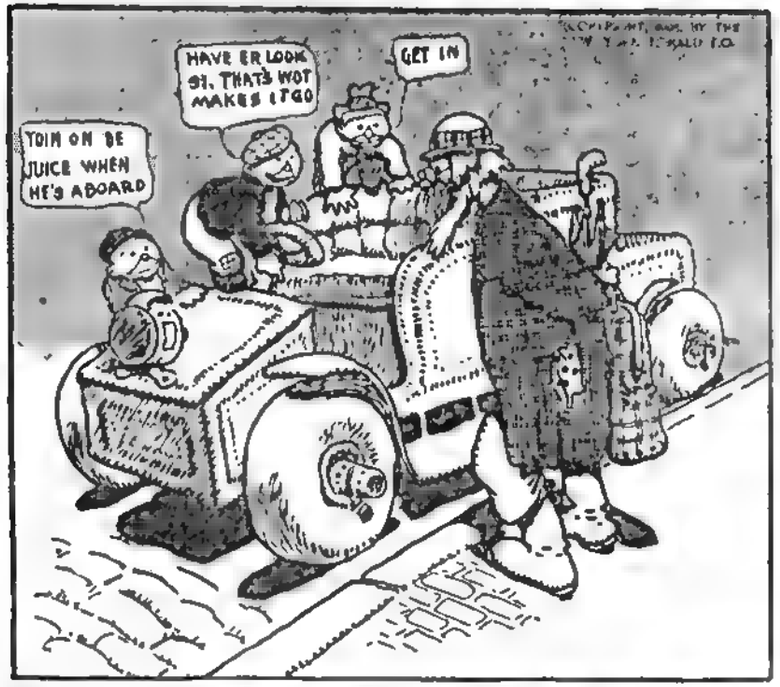
Morning, Afternoon and Night by Jefferson Machamer

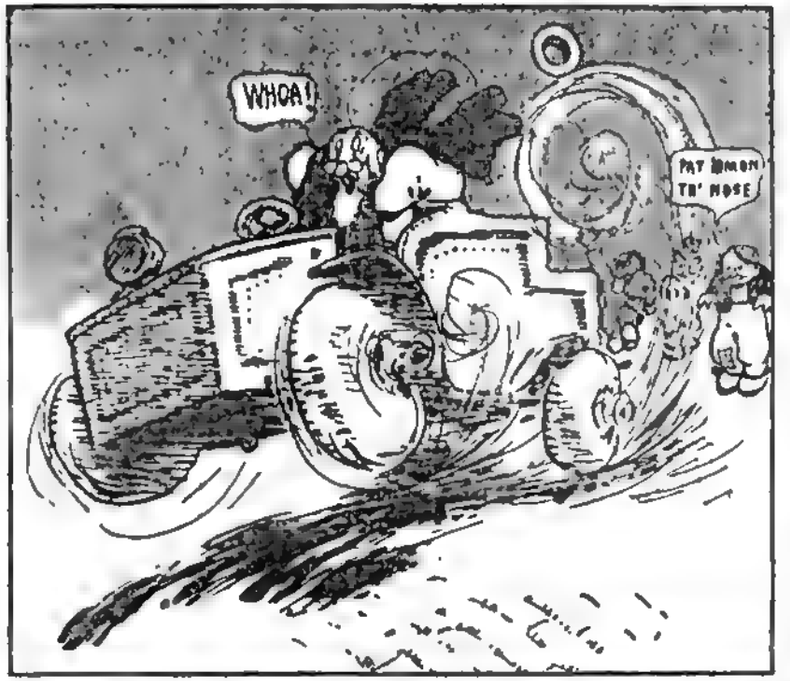

"THE BOSS DROPPED IN FOR BREAKFAST, HONEY. HE'S HEARD ME RAVE ABOUT BITE SIZE SHREDDED RALSTON SO MUCH!" (It's the flavor that gets 'em!)
"WHEW! AM I GLAD I THOUGHT OF SHREDDED RALSTON! THAT'S ONE WAY OF KEEPING PEACE AFTER SCHOOL!" (Yep-they love it right out of the package!)
"HAVING COMPANY DOESN'T EVEN STOP MY WIFE'S WORK SINCE SHE FOUND HOW EASY IT IS TO FIX SHREDDED RALSTON APPETIZERS!" (Use recipe above)

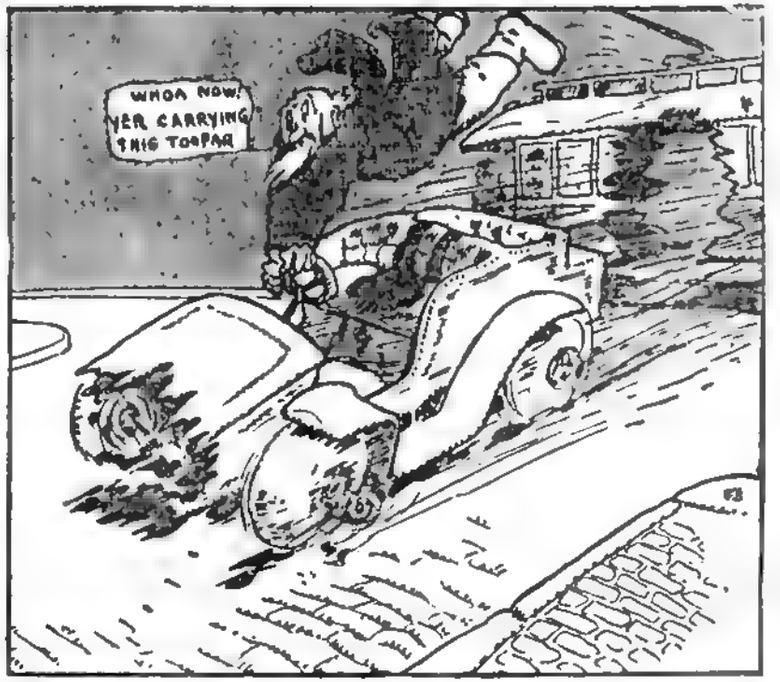
HERE'S A TIP: BETTER KEEP AN **EXTRA** BOX OF **SHREDDED RALSTON** HANDY! IT MAKES A HIT MORNING, AFTERNOON AND NIGHT. THERE'S NO OTHER BREAKFAST CEREAL QUITE LIKE IT! **BITE SIZE FOR EASY EATING.** PACKED WITH WHOLE WHEAT ENERGY. AND SO GOOD THE YOUNGSTERS LIKE IT BY THE HANDFUL AFTER SCHOOL... WITHOUT **ANY** FIXING! THE FLAVOR SECRET IS **PATENTED.** TRY IT!

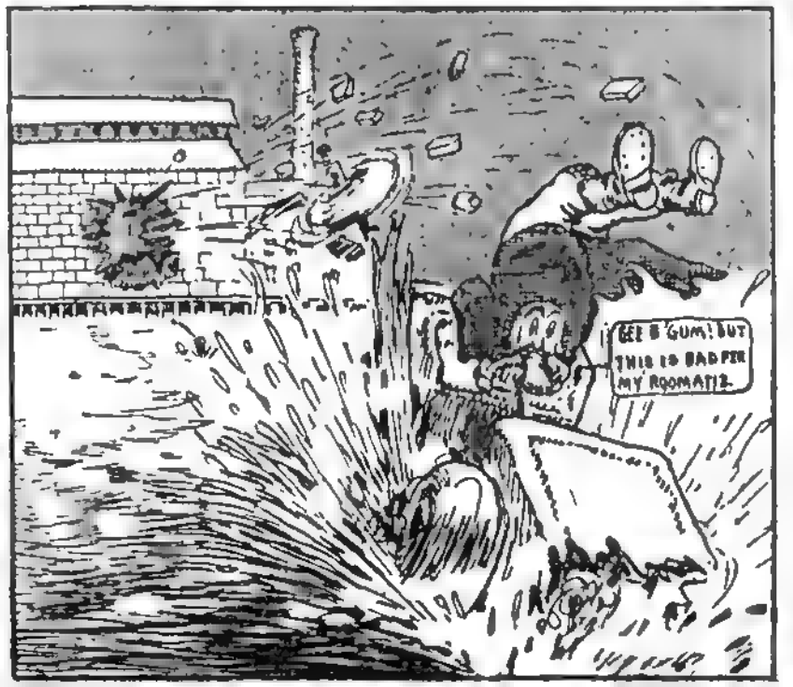
RECIPE
FOR DELICIOUS LOW-COST BITE SIZE APPETIZERS
JUST MELT BUTTER IN SKILLET. ADD SHREDDED RALSTON. SALT TO TASTE. HEAT. SERVE LIKE SALTED NUTS. THEY GO FAST!
Shredded Ralston
BITE SIZE WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS
Shredded RALSTON

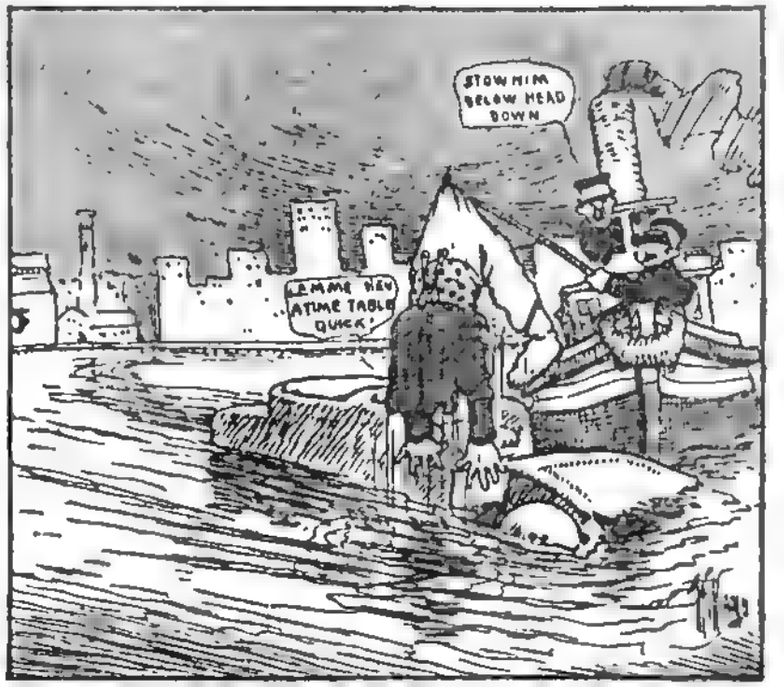
SI SHODDY of SHODDYHOLLER





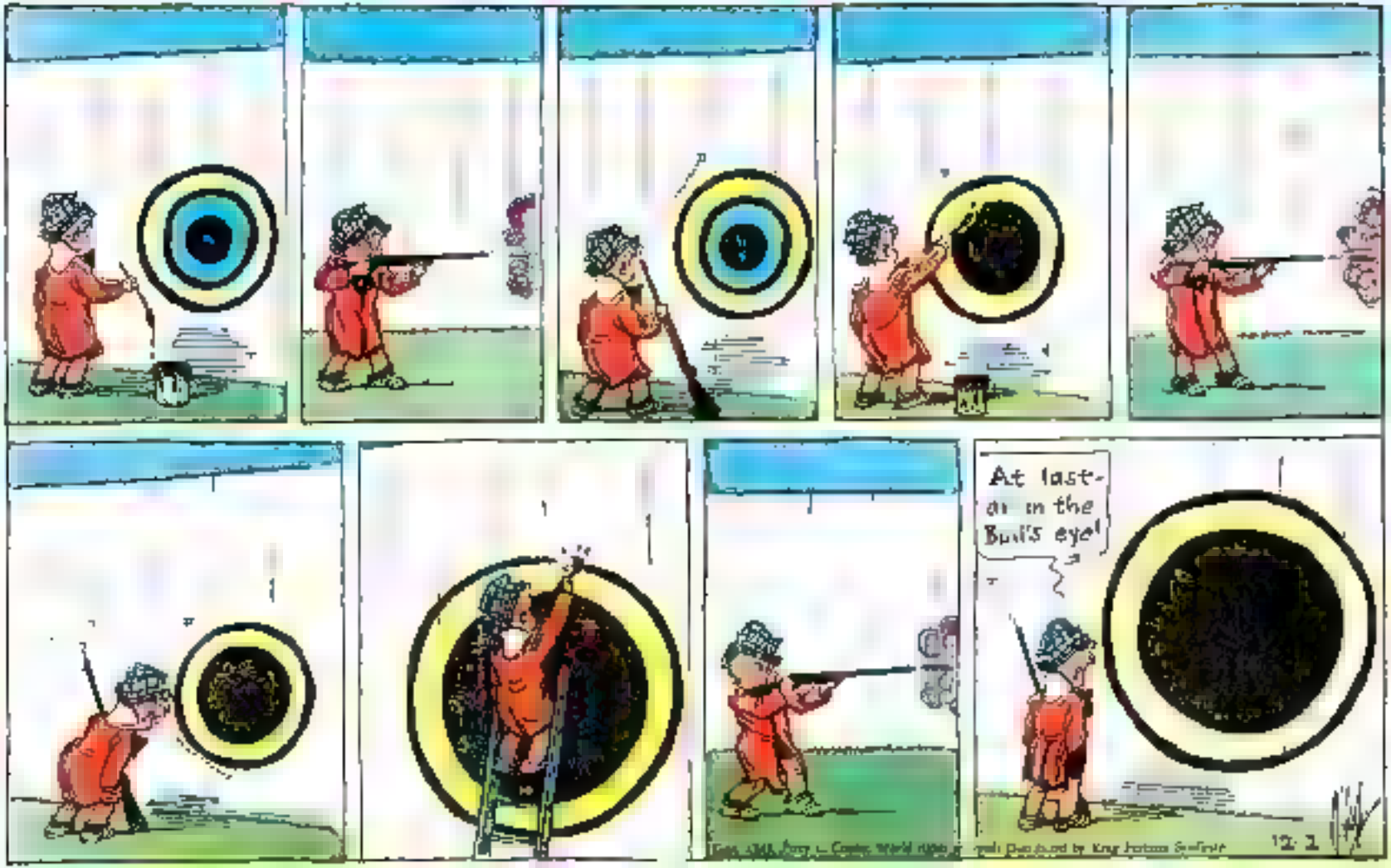






Skippy

By Percy Crosby



S-L-A-N-G

HOW IT LOOKS

"SHE TALKED AN ARM OFF HIM."

ON THE WING

by ZACK MOSLEY

I HEAR BRUCE WANTED TO SOLO TODAY AN' STEVE WOULDNT LET HIM!!

YEAH, THAT BRUCE CERTAINLY IS A CONCEITED EGG!! YOU KNOW HES BEEN RAZZIN' ME 'CAUSE I WORRY ABOUT SOLOIN'.

I WONDER HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE ME TO LEARN TO FLY?

SAY, MACK, DOESNT IT EVER WORRY YOU--THINKIN' ABOUT THAT FIRST SOLO?

SURE! BUT JUST DON'T THINK ABOUT IT--OF COURSE WE'VE HAD A FEW HOURS IN THE AIR BUT WE WON'T BE FLYIN' ALONE FOR SEVERAL DAYS—SO FORGET IT! COME ON--IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER LESSON!

I'LL BETCHA I CAN FLY A PLANE SOMEDAY

THREE HOURS LATER

WELL, BOYS, I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE EXCELLENT FLYING YOU'VE BEEN DOING LATELY--IN FACT IT WAS SO GOOD THAT I'M SENDING YOU UP FOR YOUR SOLOS RIGHT NOW!

CAN I GO WITH YOU ON YOUR SOLOS?

ER, ULP

-SO REMEMBER--JUST KEEP A COOL HEAD AN' FORGET THE FACT THAT ITS YOUR FIRST SOLO.

HOLD ON A MINUTE

DID JA SAY I CAN GO TOO?

LISSEN, STEVE, HOW DOES IT HAPPEN YOU'RE LETTIN' THESE TWO SQUABS SOLO? YOU WON'T LET ME AN' I'VE HAD A LOT MORE INSTRUCTION THAN THEY'VE HAD!

WELL, BRUCE, IF YOU MUST KNOW, YOU'RE TOO DARN COCKSURE AND RECKLESS FOR A BEGINNER--BUT IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO LAY OFF THAT SPECTACULAR FLYIN'--WELL OKAY!

TWO MINUTES LATER, BRUCE TAKES OFF-

LOOK AT THAT CLIMBIN' TAKE OFF! AFTER ALL MY CAUTIONIN' --IF HE GETS DOWN ALIVE IT'LL BE A MIRACLE

EVEN IF THIS IS MY FIRST SOLO, I'M GONNA SHOW THOSE GUYS SOME REAL FLYIN' OR MY NAME ISN'T BRUCE MILBURN!

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT! LOOK AT HIM---STUNTIN' LIKE A WAR ACE!!

WELL, HE SURE PULLED OUT OF THAT ONE NICE!

THIS SIDE-SLIPPIN IN FOR A LANDIN' WILL CONVINCE STEVE I'M NOT JUST AN ORDINARY STUDENT---NOW I'LL LEVEL OFF-

-BUT HE WAS TOO NEAR THE GROUND TO STRAIGHTEN OUT-

CRASH

I SEE HE CUT THE SWITCH-LUCKY HE DID OR HE MIGHT BE IN FLAMES NOW!

H-HE'S UNCONSCIOUS, POOR FELLOW-

AN HOUR LATER-

CITY EMERGENCY HOSPITAL

IS HE HURT BAD?

HE'S PRETTY BAD OFF--IT MAY BE A LONG TIME BEFORE HE CAN FLY AGAIN.

IT'S TOO BAD--HE'D HAVE MADE A GOOD PILOT IF HE JUST HADN'T BEEN SO RECKLESS!

IT'S TOUGH THIS CRACK-UP HAD TO HAPPEN JUST WHEN YOU BOYS WERE ABOUT TO MAKE YOUR FIRST SOLOS----

...BUT THE LONGER YOU PUT IT OFF, THE HARDER IT WILL BE FOR YOU TO DO, SO MY ADVICE IS TO GO AHEAD AND SOLO RIGHT NOW!..... --WHICH ONE OF YOU WANTS TO GO FIRST?

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK-

AIR FACTS

HELLO MICKEY, HOW ARE YOU TODAY?

I'M FINE, SPEED SAY, HAVE YOU GOT TIME TO EXPLAIN MORE ABOUT YOUR PLANE?

-AND YOU SAY THESE LOWER FLAPS ARE THE ELEVATORS?

YES--BUT THIS FLAP HERE IS THE RUDDER. THE STATIONARY FIN IN FRONT OF IT IS THE **VERTICAL** STABILIZER AND THE LOWER FINS ARE THE **HORIZONTAL** STABILIZERS.

WELL WHEN YOU'RE FLYING HOW DO YOU MOVE THIS RUDDER THING?

THE RUDDER IS CONTROLLED BY PRESSING RIGHT OR LEFT RUDDER PEDAL THE PEDALS ARE LOCATED IN THE COCKPIT.

NEXT WEEK--THE FUNCTION OF THE RUDDER WILL BE EXPLAINED.

SMILIN' JACK

by ZACK MOSLEY

WHAT SHOULD WE NAME JACK'S AUTO-AIRPLANE, MARY?

A **HEADACHE!** I WORRY SO WHEN HE'S TESTING IT!

SO! JACK FINISHED HIS PLANE **DESPITE** MY WARNING! I'LL FIX HIM SO HE **CAN'T** WIN TH' DERBY!

WELL, I'M BACK AGAIN, OKAY!

BUT, JACK I'M SO AFRAID YOU'RE PLANE WILL BE TAMPERED WITH --

--AND SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN WHILE YOU'RE IN TH' AIR!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL FOLD TH' WINGS BACK AN' WE'LL GIVE IT A ROAD TEST!

THESE GEARED WHEELS SURE MOVE US ALONG!

OH, JACK I'M **SO** HAPPY WHEN YOU'RE BACK ON TH' GROUND WHERE IT'S SAFE!

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
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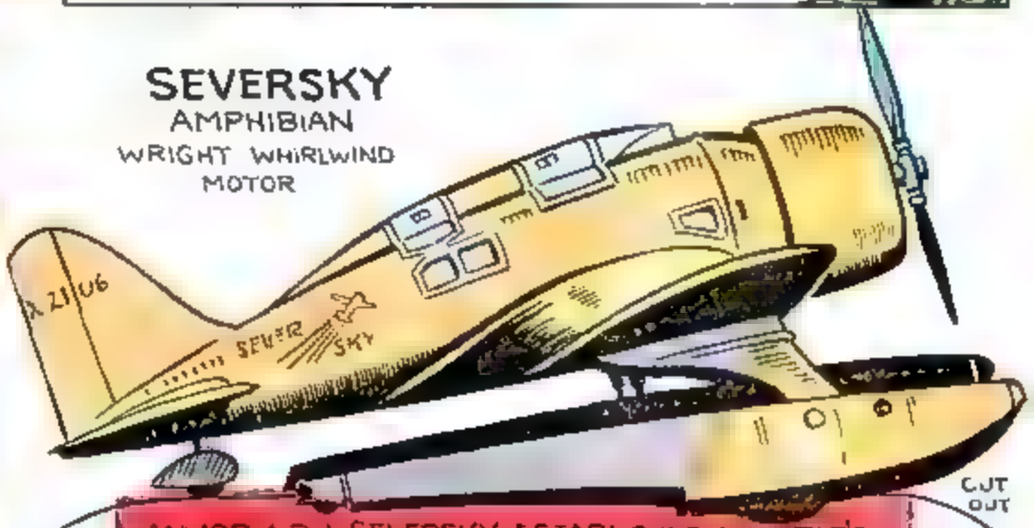
CRASH!

BACK ON TH' **GROUND** WHERE IT'S **SAFE**, HUH?

SEVERSKY
AMPHIBIAN
WRIGHT WHIRLWIND MOTOR



MAJOR A P de SEVERSKY ESTABLISHED A WORLD'S SPEED RECORD FOR AMPHIBIANS AT ROOSEVELT FIELD, L.I., OCT. 9-1933, AVERAGING 180 M.P.H.

CUT OUT

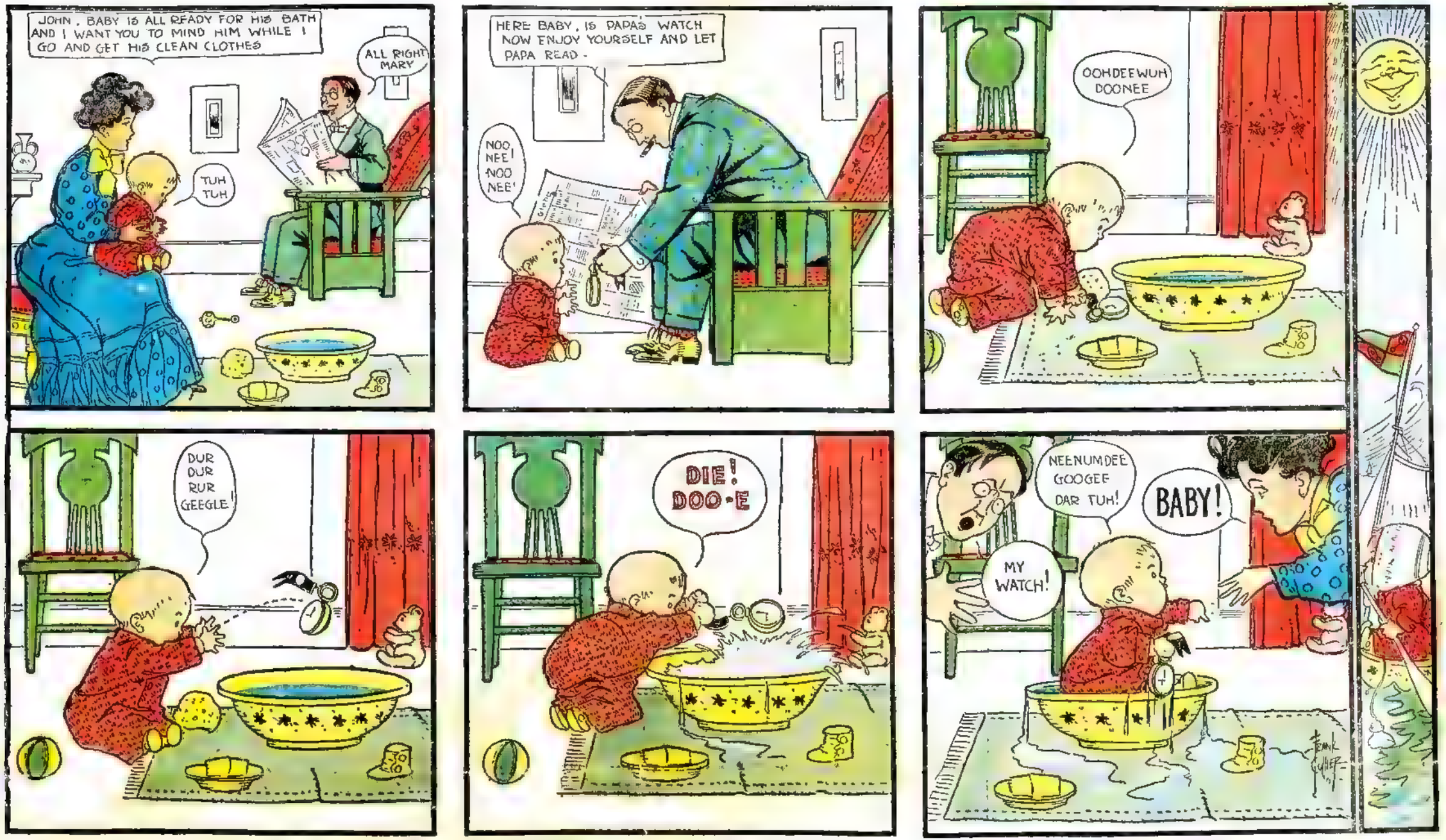
FOLD

Z.M.

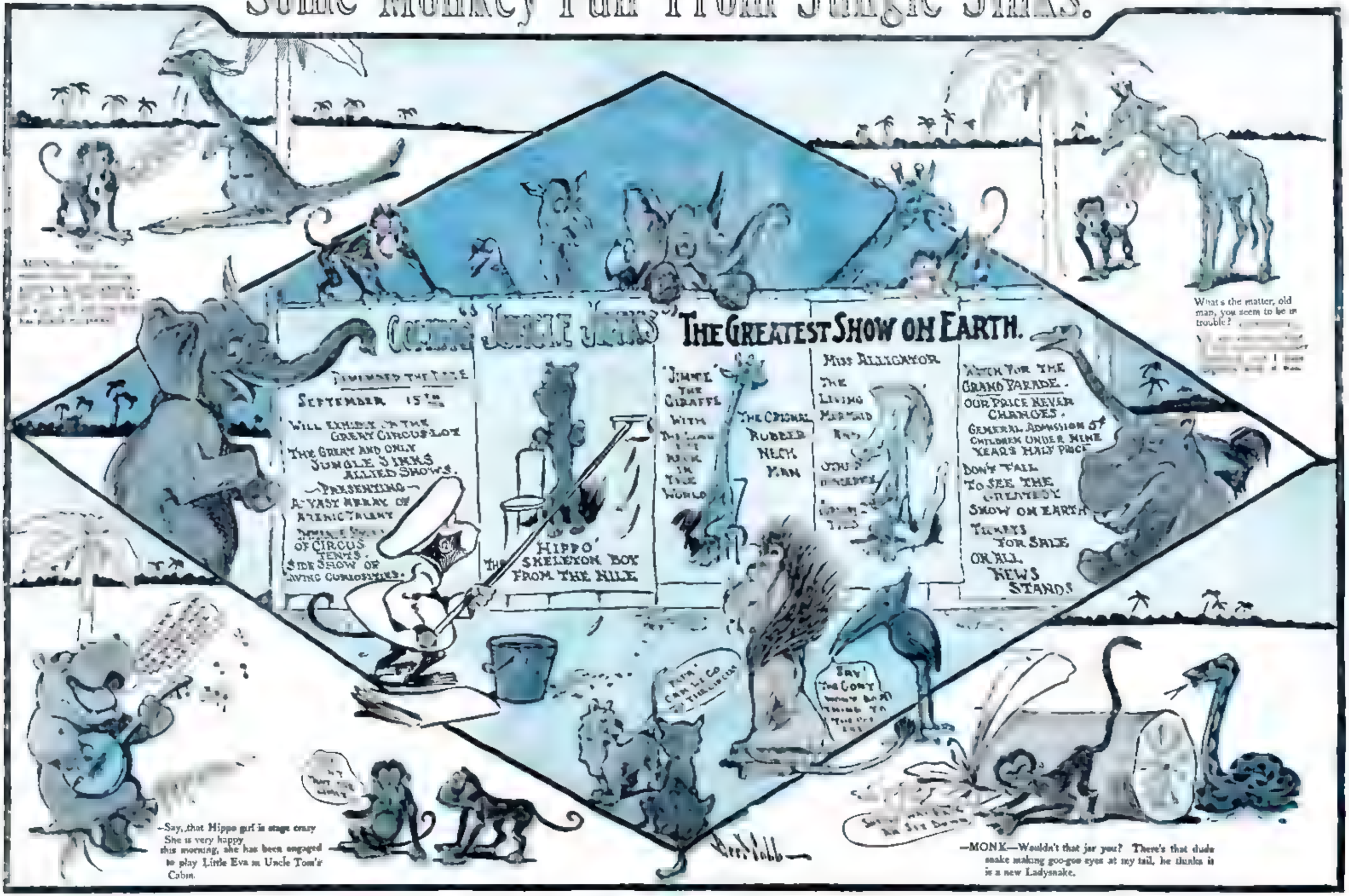
Sunday Globe Magazine Supplement—Part Two.

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 31, 1909.

SMITHERS' BABY. HE TAKES A BATH.


JOHN, BABY IS ALL READY FOR HIS BATH AND I WANT YOU TO MIND HIM WHILE I GO AND GET HIS CLEAN CLOTHES
ALL RIGHT MARY
TUH TUH
HERE BABY, IS PAPAS WATCH NOW ENJOY YOURSELF AND LET PAPA READ -
NOO NEE! NOO NEE!
OOHDEEWUH DOONEE
DUR DUR RUR GEEGLE!
DIE! DOO-E
NEENUMDEE GOOGEE DAR TUH!
BABY!
MY WATCH!

Some Monkey Fun From Jungle Jinks.


JUNGLE JINKS
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.
SEPTEMBER 15TH
WILL EXHIBIT IN THE GREAT CIRCUS LOT
THE GREAT AND ONLY JUNGLE JINKS ALLIED SHOWS.
PRESENTING
A VAST ARRAY OF ARTISTIC TALENT
OF CIRCUS TENTS.
SIDE SHOW OF LIVING CURIOSITIES.
THE HIPPO' SKELETON BOX FROM THE NILE
JIMMIE THE GIRAFFE
THE ORIGINAL RUBBER NECK MAN
MISS ALLIGATOR
THE LIVING MERMAID
WATCH FOR THE GRAND PARADE.
OUR PRICE NEVER CHANGES.
GENERAL ADMISSION 5¢
CHILDREN UNDER NINE YEARS HALF PRICE
DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
TICKETS FOR SALE ON ALL NEWS STANDS
What's the matter, old man, you seem to be in trouble?
—Say, that Hippo girl is stage crazy She is very happy this morning, she has been engaged to play Little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin.
—MONK—Wouldn't that jar you? There's that dude snake making goo-goo eyes at my tail, he thinks it is a new Ladysnake.

Some Monkey Fun From Jungle Jinks.

MONK. This rounding the horn always was dangerous work.

HIPPO. Say give me a bite of your apple. I'll only take one bite, honest.

HIPPO— Yes, the little Monkey said I was beautiful Now I wonder if he is flattering me or is he really in love.

WEARY WILLIE. Now if that lion only stays and keeps his fly brush going I'll get a little sleep.

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Sonny Boy and Troubles
Visit to the North Pole

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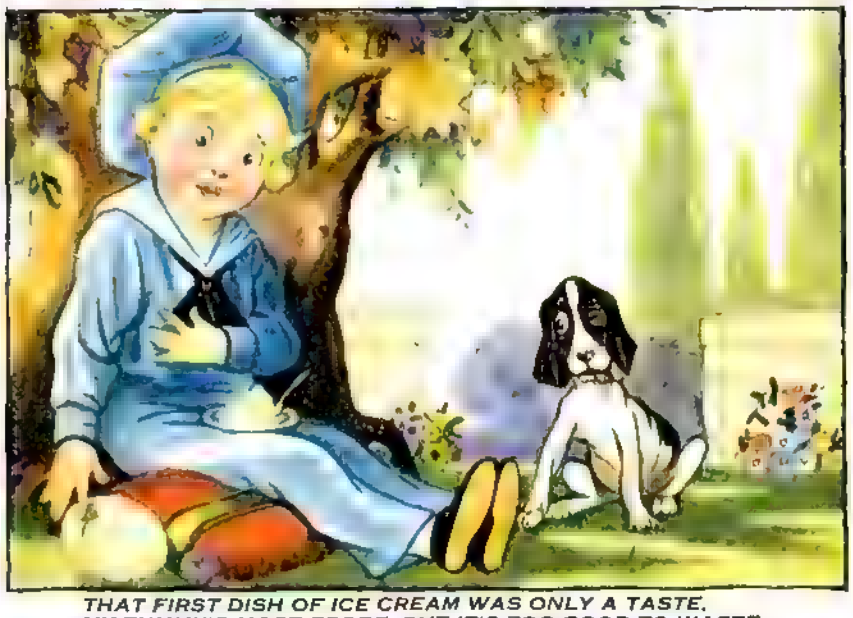
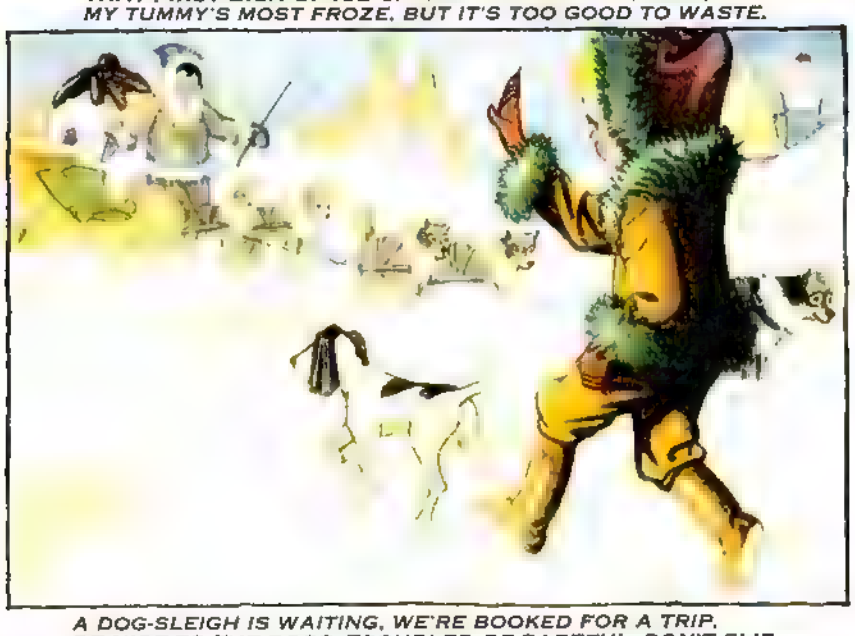
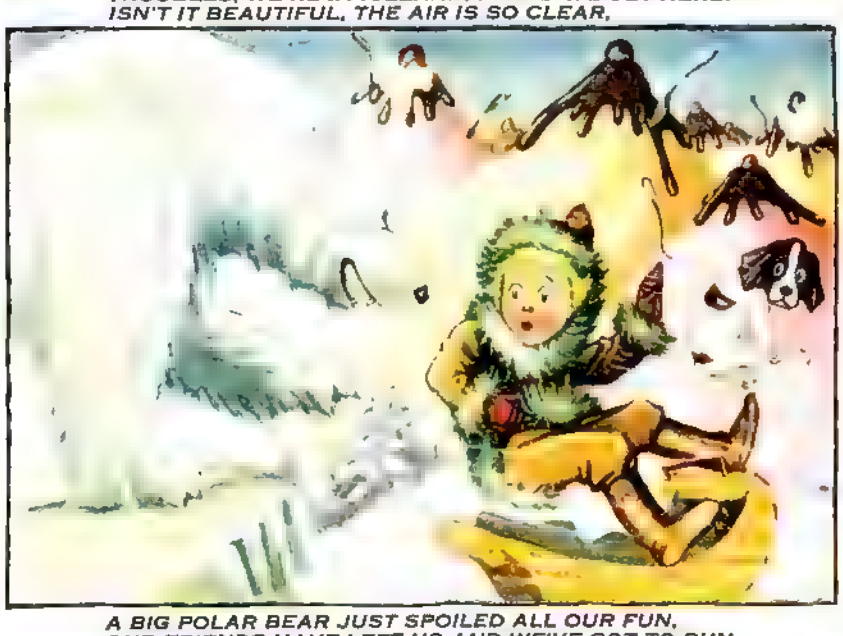


THAT FIRST DISH OF ICE CREAM WAS ONLY A TASTE.
MY TUMMY'S MOST FROZE. BUT IT'S TOO GOOD TO WASTE.

TROUBLES, WE'RE IN ICELAND. HOW'D WE GET HERE?
ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL, THE AIR IS SO CLEAR.

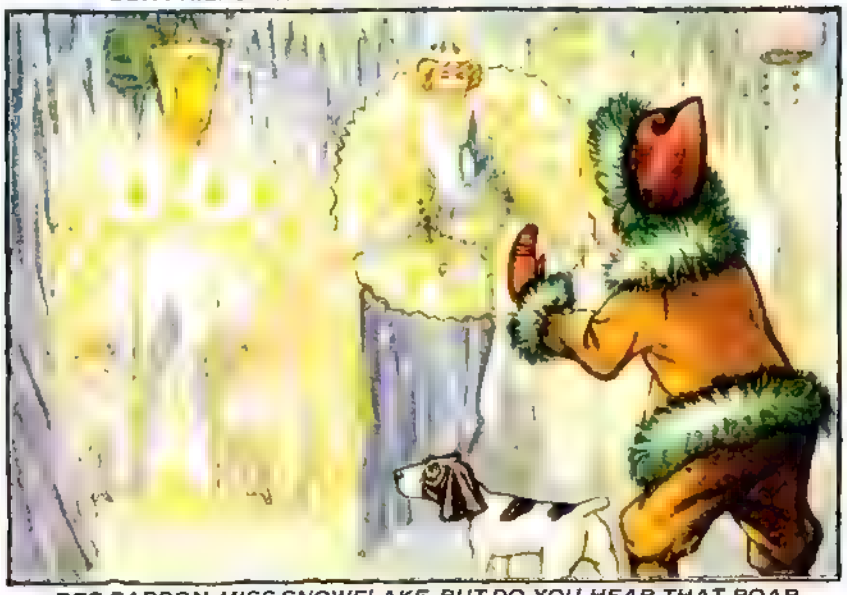


A DOG-SLEIGH IS WAITING, WE'RE BOOKED FOR A TRIP.
BE NICE TO THE DOGS, TROUBLES, BE CAREFUL, DON'T SLIP.

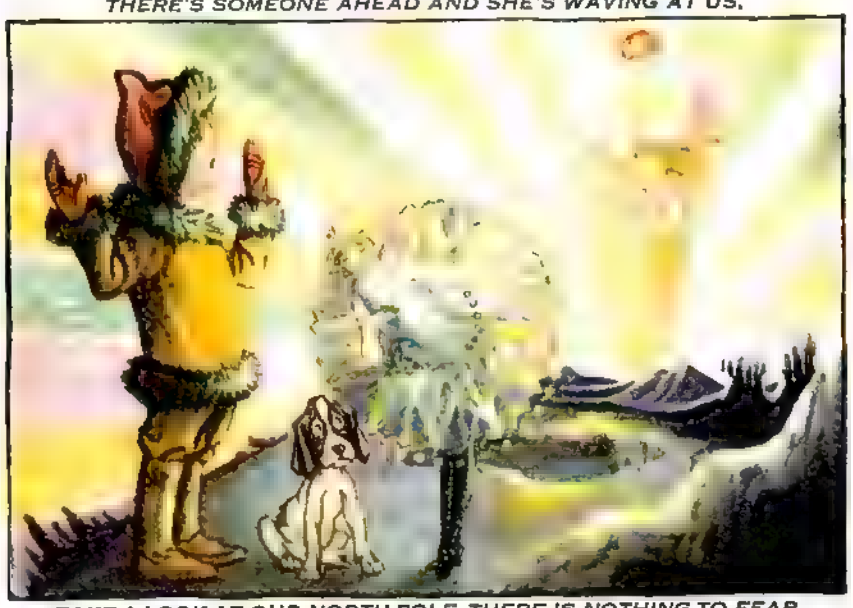


A BIG POLAR BEAR JUST SPOILED ALL OUR FUN,
OUR FRIENDS HAVE LEFT US AND WE'VE GOT TO RUN.

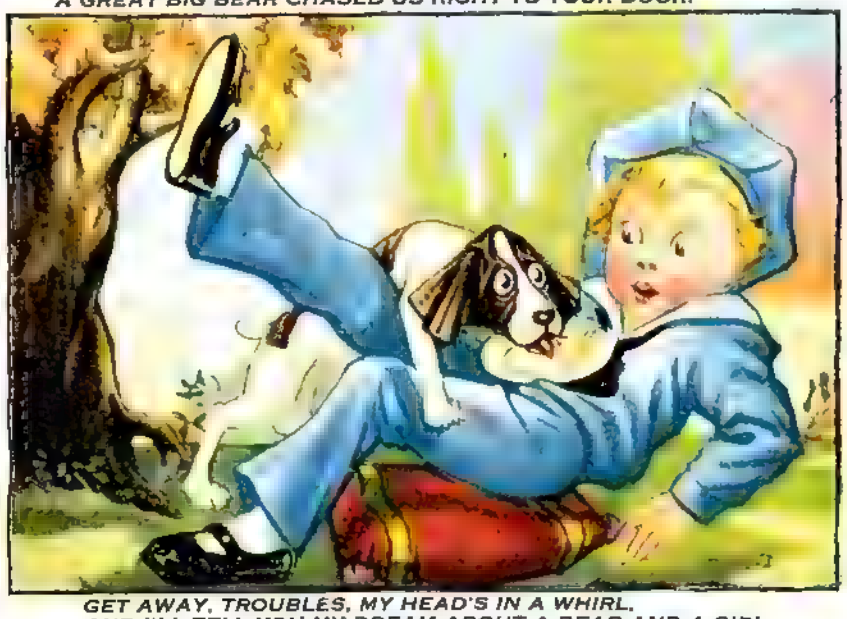
HURRY UP, SONNY, DON'T MAKE SUCH A FUSS,
THERE'S SOMEONE AHEAD AND SHE'S WAVING AT US.



BEG PARDON, MISS SNOWFLAKE, BUT DO YOU HEAR THAT ROAR,
A GREAT BIG BEAR CHASED US RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR.



TAKE A LOOK AT OUR NORTH POLE, THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR,
BEARS AND ALL OF US LIKE ICE CREAM UP HERE.



GET AWAY, TROUBLES, MY HEAD'S IN A WHIRL,
AND I'LL TELL YOU MY DREAM ABOUT A BEAR AND A GIRL.

A SOUTH SEA IDYL.

The cannibals fall on their knees, by terror overcome,
To see the shipwrecked mariner with finger and with thumb
His artificial leg unscrew. They cannot understand
How any man can take himself apart like this by hand.

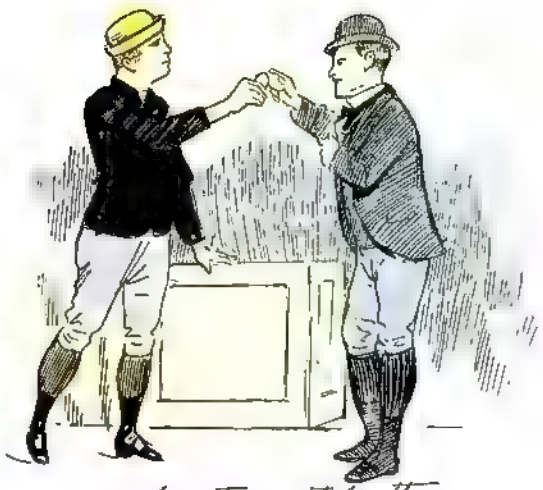
But still they take him by the hair and make him gaily trot
Across the arid burning sands unto the iron pot.
Upon the way they fondly sing with sunshine in their souls,
"We'll try this drumstick en brochette upon the livid coals."

Lest he disturb the banquet lush, with lovely forethought they
First lash him to a languid palm and then in manner gay
Proceed to toast above the blaze with merrimental toot
The leg of the poor mariner, including e'en the boot.

They pitch into the morsel fine, then yell in wild unrest:
"We've bit off more than we can chew and handily digest.
"You have," remarked the sailor man, a humorist was he;
And then he warbled in his joy, "A Coroner for three."

An ancient custom of Easter Monday in Merrie England
= The dance among eggs =

A popular American Custom —
Admiring the Easter girl.



A custom not forgotten —
= Matching =

That old German Nursery Tale —
The rabbit that laid the colored eggs

History records a custom in France of bringing Easter-eggs as tribute to the King. — The King abolished the custom

SPEAKING OF EASTER CUSTOMS—

SPEAKING OF FISH STORIES---THIS ONE IS REALLY UNTRUE.

THE SPRIGHTLY ADVENTURES OF LETME DOIT BILL.

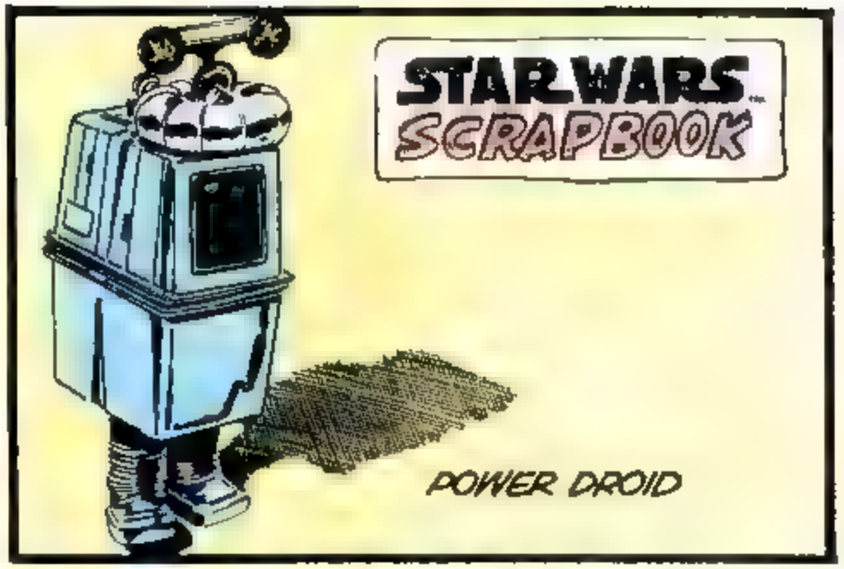
OH! IM SO GLAD YOU CAME, EZRA HAS BEEN A VERY BAD BOYS, AN' IVE NOT THE HEART TO SPANK HIM!
IF HE DESERVES IT, MY DEAR LET ME DO IT!
I CAN'T BEAR TO WATCH!
I DON'T LIKE TO DO THIS EZRA, BUT YOU MUST BETAUGHT TO RESPECT YOU'R MOTHER!
CRACK
SMASH!
BANG!
ZIZ!
WOW-OW! BRING ME SOME LINEMENT! MY MITT'S BUSTED!
ZIZ!!
LARGE HEALTHY BRICK
RANDALL

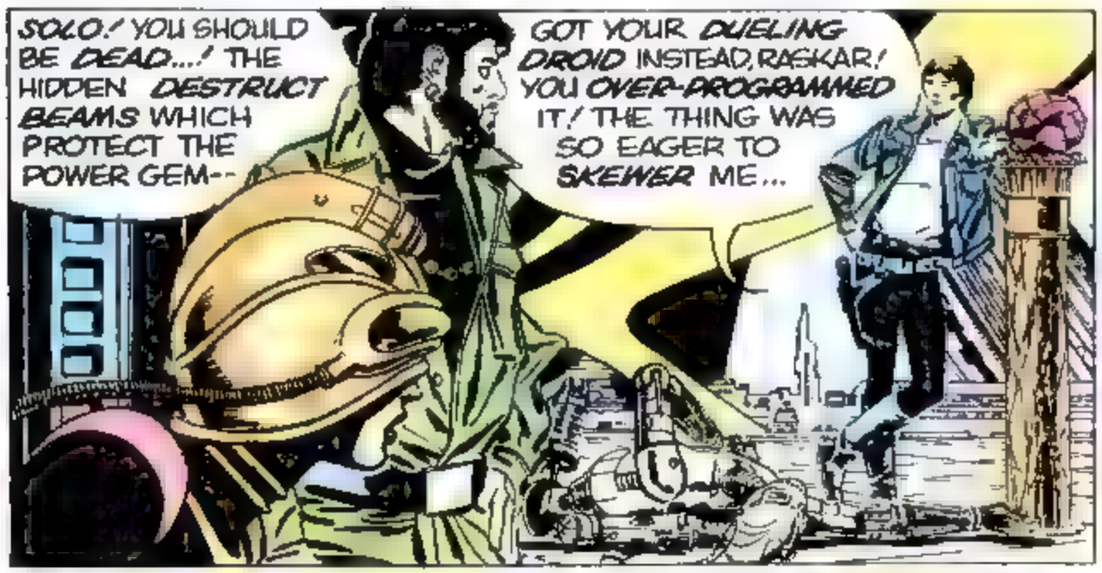
THE SPRIGHTLY ADVENTURES OF LETME DOIT BILL.

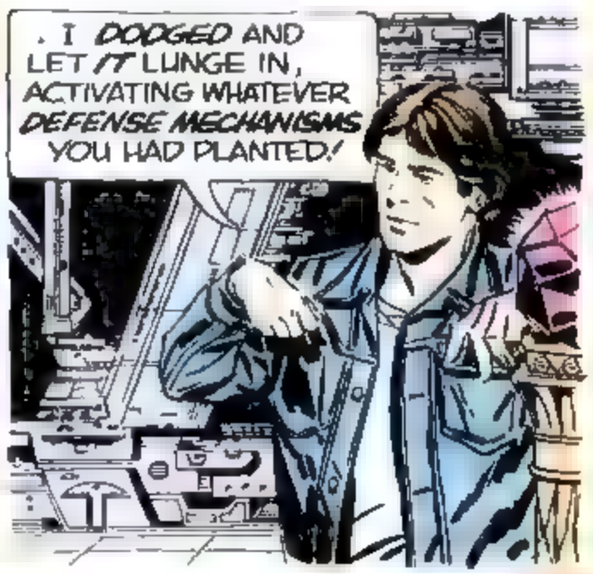
I'VE A NEW BALL I WANT TO TRY OUT - IT'S PRETTY HEAVY!
I LIKE A HEAVY BALL LET ME DO IT!
DON'T MIND ME, I'M A PAST MASTER AT THIS GAME!
THE FLOOR'S KIND OF SLIPPERY! LOOK OUT!
GEE! IT IS SLIPPERY! ISN'T IT?
YAAS! AND YOU'LL FIND THE STAIRS ARE SLIPPERY!
ZAP!
MON RANDALL

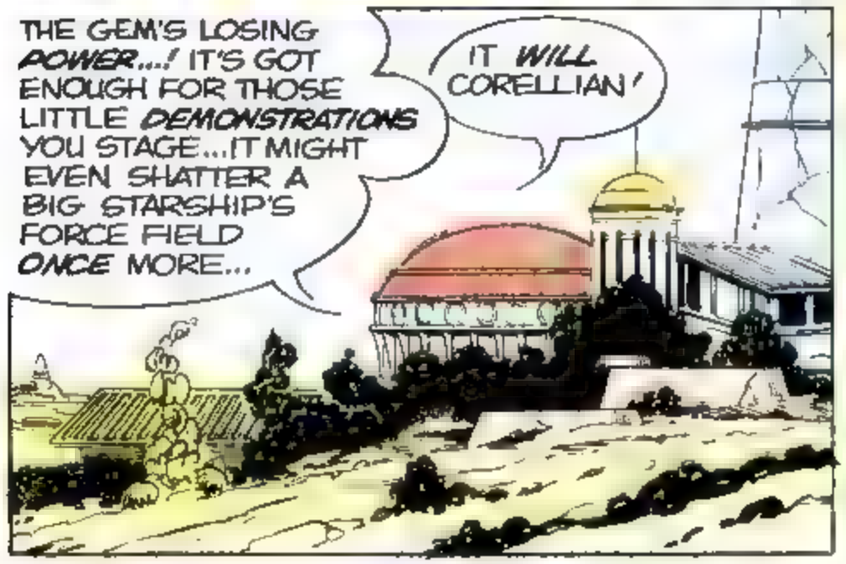
STAR WARS™

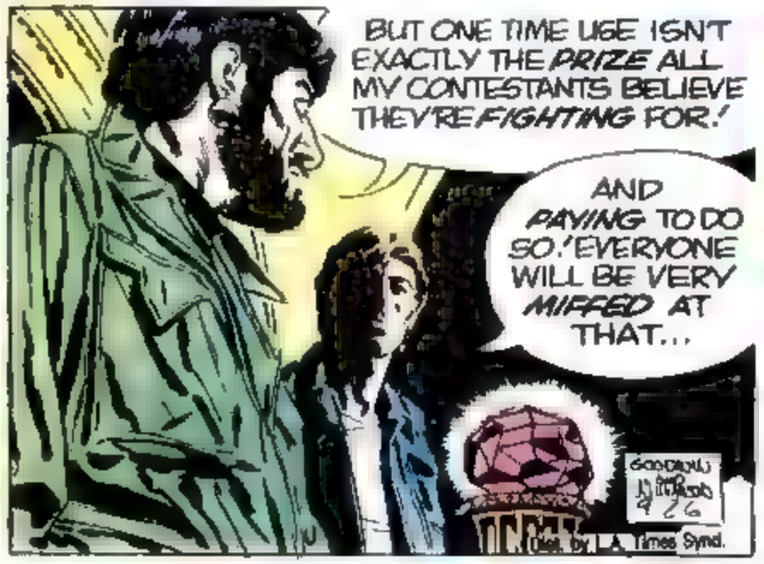
Written by ARCHIE GOODWIN
Drawn by · AL WILLIAMSON




SOLO! YOU SHOULD BE DEAD...! THE HIDDEN DESTRUCT BEAMS WHICH PROTECT THE POWER GEM--
GOT YOUR DUELING DROID INSTEAD, RASKAR! YOU OVER-PROGRAMMED IT! THE THING WAS SO EAGER TO SKEWER ME...




THE GEM'S LOSING POWER...! IT'S GOT ENOUGH FOR THOSE LITTLE DEMONSTRATIONS YOU STAGE...IT MIGHT EVEN SHATTER A BIG STARSHIP'S FORCE FIELD ONCE MORE...
IT WILL CORELLIAN!


BUT ONE TIME LIGE ISN'T EXACTLY THE PRIZE ALL MY CONTESTANTS BELIEVE THEY'RE FIGHTING FOR!
AND PAYING TO DO SO! EVERYONE WILL BE VERY MIFFED AT THAT...
Dist. by L.A. Times Synd.

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THE STORY OF JAMES J. BRADDOCK

No. 3—Jim Turns Pro

By BILL BRAUCHER

When Braddock outboxed Galfund in the gym, Joe Gould became his manager. When Braddock, 164 pounds, knocked out Leo Dobson, 189 pounds, in the first round, the firm collected $75.

Jimmy earned a reputation as a knocker out. In 1927 Gould talked Madison Square Garden into giving him a preliminary bout in the McTigue-Berlenbach contest. Braddock kayoed George La Rocco in a round.

The late William Muldoon predicted Braddock some day would reach the top. But bad luck pursued the young fighter. In a bout with Joe Monte, Braddock broke his right hand, but went on to win the fight.

Despite the broken hand, Braddock continued fighting. Finally it was necessary to operate. The bones were badly splintered. Jimmy was ordered to rest, and was on the shelf for nine months. In 1928 Tex Rickard, who did

not think Braddock much of a fighter, put him on with Tuffy Griffiths. Braddock amazed Rickard and the fight world by knocking out the Chicagoan in the second round.

(To Be Continued)

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX

THOMAS CHITTENDEN - FIRST GOVERNOR OF VERMONT - HAD A REVERSIBLE COAT... AS GOVERNOR HE WORE IT BLUE SIDE OUT - AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE VERMONT MILITIA HE WORE IT RED SIDE OUT

A HAILSTONE 17 INCHES IN CIRCUMFERENCE AND WEIGHING 1½ POUNDS FELL AT ROSTER, NEB., JULY 6, 1928

A PLOW WAS LEANED AGAINST AN OAK TREE IN 1880 - TODAY IT IS ALMOST COMPLETELY ENCOMPASSED BY THE TREE...

- Audubon, Iowa -

TEA IMPORTED INTO THE UNITED STATES IS TAX FREE - BUT THE CONTAINERS OF TEA ARE TAXED!

THE MAN WHO LIVED UP TO HIS NAME

CAROLUS LINNAEUS - WHO KNEW THE NAMES OF OVER 7000 DIFFERENT PLANTS AND ORGANIZED THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD BY WHICH PLANTS ARE NAMED, WAS HIMSELF NAMED AFTER A PLANT!

HIS FATHER ADOPTED THE FAMILY SURNAME FROM A LINDEN TREE ON THEIR FARM AT RASHULT, SWEDEN...

- 18th century -

TURNABOUT TEAM... WHEN THE 1933 COLORADO AGGIES FOOTBALL TEAM CHANGED FROM OFFENSE TO DEFENSE THE CENTER PLAYED END, A GUARD PLAYED END, AN END PLAYED HALFBACK, A TACKLE PLAYED FULLBACK, AND THE FULLBACK PLAYED CENTER

The JOHN HIX SCRAP BOOK

RARE BITS ABOUT RABBITS

ENGLISH LOP-EARED RABBITS HAVE EARS THAT MEASURE 24 INCHES FROM TIP TO TIP...

THE JACK RABBIT IS NOT A RABBIT - IT IS A HARE!

RABBITS ARE NATURAL SWIMMERS - YET THEY DROWN AS THEY SWIM DUE TO THE SATURATION OF THEIR FUR...

THE RABBIT PRODUCES 86 DIFFERENT KINDS OF FUR... (IT IS TRIMMED AND SOLD UNDER 86 DIFFERENT TRADE NAMES)

ONE RABBIT WEARS SNOWSHOES - THE VARYING HARE GROWS THICK LONG FUR ON ITS FEET IN WINTER ENABLING IT TO TRAVEL SAFELY OVER SNOW...

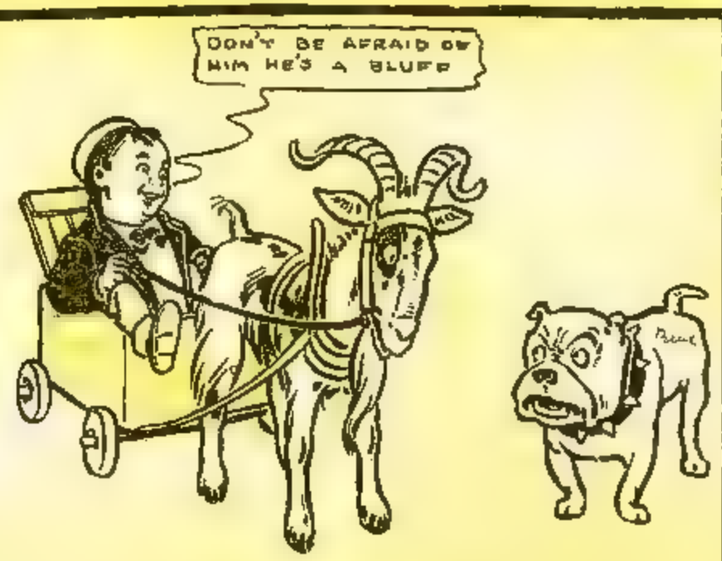
RABBIT SHOULD NOT BE LIFTED BY ITS EARS - BUT IN THE MIDST OF REVERY... THE EARS ARE EXCEEDINGLY SENSITIVE...

STARVATION PERIOD - RABBITS ON TROPICAL WISANSKY ISLAND, 2000 MILES, MULTIPLIED SO FAST AND ATE SO MUCH THEY KILLED ALL VEGETATION AND DIED OF STARVATION...

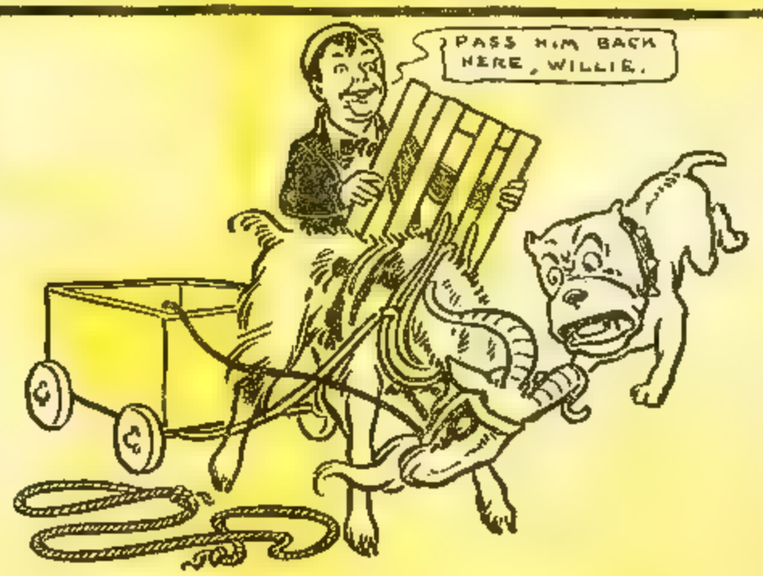
Strenuous Bobby, Willie Whiskers and The Blue Bull Pup.

Copyright 1902 by W.W. Denslow.

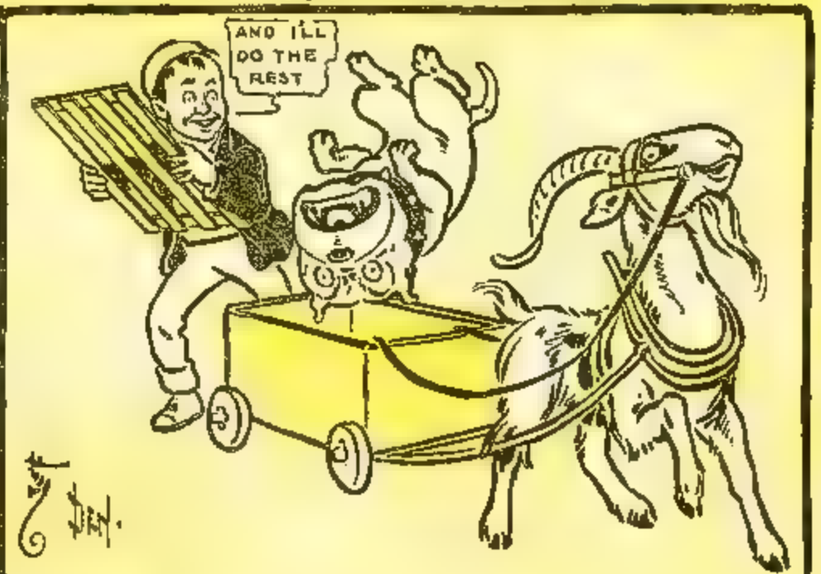
by W.W. Denslow.



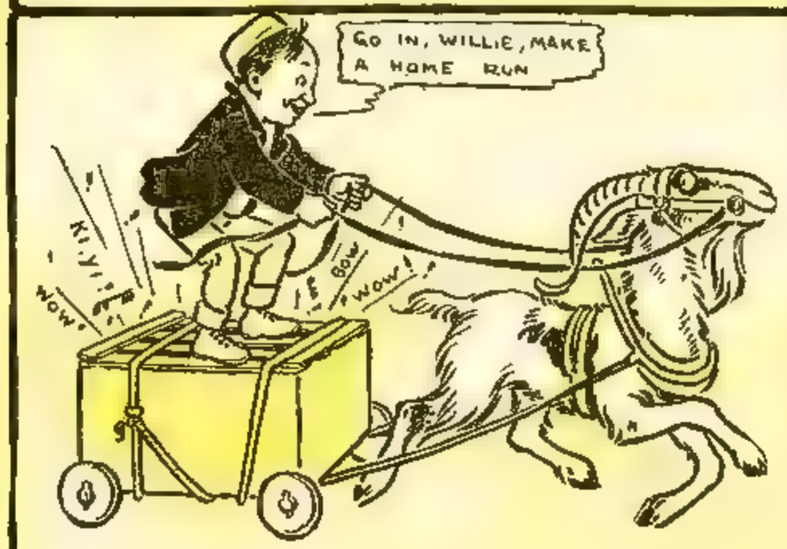
On the speedway a Blue Bull Pup picks a quarrel with Willie the Goat



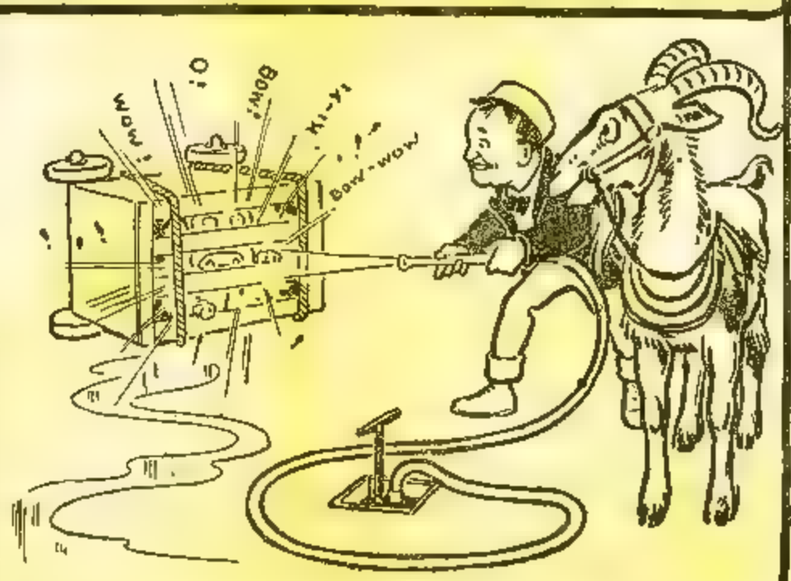
Making a dash for his neck but Willie lowers his head



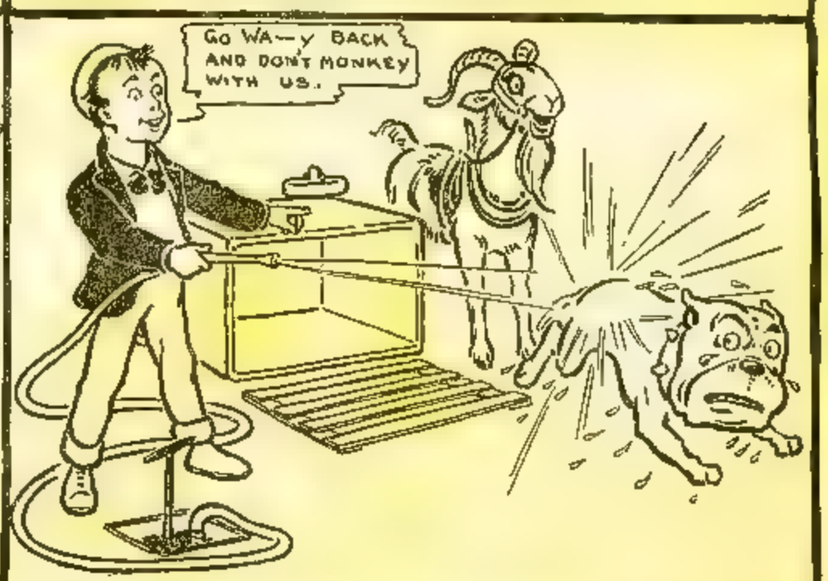
And with his horns tosses him back in the cart.



When Bobby puts on the cover and ties it on

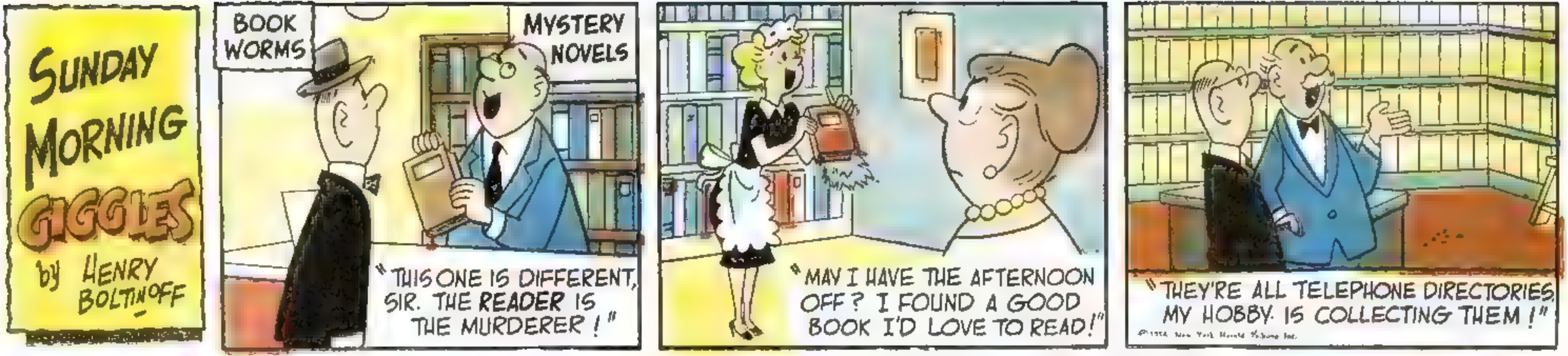


And proceeds to turn the hose on the quarrelsome Pup.



Sending him home at last full of water and wisdom.

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure.


SUNDAY MORNING GIGGLES
by HENRY BOLTINOFF
BOOK WORMS
MYSTERY NOVELS
"THIS ONE IS DIFFERENT, SIR. THE READER IS THE MURDERER!"
"MAY I HAVE THE AFTERNOON OFF? I FOUND A GOOD BOOK I'D LOVE TO READ!"
"THEY'RE ALL TELEPHONE DIRECTORIES, MY HOBBY IS COLLECTING THEM!"

S'MATTER POP? -:- A Barnyard Animal Sprouts Wings -:- By C. M. PAYNE

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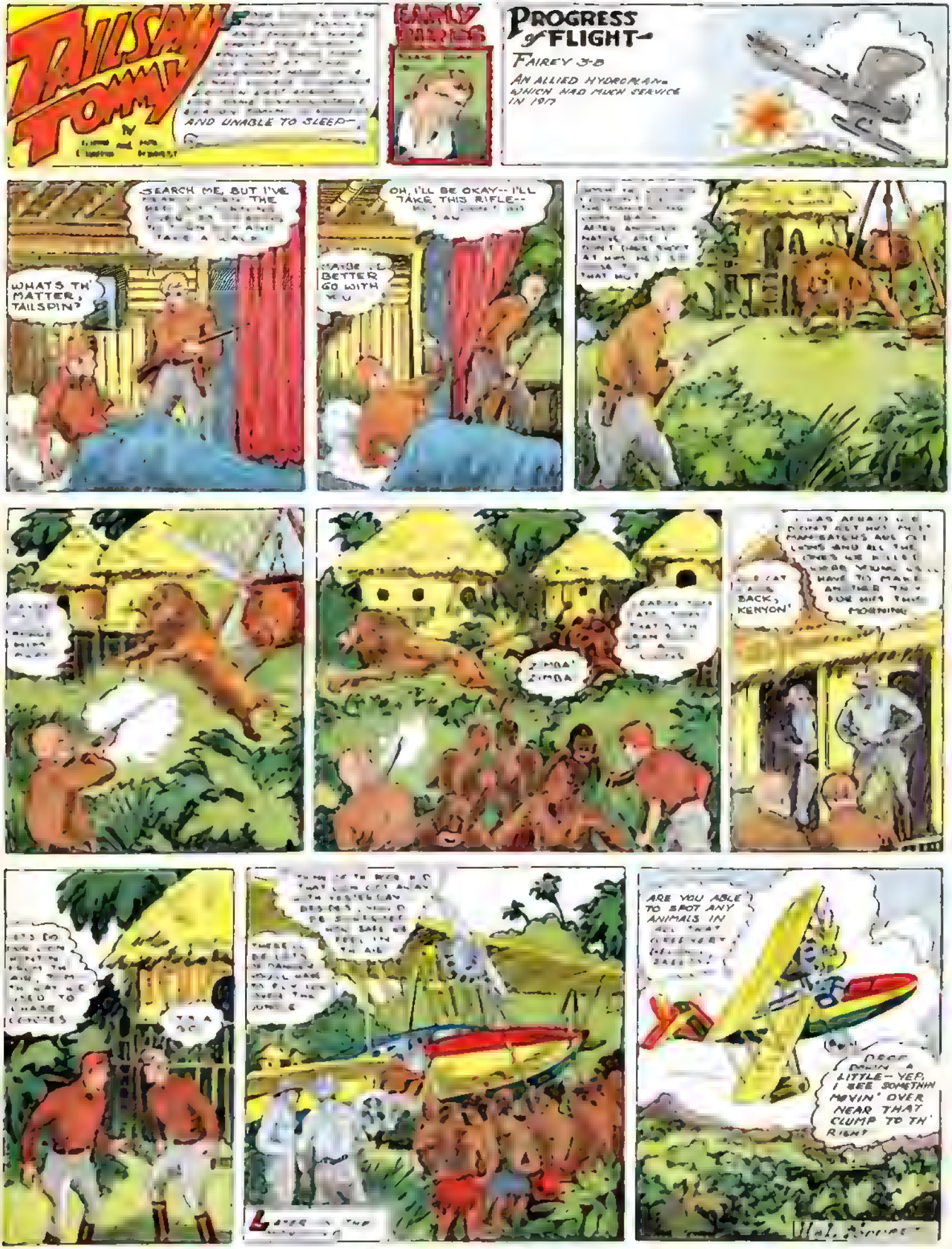
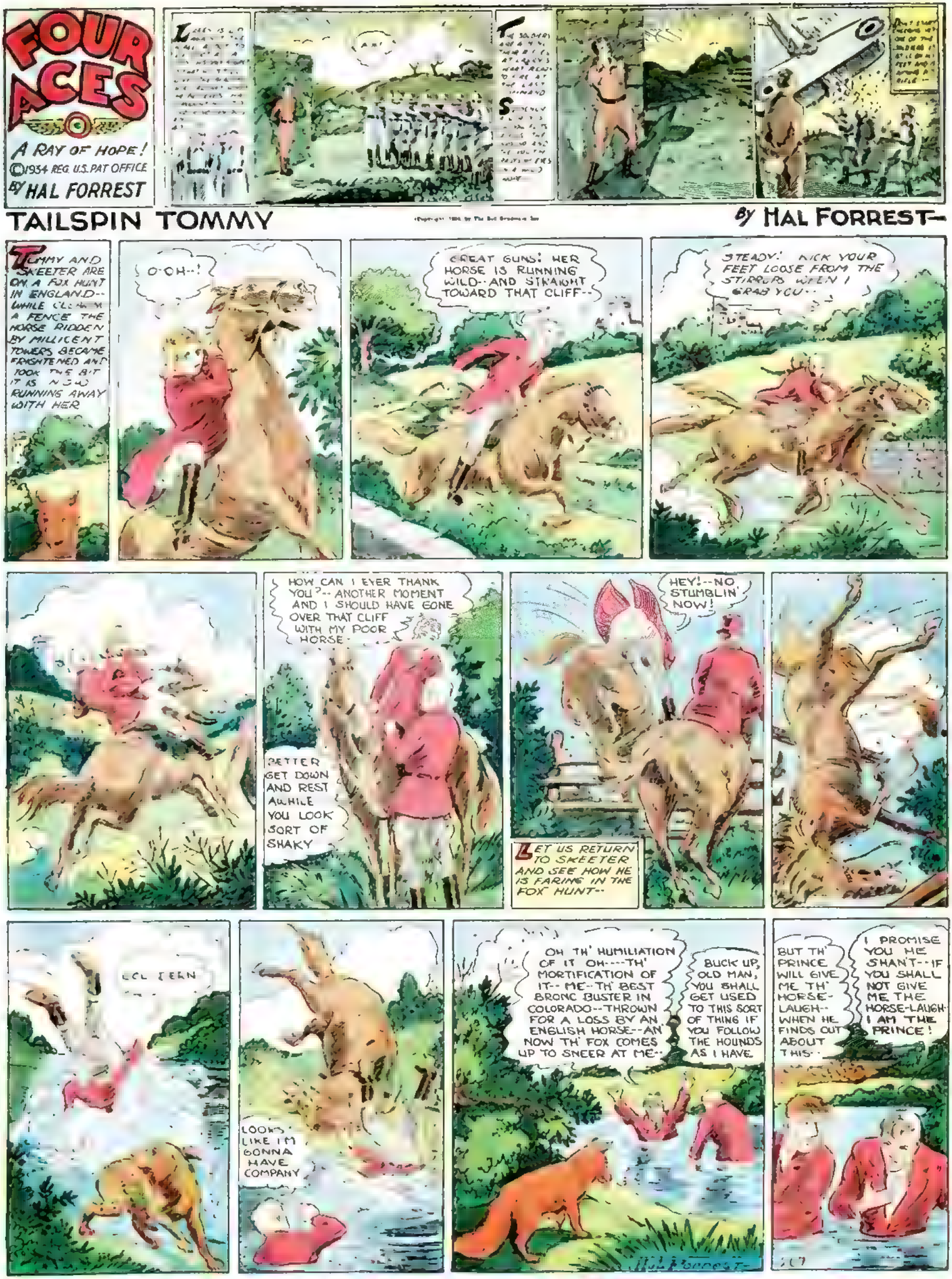
BR'ER GROUNDHOG I'D WISH SOME INFORMATION
I'LL BE POSITIVELY GLAD TO GIVE IT TO YO'
WEATHER WORKS
WHERE DO YOUR WET WEATHAH COME FROM ?
I'LL SHOW YOU EXACKLY !
OUT OF THA WEATHAH SQUIRTAH !
YA DON'T GIT MY IDEA, YA DON'T !
LET ME DRIVE YER HORSEFLY MISTER WIMPUS, WILL YA PLEASE MISTER WIMPUS ?
WHAT THA DING DONG ?
HORSE FLY
SHOO AWAY! CHASE YOURSELF !
YESSIR
SOMEDAY I'LL HAVVA HORSEFLY OF MY OWN, AN' THEN MAYBE YOU WILL ASK ME TO LET YA RUN IT!
I STILL THINK MY IDEA WAS GOOD ABOUT USIN' THAT FER FLYIN'!
PIGGIE, PIGGIE! CORN, CORN !
OOFF ?
WHOD EVER THINK A LITTLE FELLAH LIKE ME COULD FIX UP A IDEA LIKE THAT?
AND I KIN STEER IT WITH THA EARS, ALL I NEED IS TO GIT GOIN' FAST ENOUGH TO TAKE OFF
I THINK I'D BETTER START IT OFF BY ITSELF FIRST TO SEE HOW IT FLOATS!
WEE-EE, WEE-EE !
NOW WHAT ?
GIT OFFA THAT! GIMME THAT !
WEE-EE, WEE-EE, WEE-EE !
WHAT'N TARNATION ARE YA DOIN WITH THAT HAWG?
OO LOOK, UNCLE SI !
WHAM !
WHATSA IDEA RIDIN' MY MASHEEN AROUND? YA WOULDN'T LET ME RUN YOURS !
?
OH WAS THAT YOUR BIG IDEA?
OH-H-H YESS IT!
PROUDLY
CALM YERSELF !
THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!
MAW !
Payne 11-24

Children! Don't fail to read today's 'Sunshine Page' in the Magazine Section

There is something of interest to every boy and girl and the opportunity to become a member of The Rocky Mountain News 'Sunshine Club'


TAILSPIN TOMMY
AND UNABLE TO SLEEP—
EARLY BIRDS
PROGRESS of FLIGHT—
FAIREY 3-B
AN ALLIED HYDROPLANE WHICH HAD MUCH SERVICE IN 1917
SEARCH ME, BUT I'VE
WHAT'S TH' MATTER, TAILSPIN?
OH, I'LL BE OKAY— I'LL TAKE THIS RIFLE—
MAYBE I'D BETTER GO WITH YOU
BACK, KENYON!
I'M A
ARE YOU ABLE TO SPOT ANY ANIMALS IN
DOWN A LITTLE— YEP, I SEE SOMETHIN MOVIN' OVER NEAR THAT CLUMP TO TH' RIGHT
Hal Forrest


FOUR ACES
A RAY OF HOPE!
©1934 REG. U.S. PAT OFFICE
BY HAL FORREST
TAILSPIN TOMMY
BY HAL FORREST
TOMMY AND SKEETER ARE ON A FOX HUNT IN ENGLAND--WHILE CLEARING A FENCE THE HORSE RIDDEN BY MILLICENT TOWERS BECAME FRIGHTENED AND TOOK THE BIT IT IS NOW RUNNING AWAY WITH HER
O-OH--!
GREAT GUNS! HER HORSE IS RUNNING WILD--AND STRAIGHT TOWARD THAT CLIFF--
STEADY! KICK YOUR FEET LOOSE FROM THE STIRRUPS WHEN I GRAB YOU--
HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?--ANOTHER MOMENT AND I SHOULD HAVE GONE OVER THAT CLIFF WITH MY POOR HORSE--
BETTER GET DOWN AND REST AWHILE YOU LOOK SORT OF SHAKY
HEY!--NO STUMBLIN' NOW!
LET US RETURN TO SKEETER AND SEE HOW HE IS FARING IN THE FOX HUNT--
LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA HAVE COMPANY
OH TH' HUMILIATION OF IT OH----TH' MORTIFICATION OF IT--ME--TH' BEST BRONC BUSTER IN COLORADO--THROWN FOR A LOSS BY AN ENGLISH HORSE--AN NOW TH' FOX COMES UP TO SNEER AT ME--
BUCK UP, OLD MAN, YOU SHALL GET USED TO THIS SORT OF THING IF YOU FOLLOW THE HOUNDS AS I HAVE
BUT TH' PRINCE WILL GIVE ME TH' HORSE-LAUGH--WHEN HE FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS--
I PROMISE YOU HE SHAN'T--IF YOU SHALL NOT GIVE ME THE HORSE-LAUGH I AM THE PRINCE!

HOW THE CINNAMON BEAR TURNED BROWN

A TALE OF THE JUNGLE IMPS BY FELIX FIDDLE

FIRST VERSE—IT TELLS HOW THE BEAR HAD HIS INNOCENT FUN

A JOLLY old chap was the Cinnamon Bear.
Always gay.
He laughed and grew fat and had never a care,
Night or day.
The height of his fun was to climb a steep hill,
And roll himself up in a big, fuzzy pill,
Then come tumbling down and just laugh fit to kill
When he landed; and then—
He would do it again.

(Just like when you and I were boys together. Wasn't it fun, though?)

SECOND VERSE—IT TELLS HOW THE JUNGLE IMPS HAD A SPASM OF ENVY.

TO SEE him have fun vexed those Imps to the soul:
So, one night,
They dug at the foot of his hill a big hole,
Where he'd light.
They filled the hole full of blue pokeberry juice.
Then covered it over with branches of spruce
Laid closely together, but still plenty loose,
To let the Bear through
Plump into the stew.

(Now, wasn't that a mean trick? Just like a Jungle Imp or your pups when he was a boy.)

THIRD VERSE—IT TELLS HOW THE POOR BEAR LOST HIS PRETTY WHITE COAT.

NEXT morning the Bear, with his usual dash,
Took his roll.
He smashed through the leaves with a flounder and splash,
In the hole.
He scrambled right out, but you bet he was sore!
His coat was stained blue; it had been white before,
But dried reddish brown, and it made the Imps roar
To see that Bear scrub,
In vain, in his tub.

(Poor Bear! He's still jolly, but you can often see him trying to rub the stain off against a tree.)

FOURTH VERSE—IT TELLS HOW THE BEAR WENT TO DOCTOR MONKEY WITH A BRIGHT IDEA.

THE BEAR hunted up Doctor Monk that same day
And said he:
"I've no horns or stings, but I've thought up a way,
As you'll see,
To settle those Imps. Give me teeth sharp and nice,
And make some front legs that will squeeze like a vise,
Those Imps fooled me once, but they won't do it twice."
The Monk said, "All right!"
And fixed him that night.

(If you want to see what a good job the Monkeys did let a bear squeeze you—if your mother will let you.)

FIFTH VERSE—IT TELLS HOW THE IMPS GOT THEIR FIRST AND LAST HUGGING.

FROM poor, harmless Bears Imps had nothing to fear,
As they thought.
And so when they saw him, next day, drawing near,
They got caught!
They waited until he got close, just to tease,
But, to their surprise, ere they had time to wheeze,
They felt themselves grabbed and received such a squeeze
From this big, mad Bear,
It crinkled their hair.

(How I love to come to this part, where those hateful Jungle Imps get punished for their pranks!)

LAST VERSE—IT TELLS THE REST ABOUT THAT AWFUL SQUEEZING THE IMPS GOT.

HE hugged them so hard that they felt their bones crunch
'Way inside;
And then from their ears his sharp teeth took a munch.
How they cried!
He squeezed till their eyes 'most popped out of their head;
He squeezed till the blue 'round their eyes turned bright red!
Why, when he got through, those Imps thought they were dead!
And now, when Bears call,
They just streak, that's all!

(If you see an Imp now all you have to do is to look like a Bear and watch him skedaddle.)

WINSOR McC

TEXAS SLIM

LOST!

TUT-TUT- YO' GOT ME FOR PROTECTION MR. DALTON!

LOST IN THE WILDS! OH, THOSE POOR, POOR GIRLS.

WHAT ABOUT POOR SLIM AND DALTON, SEÑORITA? ZEY ARE LOST WIZ ZEM

OH, THEM BOYS WILL LIKE THAT, MEXICO.

YOUR PROTECTION, MR DALTON, WILL BE APPRECIATED MORE AT A DISTANCE

TH' NEXT TIME I GET LOST AH'M GONNA SEE THAT THERE AIN'T NO CHAPERON ALONG.

WOOF!

OH, QUIT CRYIN' WOOF, SLIM. AH AIN'T IN NO MOOD FOR KIDDIN'.

WOOF!

HA-HA-HA! MR DALTON, IT'S JUST A LITTLE BABY BEAR.

LITTLE BEARS HAS BIG MAMAS!

EEEEEEE!

NIGHTY-NIGHT, GIRLS. YO DON'T NEED NO PROTECTION... YORE SCREECHIN'D SCARE TH' BEJEEPERS OUTTA ANYTHING!

ED JOHNSON

Buzzy

STOP! DON'T STEP INTO THIS HOUSE!

TSK-TSK-TSH! MUD FROM HEAD TO FOOT!

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU PLAY SUCH A ROUGH GAME.

IT ISN'T THE GAME THAT'S ROUGH—IT'S THE GETTIN' SCRUBBED AFTERWARDS THAT LAYS A GUY OUT.

ED JOHNSON

THAT SETTLES IT

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW AGAINST A LONG-TIME **FAVORITE COMIC STRIP** ONE DAY JUST **DISAPPEARING** FROM THE COMIC PAGES...

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO "**THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW**"?

WHY? IS SOMEBODY **ELSE** DRAWING IT NOW?

NO- **NOBODY** IS- IT'S **GONE**!

IT SURE CHANGED A LOT OVER **40 YEARS**.

AND NOW THEY'VE CHANGED IT INTO **NOTHING**.

THAT'S SAD- TOO BAD.

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW.

4-13

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Thanks to ALL YOU LOYAL READERS and CONTRIBUTORS

Best Wishes, Rantz Hoseley

This Curious World

by WILLIAM FERGUSON

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE, NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING.... NOT EVEN A MOUSE.

T M REG U S PAT OFF.

BUT NEXT MORNING, TRACKS IN THE SNOW REVEALED THAT ***MANY*** CREATURES HAD BEEN STIRRING ***OUTSIDE*** THE HOUSE!

A COTTONTAIL RABBIT HAD CHEWED A FROZEN APPLE IN THE ORCHARD.

A FIELD MOUSE VISITED A CORN SHOCK OUT BACK OF THE OLD RED BARN...

...AND HAD JUST BARELY AVOIDED THE SILENT SWOOP OF A LARGE OWL!

A WEASEL HAD STOOD ON THE WOODPILE AND PEERED IN THE HENHOUSE WINDOW.

A COYOTE HAD PAUSED IN THE ORCHARD TO SNIFF THE RABBIT'S TRACKS...

AND, SOMETIME DURING THE NIGHT, EIGHT ***REINDEER*** PASSED, BUT CURIOUSLY, NOT ONE OF ***THEIR*** TRACKS WAS TO BE SEEN IN THE SNOW!

12-24 COPR. 1950 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

RIGHTERONG?

Ⓐ MISTLETOE WAS NOT USED IN CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES BEFORE THE PRESENT CENTURY.

by "FERGY" -with best wishes for Christmas!

Ⓑ THE CHRISTMAS TREE IS OF AMERICAN ORIGIN.

PRIVATE PROPERTY

Ⓒ WASSAIL IS A KIND OF WINE OR ALE.

WASSAIL Y' HAVE?

SAVE THESE WILDLIFE PICTURE SQUARES.

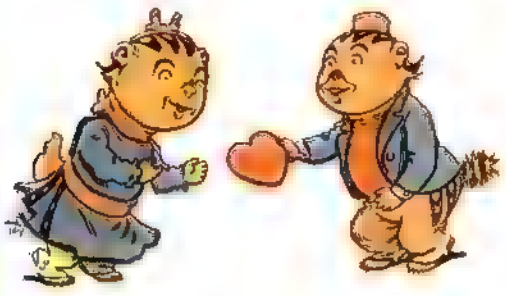
ANSWERS

Ⓐ ***WRONG!*** USED BY THE ANCIENT DRUIDS.
Ⓑ ***WRONG!*** THE IDEA CAME FROM EUROPE.
Ⓒ ***RIGHT!*** MADE OF APPLES, SPICES, ETC.

Family- FRINGILLIDAE.

12-24

SLATE-COLORED JUNCO.

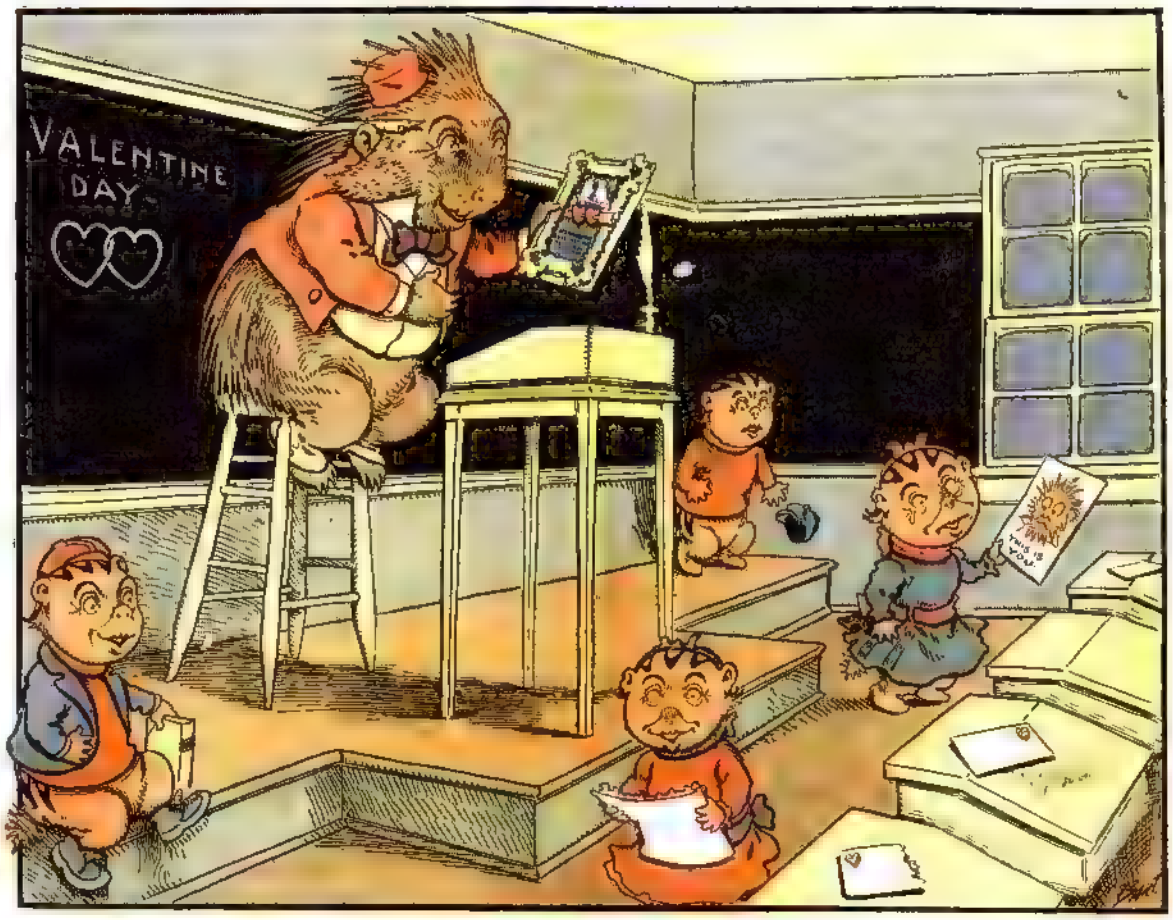


Through the Year With the Gophers

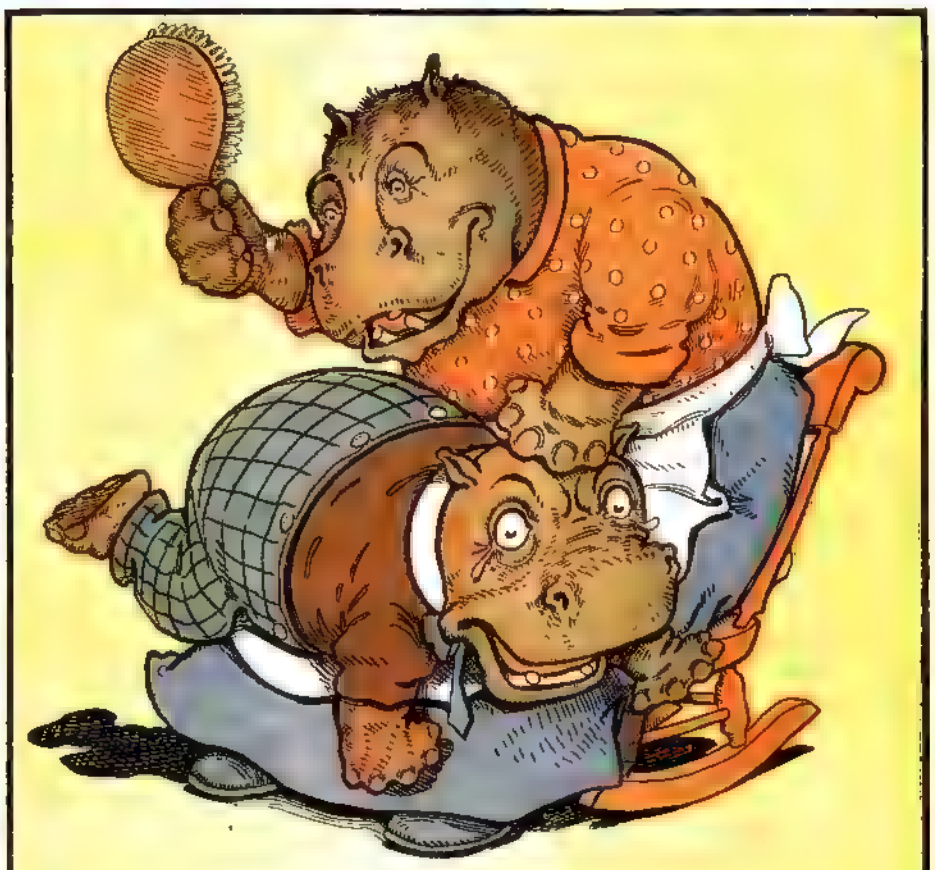
Verse by
W. A. FRISBIE.

Valentine Day

In February comes the day
When Valentine the saint holds sway,
When messages of sentiment
To one's adored one may be sent,
And though the senders seldom dare
Such tender feelings to declare,
And think it proper to conceal
The seething passion that they feel;
Still valentines relieve the mind
Of those to sentiment inclined.
Of boys and girls all this is true—
The Gophers were built that way, too.
Their valentines bore bleeding hearts
And lovers' knots and Cupid's darts,
And then the "comic" kind they had
Designed to make some people mad.
Now Spot, by strict economy,
Had saved enough of coin to buy
Two valentines: One, white and gold
Of unexcelled devotion told,
The other one, grotesque and crude
Bore sentiments distinctly rude.
The nicest girl he'd ever met
Was Jill, he thought; she was to get
The neat and pretty valentine,
The other to the Porcupine
He planned to send, and shook with glee
To think how mad "Old Pork" would be.
The day had come; it was the rule
To send the valentines in school,
So Spot upon the teacher's chair
His loving token placed with care,
While on Jill's desk he slyly laid
His tribute to that charming maid.
The teacher came with hasty stride
And Spotty's gift he quickly spied.
He opened it and as he read
A smile of joy his face o'er spread
For thus it ran: "Oh pray be mine
And I will be your valentine."
Meanwhile sweet Jill her token found:
She glanced at it; then gasped and frowned
For pictured there in colors bright
Appeared a thing marked "What a Fright!"
With squinting eyes and nose askew
And Spot had marked it "This is you"
Of course you'll quickly understand
All had not gone as Spot had planned
For charming Jill's sweet valentine
He wrongly gave the Porcupine
And Jill received the shocking scrawl
Which was not meant for her at all.
Poor Spot indeed was sore perplexed
For Jill was grieved and roundly vexed,
So vexed in fact she would not speak
To little Spotty for a week,
Which was a grievous punishment
For just a little accident.



The roguish Hippopotamus
In Gander Lane once robbed a bus.
It was a wicked thing, he knew,
Which well bred Hippos would not do.



Thus he went on from bad to worse,
He even flirted with a nurse;
Until at length this Hippo he
Was spanked right where he ought to be.

THE VAN SWAGGERS
BY RUSS CRESTOVER
NO HAVE SOME MORE OF THESE ONION SANDWICHES, CLARA
I REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY MORE LILY, BUT THEY'RE DELICIOUS
OH, HERE COMES THE FRUIT CAKE
I'VE HAD PLENTY TO EAT, BUT I SIMPLY CAN'T RESIST HER FRUIT CAKE. IT'S GRAND
I'M SORRY I HAVE TO GO, LILY BUT THIS IS THE MAID'S DAY OFF AND I HAVE TO PREPARE VAN'S SUPPER
HAVE A PIECE OF THIS CANDY BEFORE YOU GO, CLARA
I'VE GOTTA PUT THAT SUM BACK IN THE SAFE
IS SUPPER READY, CLARA? I'M STARVED
HEY! CLARA. BRING IN A TELESCOPE
DON'T GET EXCITED WE HAVE CRACKERS TO GO WITH THE SOUP
IS THIS ALL I GET? I'VE HAD A HARD DAYS WORK AND I WANT A HE MAN'S MEAL
WHY VAN, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU. THIS IS MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR ME.
TILLIE THE TOILER COMIC STAMP
BOB RIVER
RUSS CRESTOVER

Tillie the Toiler

DICK TRAVIS IS GONNA BE OUT AT THE HOUSE TONIGHT MAC WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR BY COMING OUT AND FIXING MY CAR RADIO?
YEAH, I GUESS SO
TILLIE SURE HAS HER NERVE ASKING ME TO FIX HER RADIO SO SHE CAN DANCE WITH DICK
I'LL FIX IT ALL RIGHT
MAL'S HERE WHY DON'T YOU GO DOWN STAIRS TILLIE?
HE CAME TO FIX OUR RADIO NOT TO SEE DICK'S COMING OVER LATER
THIS BABY MCGRAHONE IS SURE GONNA PUT A CRIMP IN DICK'S STYLE TONIGHT
WHY DON'T YOU STAY AWHILE, MAC?
SHE DIDN'T SAY YES SHE DIDN'T SAY NO
THANKS, MRS JONES GUESS I'D BETTER RUN ALONG NOW THAT THE RADIO'S FIXED
IT SOUNDS GREAT NOW, MAL THANKS
HELLO, DICK I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE
YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER, HONEY
THIS IS YOUR NOSEY REPORTER, WALLY CHINWELL LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- I JUST HEARD—
THAT DICK TRAVIS IS GOING TO MARRY THAT BLONDE CHORUS GIRL, JUNE KNIGHT. ATTA BOY DICK.
WHY DICK I DON'T KNOW THAT YOU WERE ENGAGED
I'M NOT SURE I DON'T EVEN KNOW HER THAT GUY ON THE RADIO IS CRAZY IT MUST BE ANOTHER FELLOW
OH, I CAN GO NOW I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN
OH, BOY! THAT WORKED GREAT- TILLIE GONE HMMM THE AIR
I JUST CAME BACK TO SEE IF THE RADIO IS ALL RIGHT MRS JONES
THE RADIO'S ALL RIGHT MAC BUT TILLIE IS UPSET DO COME IN
BOO HOO
OH MAC- YOU'RE SO KIND AND I DON'T HALF APPRECIATE YOU- I MUST BE AN AWFUL HEADACHE TO YOU- I KNOW I AM TO MYSELF
DON'T TALK LIKE THAT YOU'RE THE SWEETEST THING IN THE WORLD TO ME
RUSS CRESTOVER

WAL C'MON IF YA' WANT TO START SOMETHIN' C'MON AND FIGHT!!
TOM, DICK & HARRY.
ANY OLD TIME THEIR POP CAN'T FIGHT! ANY OLD TIME HE CAN'T!
©1916 BY J.KEELEY
WHASSAT? HE SAID YOU KIDS COULDN'T PLAY WITH HIS KIDS! I'LL SHOW HIM, TH' FAT HEAD, THAT OUR FAMILY'S JUST AS GOOD AND BETTER THAN HIS IS!
THERE'S WHERE HE LIVES POP!
YOU KIDS RUN ON HOME NOW. I DON'T LIKE FER YOU TO SEE ME WHEN I GET MAD!
HE WEARS A RED SWEATER POP!
YAS YOU! THA'S WOT I SAID C'MON OUT AN' FIGHT LIKE A MAN! ARE YA' SCARED T'LET ME SEE WHATCHA LOOK LIKE, YOU, YOU——
ARE YOU TRYIN' TO START SOMETHIN' WITH ME?
ME TRYIN' TO START SOMEPN'? NO SIR! AB-SOLUTELY NOTHIN!
WELL GO JUMP IN TH' LAKE THEN'
HE! HEE" HE-E-EH!! SO YOU WANTED MY BROTHER ADOLPH TO COME OUT AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN! HE' HEE-E-E-E!
?
HE! HEE-E-E- AN' TH WAY YOU RUN FROM ADOLPH! GOSH. THA'S FUNNY! HE-HE-HE-EE-E!
SO HE'S YOUR BROTHER IS HE? WELL I DON'T LIKE YOUR FAMILY NONE NOWHOW——
SO TAKE THIS AN' THAT AN' THESE!
I GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE ANY LIP FROM A LIL' SAWED OFF SHRIMP LIKE YOU NEITHER!
POOR LIL' RUNT, AND AFTER TH' TRIMMIN' I GIVE HIM TOO!
"OUCH!"
THUMP! BOMP!!
OOF!!??
WALLOP!
HALP!"
YAS YA DID YA' LET THAT TOAD WALLOP ME AND YOU NEVER EVEN RAISED YER DUKES!
SO YOU'RE TH GUY THAT SENT MY KIDS HOME ARE YA——?
NOW I SUPPOSE HELL GO HOME AND TELL PAW ON ME TOO!
AND ANY OLE TIME YOU KIN' TELL ME TO GO JUMP IN TH' LAKE! ANY OLE TIME!!

Banish Body Odor This New Odorless Way

Leaves No M. S. (Medicine Smell)

It isn't the smell of a soap that gets you clean —it's the lather.

Ordinary toilet soaps don't lather freely enough in this hard water. They form a sticky soap-scum that works into the pores and dams up stale perspiration.

Strong-smelling soaps—no matter how much they lather—can't keep a secret.

Kirk's Castile, being a 100% pure vegetable oil soap, lathers abundantly, even in hard, cold water. It goes deep into the pores, mixes with the stale perspiration curds and sets them free. In a twinkling your body is as fresh and clean-smelling as a woodland breeze!

"Lathers Amazingly in Hard Water"
—says citizen of Elwood, Indiana.

Try Kirk's Coco Castile today. It's odorless. And half again larger than average toilet soaps—an exceptional bargain. Be sure to ask for Kirk's by name.

OCEANS OF LATHER
— EVEN IN HARD, COLD WATER

KIRK'S COCO HARDWATER CASTILE

Procter & Gamble

MR. PRINTWHISTLE SUDDENLY GETS BUSY ON THAT GARDEN HIS WIFE HAS DREAMED OF FOR YEARS!

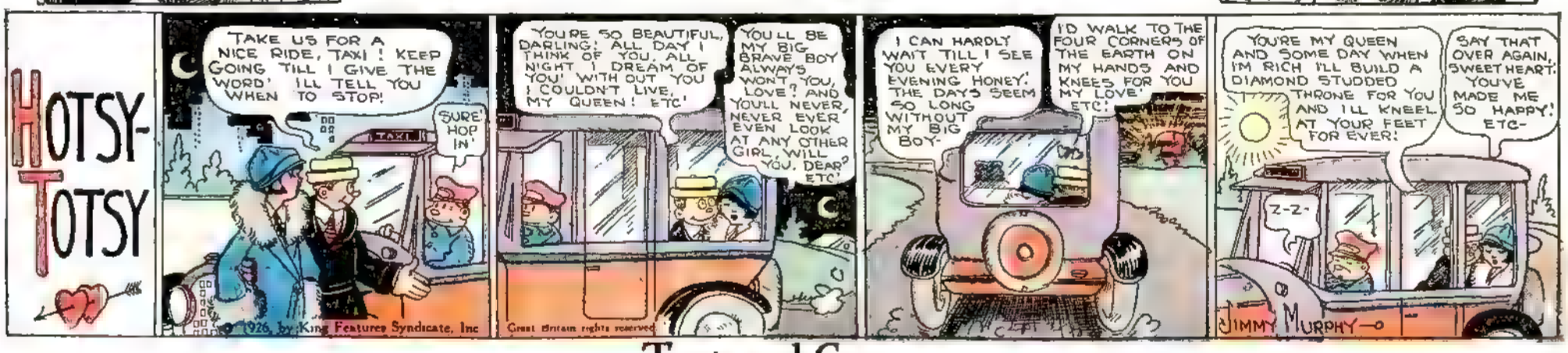
We plead guilty..

WE confess we should have held our artist down a bit! For here, in simple, unvarnished terms, is all we really meant to say:

If you happen to have that let-down, aimless feeling that keeps folks from making the grade, perhaps you have a sluggish intestine, due to lack of bulk in your diet.

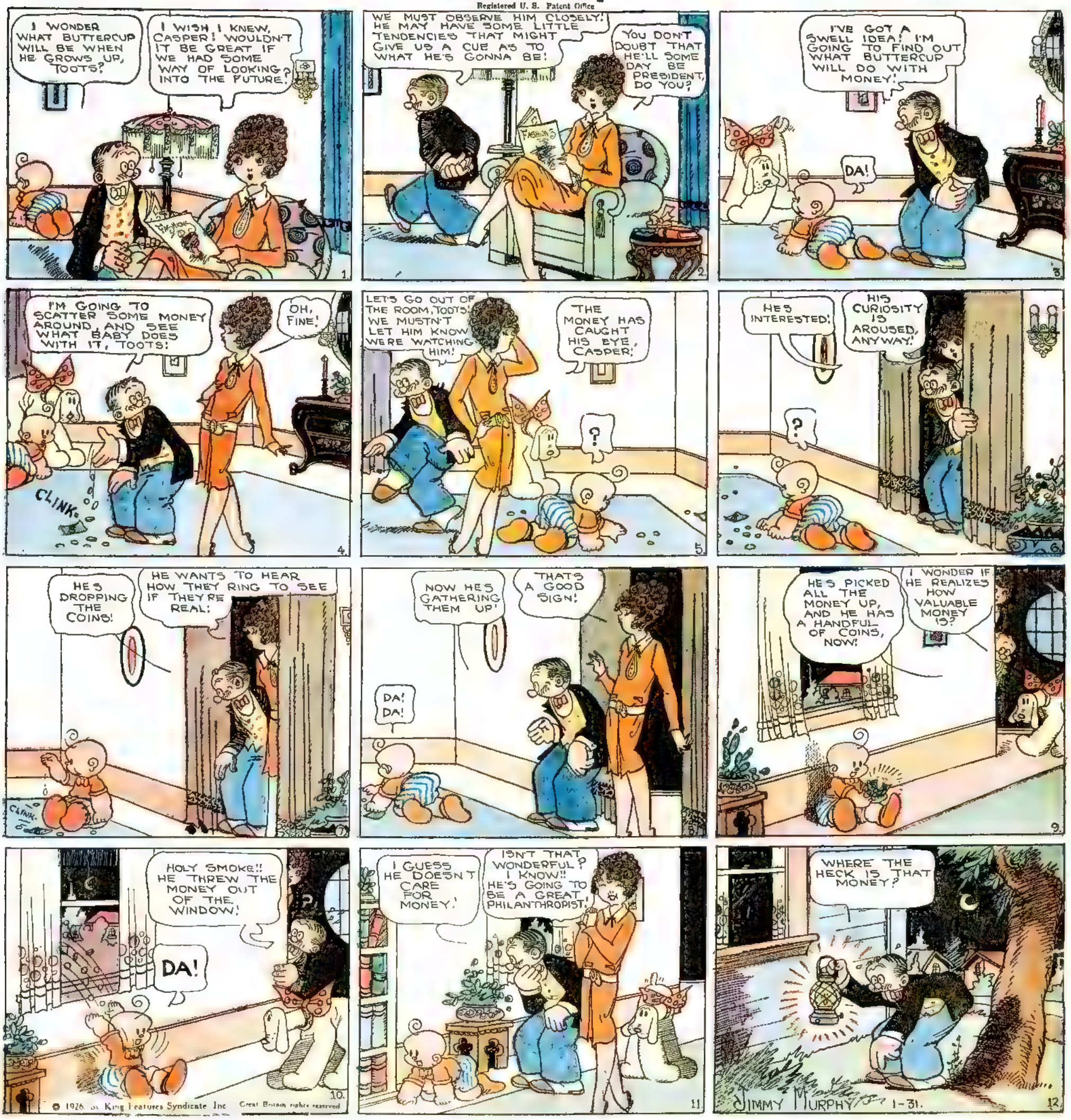
So why don't you eat Post's 40% Bran Flakes every morning? It contains bran to supply that bulk you need, to help keep food wastes moving along the intestinal tract... and to promote regular elimination. It also contains other parts of wheat, to supply that appetizing flavor. You'll love it.

Post's 40% Bran Flakes With Other Parts Of Wheat is a product of General Foods. ® G. F. Corp., 1944

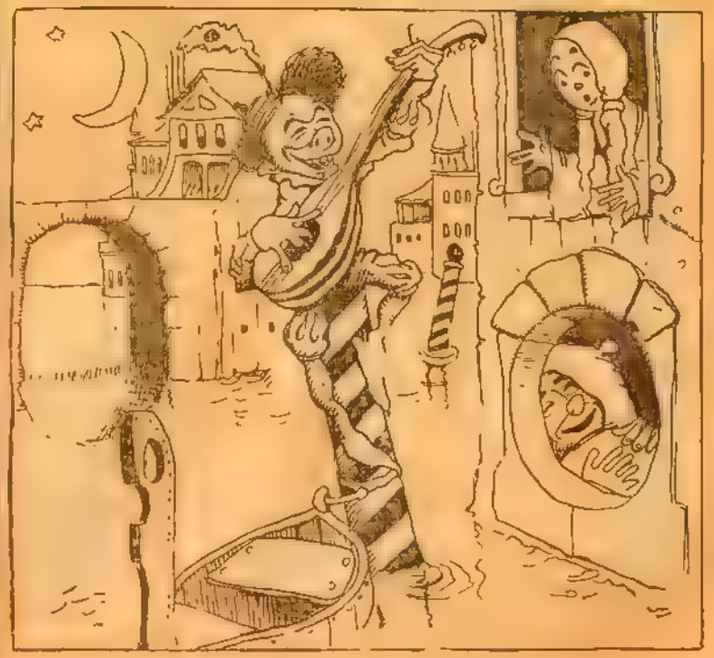

HOTSY-TOTSY
TAKE US FOR A NICE RIDE, TAXI! KEEP GOING TILL I GIVE THE WORD! I'LL TELL YOU WHEN TO STOP!
SURE! HOP IN!
TAXI
© 1926, by King Features Syndicate, Inc
YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL, DARLING! ALL DAY I THINK OF YOU, ALL NIGHT I DREAM OF YOU! WITH OUT YOU I COULDN'T LIVE, MY QUEEN! ETC!
YOU'LL BE MY BIG BRAVE BOY ALWAYS WON'T YOU, LOVE? AND YOU'LL NEVER, NEVER EVER EVEN LOOK AT ANY OTHER GIRL, WILL YOU, DEAR? ETC!
Great Britain rights reserved
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TILL I SEE YOU EVERY EVENING HONEY! THE DAYS SEEM SO LONG WITHOUT MY BIG BOY!
I'D WALK TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH ON MY HANDS AND KNEES FOR YOU MY LOVE! ETC!
YOU'RE MY QUEEN AND SOME DAY WHEN I'M RICH I'LL BUILD A DIAMOND STUDDED THRONE FOR YOU AND I'LL KNEEL AT YOUR FEET FOR EVER!
SAY THAT OVER AGAIN, SWEETHEART! YOU'VE MADE ME SO HAPPY! ETC-
Z-Z-
JIMMY MURPHY

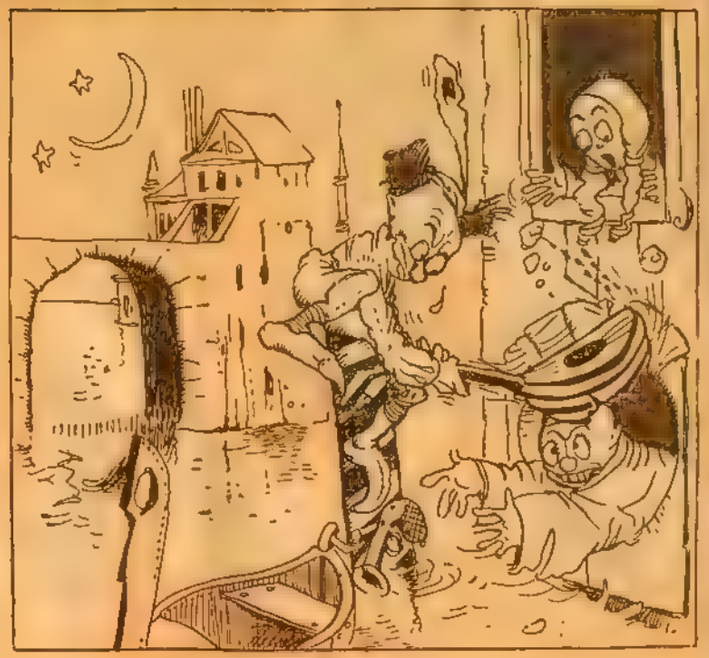
Toots and Casper

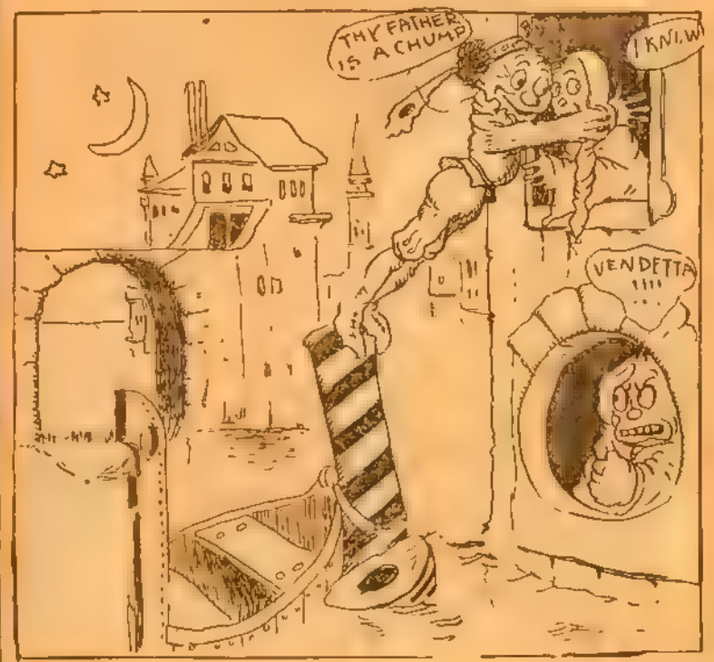
Registered U. S. Patent Office

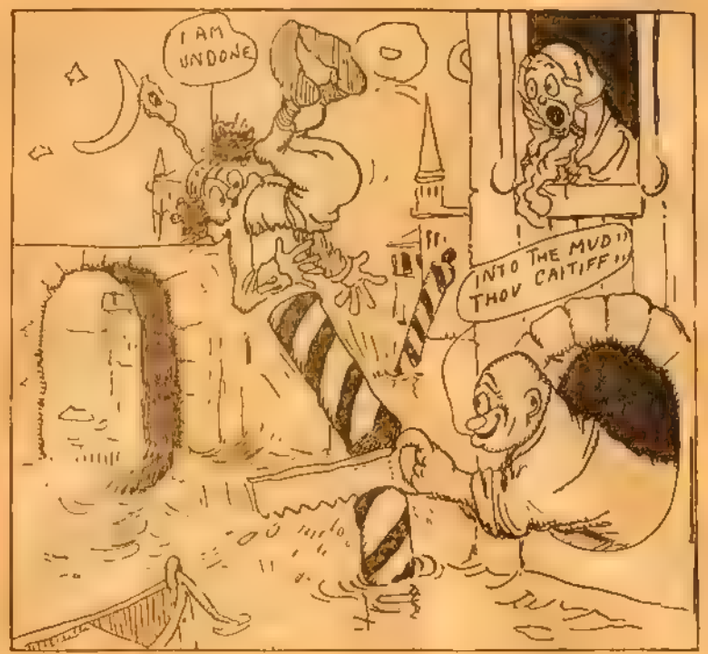

I WONDER WHAT BUTTERCUP WILL BE WHEN HE GROWS UP, TOOTS?
I WISH I KNEW, CASPER! WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF WE HAD SOME WAY OF LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE!
FASHION
1.
WE MUST OBSERVE HIM CLOSELY! HE MAY HAVE SOME LITTLE TENDENCIES THAT MIGHT GIVE US A CUE AS TO WHAT HE'S GONNA BE!
YOU DON'T DOUBT THAT HE'LL SOME DAY BE PRESIDENT, DO YOU?
FASHION
2.
I'VE GOT A SWELL IDEA! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT BUTTERCUP WILL DO WITH MONEY!
DA!
3
I'M GOING TO SCATTER SOME MONEY AROUND, AND SEE WHAT BABY DOES WITH IT, TOOTS!
OH, FINE!
CLINK.
4.
LET'S GO OUT OF THE ROOM, TOOTS! WE MUSTN'T LET HIM KNOW WERE WATCHING HIM!
THE MONEY HAS CAUGHT HIS EYE, CASPER!
?
5
HE'S INTERESTED!
HIS CURIOSITY IS AROUSED, ANYWAY!
?
HE'S DROPPING THE COINS!
HE WANTS TO HEAR HOW THEY RING TO SEE IF THEY'RE REAL!
CLINK.
NOW HE'S GATHERING THEM UP!
THAT'S A GOOD SIGN!
DA! DA!
HE'S PICKED ALL THE MONEY UP, AND HE HAS A HANDFUL OF COINS, NOW!
I WONDER IF HE REALIZES HOW VALUABLE MONEY IS?
9.
HOLY SMOKE!! HE THREW THE MONEY OUT OF THE WINDOW!
DA!
10.
© 1926 by King Features Syndicate Inc
Great Britain rights reserved
I GUESS HE DOESN'T CARE FOR MONEY!
ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL? I KNOW!! HE'S GOING TO BE A GREAT PHILANTHROPIST!
11
WHERE THE HECK IS THAT MONEY?
JIMMY MURPHY 1-31.
12.

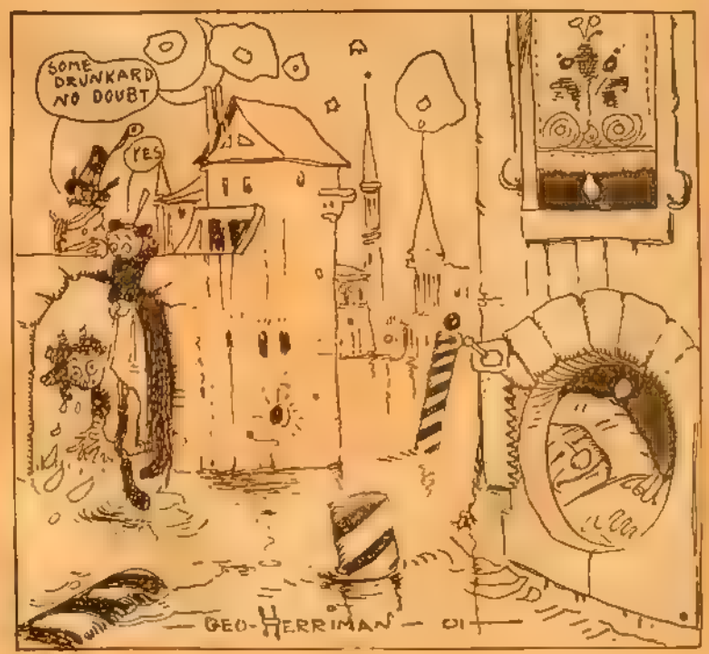
TRAGEDY AND ROMANCE OF A VENETIAN SERENADE.











TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF
1898
1 MR. PENNY-WISE RESOLVES TO CUT DOWN EXPENSES IN 1898— WILL WALK TO HIS WORK
2 A SLIPPERY SIDEWALK CAUSES HIM TO CHANGE HIS MIND—
3 HE LOUDLY CALLS FOR A CAB—
4 AND IS CHARGED FIVE DOLLARS FOR A RIDE HOME
5 WHICH ADDED TO THE DOCTOR'S BILL AND LOST TIME TAKES ALL THE PROFIT OUT OF HIS NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.
1 MRS. PENNY-WISE RESOLVES TO DO HER OWN HOUSE-WORK
2 IN PUTTING THE CLOTHES TO SOAK, THE TUBS FILL AND OVERFLOW—
3 NEXT THE FIRE GOES OUT—
4 LAST AND WORST OF ALL HER COOKING BURNS—
5 NERVOUS PROSTRATION IS THREATENED AND SHE SENDS FOR HER COOK TO RETURN

SUPPLEMENT TO NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.

OCT 17 1897

Two Little Eyes of Blue

SUNG BY COUNTESS MAIZFELDT

Waltz Song and

Words & Music
By
ERNEST HOGAN

AUTHOR OF
"All Coons Look Alike To Me."
"HONEY YOU HAVE A HEART WITH ME"
"RAS MA LA"
"DELSARTE"

Next Week's Musical Supplement will be
"MARY JANE MARIE."
The Famous Dancing Song in "The Stranger in New York."
Words by Chas. Hoyt. Music by Richard Stahl. Sung by Sadie Martinot.

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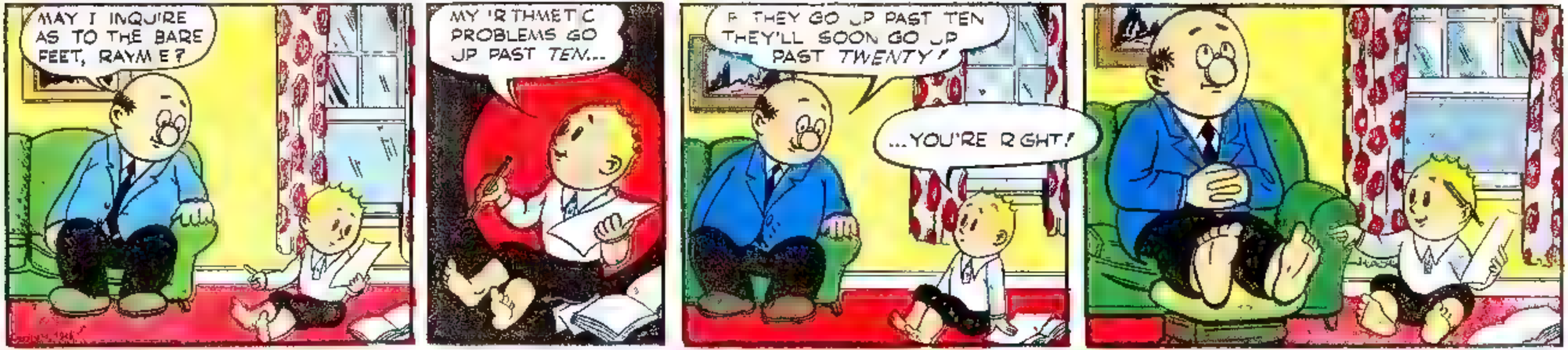
UNCLE CHARLIE

By Dave T Jones


MAY I INQUIRE AS TO THE BARE FEET, RAYM E?
MY 'R THMET C PROBLEMS GO UP PAST TEN...
F THEY GO UP PAST TEN THEY'LL SOON GO UP PAST TWENTY!
...YOU'RE R GHT!

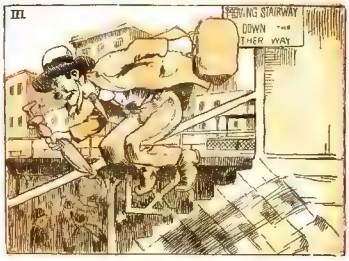
AN ADVERTISEMENT OF SCOTT & BOWNE

UNCLE DAN
IMAGINE TWO GROWN MEN FIGHTING OVER A BABY.
FISTICUFFS ON OUR QUIET AVENUE? JEB, YOU HOLD DOWN THE STORE WHILE I SEE IF THEY NEED AN UMPIRE
PRESCRIPTIONS
I HEARD THAT CRACK ABOUT MY KID, AND YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE IT BACK OR ELSE....
HERBERT! HERBERT! DON'T! HE DIDN'T MEAN IT THAT WAY!
YOU'D DRAW A BETTER CROWD AT THE FAIR GROUNDS. WHAT'S WRONG?
OH, UNCLE DAN, HERBERT HEARD HIM SAY OUR BABY LOOKED PUNY....
I'LL SHOW THAT BUTTINSKI WHO'S PUNY!!
LOOK, HERB, GETTING IN A FIGHT NEVER YET CHANGED AN UNPLEASANT TRUTH INTO A PLEASANT ONE. LET'S HASH THIS OVER.
BUT THAT FELLOW HAD NO RIGHT TO SAY SUCH A THING...
SURE ENOUGH, WHAT'S CALLED ADVICE WHEN IT COMES FROM A FRIEND IS USUALLY AN INSULT FROM A STRANGER. NOW, ABOUT YOUNG BILLY...
GOOD FOR YOU, UNCLE DAN. THE BABY HASN'T BEEN DOING WELL. I'VE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT HIS GETTING THOSE AWFUL RICKETS.
ARE YOU DOING WHAT MOST DOCTORS ADVISE? GIVING THE BABY COD LIVER OIL? THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT TO HELP BUILD SOUND BONES AND GUARD AGAINST RICKETS!
BUT THE BABY DIDN'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO DIGEST COD LIVER OIL. IT UPSET HIM.
THEN WHY NOT GIVE THE LITTLE TIKE THE FORM OF COD LIVER OIL THAT IS MORE EASILY DIGESTED?.... GIVE HIM SCOTT'S EMULSION.
SCOTT'S EMULSION IS SELECTED COD LIVER OIL THAT'S EMULSIFIED. CLINICAL TESTS SHOW IT'S MORE THAN FOUR TIMES AS EASY TO DIGEST AS PLAIN COD LIVER OIL. WHAT'S MORE, IT'S PLEASANT-TASTING.
SOUNDS LIKE MIGHTY GOOD SENSE COMING FROM SOMEONE WHO'S HELPED AS MANY FOLKS AS YOU HAVE, DAN
I'LL START BILLY ON SCOTT'S EMULSION RIGHT AWAY!
LATER
WHAT A DARLING!
SEE HOW HE'S GROWN!
SO GOOD-LOOKING!
FUNNY THING. HERB HASN'T OFFERED TO SCRAP WITH ONE OF THEM FOR TALKING ABOUT HIS BABY.
HE'S PROUD AS PUNCH! AND I CAN'T BLAME HIM WHEN I SEE WHAT SCOTT'S EMULSION HAS DONE FOR BILLY!
SCOTT'S EMULSION'S A FINE THING FOR GROWN-UPS, TOO. THOSE COD LIVER OIL VITAMINS HELP BUILD RESISTANCE AGAINST COLDS AND HELP KEEP A PERSON FROM GETTING RUN-DOWN IF THERE'S A DEFICIENCY OF VITAMINS A AND D
AND DON'T FORGET THAT SCOTT'S EMULSION IS SELECTED COD LIVER OIL EMULSIFIED TO MAKE IT FOUR TIMES EASIER TO DIGEST THAN PLAIN COD LIVER OIL ... AND PLEASANT-TASTING, TOO!
SCOTT'S EMULSION
MADE FROM SELECTED COD LIVER OIL

UNCLE SYLUS INTERVIEWS THE MOVING STAIRWAY.

So these are them movin' stair cases! Guess I'll go down em.

Why here I be back up agin!

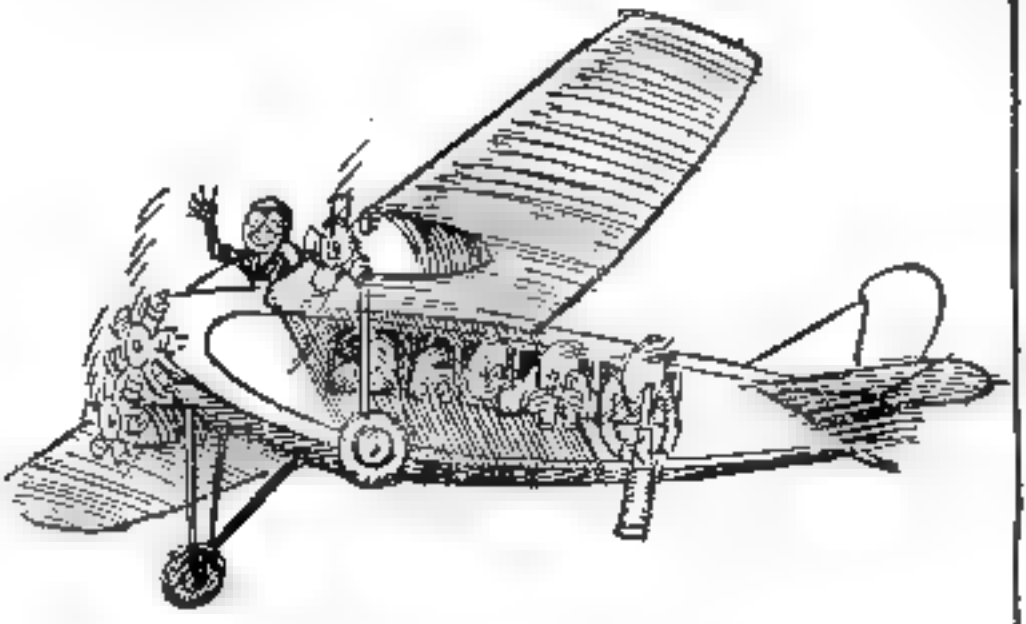


Reckon ye have to git a start!

Crackie! I'm goin' up agin!

Well now! Why didn't I see that sign before!

Funny I hadn't tho't of this in the first place.



Enterprising aviator who discovered "sun tan" addicts use tops of buildings.

"You look cold, child of the wilderness."

Each to His Trade.

The real estate agent looked up from the plan of Crystal City (named from the fact that the major portion of its gaudily colored lots were under water) and saluted his visitor with a cordial handshake.

"Say," commenced the latter, "I've got a little piece of property that I should like you to dispose of for me."

The real estate man took out his notebook and pencil and stood ready to jot down a memorandum of the parcel.

"I'm sorry to say that this place of mine has any number of what some people might consider disadvantages," went on his visitor apologetically.

The real estate fellow smiled incredulously and waved his hand eloquently for him to proceed.

"Well, to begin with, it's over a full mile from any place where one can get drinking water."

"Ah, delightful dry situation," wrote the broker, at the same time repeating his words aloud.

"And it is about six miles from any neighbor."

"In other words, an ideal spot to enjoy all the pleasures of rural life. Go on."

"For another thing, the nearest Post Office is at least seventeen miles away."

"Far from the noisy hum of commerce, and yet with ample mail facilities for all common needs."

"The nearest railroad station is at least twenty-eight miles distant."

"The vile sound of the shrieking locomotive does not disturb the slumbering ear.

"And the only church of any denomination within reaching distance lies about thirty-two miles over the mountains."

"The neighborhood is eminently religious and law-abiding."

The prospective seller stopped at this point.

"Is that all?" queried the broker incredulously.

"No, sir," continued the first speaker hesitatingly, "the property is nothing but a jumble of rocks, and there are no trees within fifty odd miles."

"Fine open country," went on the memorandum maker, "with nothing to mar the view for miles around."

As soon as his visitor had departed he commenced to draw up an advertisement in which the foregoing piece of property was recommended as especially suitable for a Summer hotel or private insane asylum.

"Here, you poor benighted heathen!"

An Envious Attorney.

"I seen a kinder queer thing when I was in town this afternoon," remarked Farmer Honk, as he comfortably toasted his slippered feet on the hearth of the kitchen stove.

Did ye?" inquired his good wife. "What was it?"

"Why," replied the old man, "havin' nothin' on hand for a spell, I dropped into the court room to sorter pass the time. There was a case being tried, and Attorney Windbagger was rippin' and rampin' and bellerin' like he usually does, makin' a terrible hooraw over nothin' in particular. You know how he always is—suthin' like the description of a volcano that used to be in the old geography when I went to school, that poured forth fire, smoke, dust, ashes and melted stones called lava, without any great provocation.

"I believe the case was over the ownership of a calf which was subject to fits and died the second day of the trial. But, anyhow, Mr. Windbagger got through with his remarks after a while, concludin' in a blaze of glory, as it were, and set down exhausted. He picked up a newspaper and went to readin' while the opposition lawyer arose and rent the air in about the same fashion. Suddenly, without warnin', Attorney Windbagger uttered a heartrending moan and fell overin his seat. He

tried to be a good and true wife, and I have only two favors to ask of you before I depart from this life.'

"'You have only to name them, darling,' replied the sobbing husband.

"'The first one is that you will never touch another drop of liquor as long as you live.'

"'Not a drop!'

"'The second and last one is that you promise that you'll never marry again.'

"'I never shall, darling.'

"'Oh, Robert, I could now die in peace if I didn't know you were such a big liar!'

Tangible Proof.

"I'm afraid this coat isn't stylish," said the man who had been inveigled into a Baxter street store and was trying on a garment.

"Mein friend," replied the clothier, "choost look at dese sleeves—six buttons on each sleeve—vot more could you vant?"

Seeing thus clearly the unreasonableness of his criticism, the purchaser took the coat.

A Safe Retreat.

MR. CASEY—When I die be sure and bury me in a Jewish cemetery.

MRS. CASEY—Why in a Jewish cemetery?

MR. CASEY—Because it is the last place in the world the devil will look for an Irishman.

Divorce.

He used to hold her little hand,
It often happens so,
He holds it yet, but asks the courts
To help him, please, let go.

Proven.

PUPSON POWNES—Hoffman Howes says you pawned your watch.

UPSON DOWNES—He's a liar!

PUPSON DOWNES—And that you wear the ticket at the end of your chain.

PUPSON DOWNES—He's a liar. I pawned the chain too.

A Thoughtful Girl.

"That is your final answer then?" asked Wallingford J. Crackenjump.

"It is," replied Theresa S. Westeringham.

"Then I have only to add that life henceforth has no charms for me. I will quit it. I will put an end to myself."

"In what way?" asked the girl, apparently touched by her lover's deep dejection.

"I don't know. Poison myself, drown myself shoot myself. Any way, every way, so that I do but end this miserable existence. But what is it to you, fair creature and false, which method of death I choose?"

"Well, if you are bound to commit suicide, and cared to go by the pistol route, I have a suggestion to make."

"What is it?" he asked hoarsely.

"That you purchase your pistol at my father's hardware store. Here is his business card."

Handing him a piece of pasteboard, she left the room, and Wallingford J. Crackenjump groped his way to the street as one in a dream.

"Don't mention it. Virtue is its own reward."

An Unavailing Plea.

"Your Majesty," said the chef of the King of the Cannibal Islands to his monarch, "we have a captive who is evidently a very tough customer, caught this morning."

"I have told you, slave, to be careful about serving tough meats," replied the King. "But tell me how you know this one is tough. Is he very old?"

"Not very old, Your Majesty, but he says he is tough."

"Oh, that is only a plea by which he hopes to save his life. It shall not avail him."

"Your Majesty, he means that he is tough in a figurative sense—that he is a very bad man—bitter medicine, he calls himself. He smokes cigarettes and drinks whiskey, and says he has been addicted to those practices for many years. He says he is sure you would not enjoy him cooked in any way known to our cuisine. He is really afraid that Your Majesty would be poisoned if you were to insist upon partaking of his flesh."

"Enough, variet!" exclaimed the monarch. "I will dine off this sinner to-day. You may tell him, from me, that I am no pure food crank. Roast him well."

As to Suits.

The suits lately favored by women
Have their ancient character lacked;
What care they for breaches of promise,
When they can have breeches in fact?

A Touch of Nature.

The electric light from a burner shaded with crinkled silk streamed through the wide open windows into the dark blueness of the sultry Autumn dusk. The atmosphere was acrid with the smell of some powerful disinfectant. On a narrow bed of black walnut, pulled well into the middle of the room lay a woman, and beside her, both her pale hands in his, and his head bowed down upon them, knelt a man.

"Robert, remarked the woman, "I am now on my death bed. I have tried to be a good and true wife, and I have only two favors to ask of you before I depart from this life.

"You have only to name them, darling," replied the sobbing husband.

"The ungrateful Philistine!"

"The first one is that you will never touch another drop of liquor as long as you live.'

"Not a drop!"

"The second and last one is that you promise that you'll never marry again."

'I never shall, darling."

"Oh, Robert, I could now die in peace if I didn't know you were such a big liar!"

A Booming Society.

"Yes," said the fair young girl in response to an inquiry, "our Society for the Purification of the English Language from Slang Expressions has got a hustle on."

"I suppose you mean by that expression that the society is meeting with great success."

"Yes, didn't I say that?"

"You said it had got a hustle on."

"Oh, I'm glad that no member heard me say it, or I'd have been pinched for a fine."

"Pinched?"

"Yes. I would have had to cough up a nickel, you know. That's the object of the society, and I do think it's doing me a great deal of good. But I tell you I was an easy mark when I first joined."

"An easy mark?"

"Yes. The other members just had a cinch on me. They would simply watch me talk and ring up fines on me."

"What are the fines?"

"Oh, they put your leg for a nickel for every slang expression they catch you using."

"And they caught you frequently, did they?"

"Did they? Well, if I hadn't taken a brace on myself I'd have been on my uppers by this time. It took nearly all my month's allowance to pay my fines the first fortnight I belonged, but I've got to be such a wise guy now that they don't catch me a little bit."

"You are a wise guy, are you?"

"I am now, but my fines bought all the candy the club used the first four meetings after I joined. You see, that is what we spend our fines for. No slang, no chocolate creams! You see it is to the interest of members to jolly along acquaintances and get them to join. Don't you think you'd like to become a member? I'll propose you at the very next meeting, if you like. I'm dead sure you won't get the marble heart. What? Wont you join? Not just now? But perhaps you will some other time? Here's where I get off. Well, so long!"

With Everything Else.

MARIE—I told him that I would not consent to marry him until he had redeemed his past.

ETHEL—Why? Has he that in hock, too?

HE—They say there are microbes in kisses.
SHE—I have always wondered what microbes were like.

On the Back Parlor Sofa.

SHE (preluding it with a kiss)—So you went down to see papa this morning about a rather—er—tender matter, eh?

HE (sweetly)—Yes, darling.

SHE—And you poured forth your inmost soul——

HE—Yes, dear. I confessed everything

SHE—Made it perfectly explicit about your present position and your prospects for the future, eh?

HE—Made a clean breast of it all.

SHE—Told plainly the sweet secret of my loving you in return, and only awaiting his sanction, and all that, eh?

HE—Yes, love. I quoted your own gentle love vows and your resolves to stand by me through thick and thin forever.

SHE—That's right. You certainly are very brave. How did he receive all these tender tidings?

HE (hesitatingly)—I—er—really, I don't know as yet.

SHE (in amazement)—But you saw papa, did you not?

HE—Yes. I stood on the street corner and saw him come out of the office and go to get his lunch

SHE—And then you went to lunch with him, eh? Oh, how clever!

HE—No, I went up into his office and poured forth my soul—into his phonograph. He's got it all by this time.

SHE—Ah, that's what he meant then when at dinner to-night he said that he took his hatchet and smashed his phonograph to bits.

HE—Thank heaven!

SHE—For what, pray?

HE—Just think! I might have been the victim. That's what I call escaping by the skin of my teeth. Come, darling, let's elope.

(They do.)

Motive.

A woman's as old as she looks,
And no wonder the wheel's all the rage,
Every inch off the bicycle skirt
Is a year off the fair rider's age.

His Idea.

MRS. HORNBEEK (looking up from her newspaper)—I have just been reading an item about a Missouri man who sold his wife for eight dollars. Wasn't that a shame?

FARMER HORNBEEK (who has been to Missouri)—A shame? It was downright robbery!

Bound to Escape.

MR. ISAACS—I gandt neglect my pizness to serve on dis chury! Any way, I'm opposed to circumstantial evidence.

LAWYER—But the evidence in this case is not circumstantial.

MR. ISAACS—Vell, den, I am also opposed to der odder kinds.

In Chicago

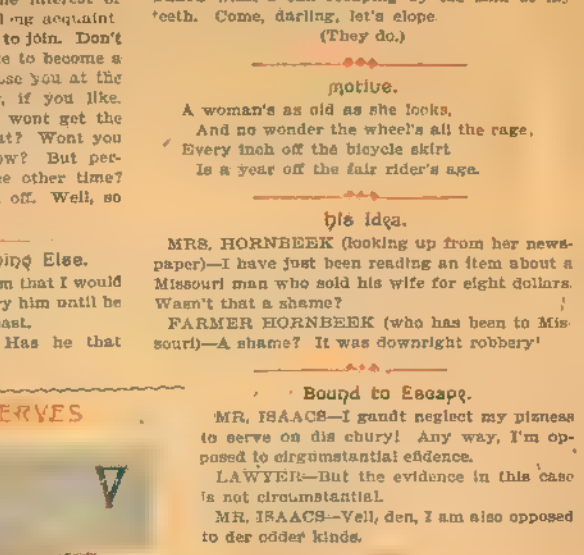
HEWITT—How is Gruet getting along with his law business?

JEWETT—He's rushed to death. His mother gives him all her divorce cases.

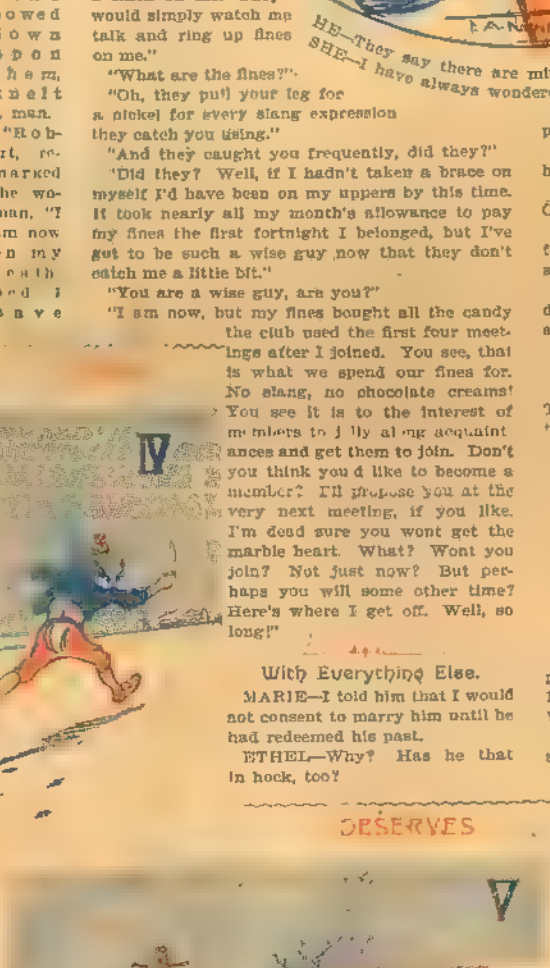
Sporting Note.

WIGGS—Ever hunt much?

WAGG—Oh, yes. I frequently sleigh a deer.



"Don't make talk. Indian grateful. 'Virtue is its own reward.'"



"Scalping Neighbor John Seedcake!"

Reason for Their Opinions

"I see that a number of prominent women have taken the stand that jests on marriage and love affairs are harmful."

"Yes, so I observed. I also noticed that all of the women were married."

They Might Be Needed.

"Shall I fix some sandwiches for you to take along?" inquired Mrs. Gobang of her husband, who was preparing for a hunting trip.

"Well, yes," I guess you had better fix a few," he replied. "We may be gone over Sunday."

Possible Deficiency.

JONES—Mrs. Robinson is an ideal wife. She says nothing and saws wood.

SMITH—Does she bring it in?

RAGGED ROBIN—Moon's jes' 'bout full, lucky mon

Found His Field.

"They say that though Dunbrown got left in his run for office, he made quite a record as an orator."

"So much so that he has taken to the platform as a profession."

"Really?"

"Yes, he's a gripman on a Broadway cable car."

In Doubt.

"Shall I say au revoir and not good-by?" he whispered as he was about to leave.

"I hardly know," she faltered. "Your French is pretty rank, but then"——

Correctly Defined.

"What is a 'standing joke,' pa?"

"One that is too old to move."

Sparing Her Feelings.

"Have you ever had your pockets picked?"

'S-sh! My wife is in the next room."

It took two doctors the biggest part of half an hour to bring him out of it, and when he had recovered his senses he looked so completely humiliated and broken in spirit that plagued if I didn't feel sorry for him.

"For quite a spell nobody could find out what had caused the attack, but finally one of them sharp young reporters found the place where he had been readin' in the newspaper. It was an article which stated that a French scientist has invented a machine that will split a hair lengthwise into thirty-seven strips."

NOT SO BEAUTIFUL.

Wonder who wrote de Beautiful Snow anyhow

Dunno, but I'll bet he had a contract for removin it somewhere

Sentiment in the Profession.

Cleveland Plain Dealer

"You friend, he actor, must have a great admiration for his wife."

"Oh, yes, he admires her talent.

"But it isn't admiration alone that she inspires in him."

"Oh, no. He has a great deal of respect for her. She earns twice as much as he does

A LIFE SAVER.

Ham Fatt—So the audience thought my death scene was realistic?

Native—Yes, siree. Why a lot of them boys was goin to lynch yer after the show but you died that natural they thought it wuzn't no use.

FORETHOUGHT

"Can't you give me seats behind a post?"

"That's a funny request.

"I know it but you always give them to me there when I don't ask for them, so thought would try for a change and see if I could get good ones for once."

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

"Senor Bustamente says he is hatching another revolution."

Ah but he is such a visionary statesman. He counts his revolutions before they are hatched."

CONSIDERATE

"The judge. But if you had business at the building why did you break into the back window?"

"Be Pshaw. I hated ter wake up de night watchman, yer honor."

SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Customer—See here. My bill is $1,904 so much

Merchant—Ah, a slight mistake of our cashier sir. He's added in the date of the year

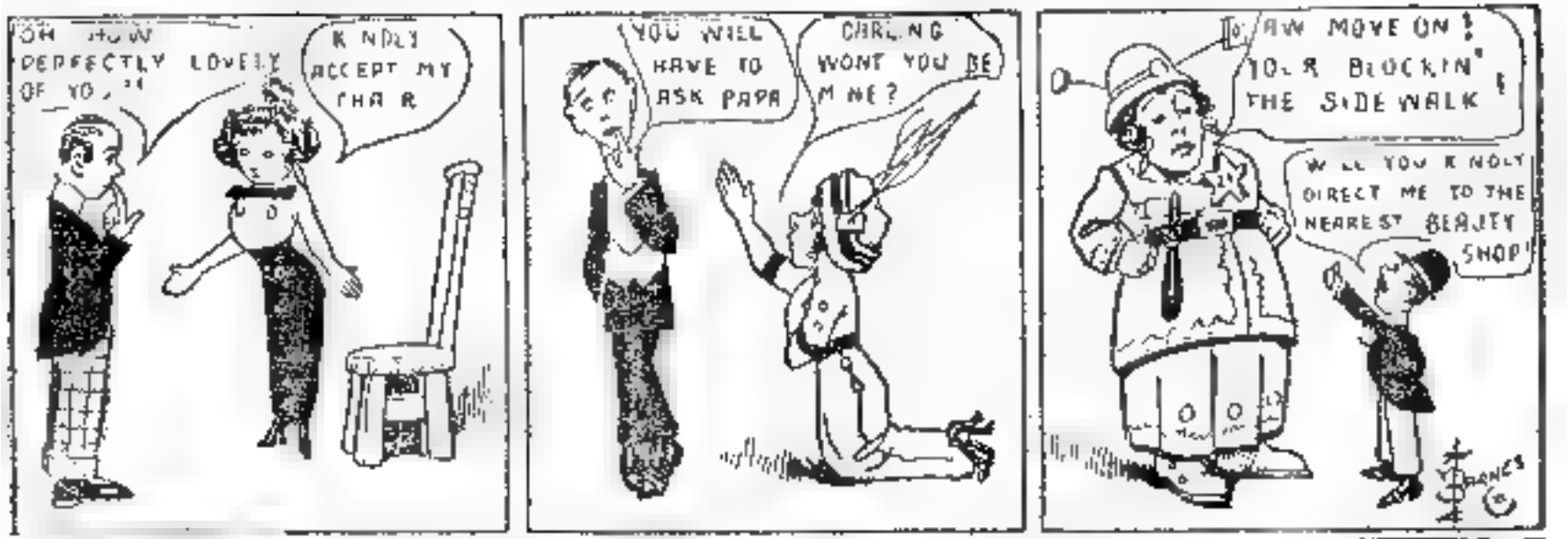
WEST VIRGINIA WALTON

A New Assignment

By LOWELL TALBOTT

GOOD MORNING, WALTON—COME IN AND SIT DOWN—SAY, IT LOOKS AS IF YOU WERE DUE FOR A TRIP HOME! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?
I LIKE IT OK—BUT HOW COME?
WELL, IT'S THIS WAY··· I JUST RECEIVED A PHONE CALL FROM A MR. BRYAN CARTER OF GRAFTON, W.VA.··· HIS DAUGHTER, BEATRICE, WAS KIDNAPED AND HELD FOR RANSOM··· HE PAID AND THE GIRL IS SAFELY HOME, BUT HE IS ANXIOUS TO APPREHEND HER ABDUCTORS!
WHY, I KNOW CARTER! AND "BEE" AND I WENT TO THE SAME HIGH SCHOOL··· BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND··· CARTER ISN'T SO WEALTHY····
IT IS A STRANGE CASE—THE AMOUNT DEMANDED WAS ONLY A THOUSAND DOLLARS—THE GIRL IS SURE THAT SHE WAS TAKEN ACROSS THE LINE INTO MARYLAND AND THAT GIVES US A CHANCE TO LOOK INTO THE MATTER···· SO YOU GO HOME, SUPPOSEDLY ON A VISIT, AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN!
I'LL BE THERE TO-MORROW
I'M SENDING YOU ALONE IN ORDER TO AVOID AROUSING SUSPICION AS TO YOUR REAL MISSION··· SO BE CAREFUL··· AND IF YOU NEED HELP CALL FOR IT! GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK!
SO-LONG, CHIEF—DON'T WORRY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!
OWING TO THE BAD CONDITION OF THE ROADS, DUE TO HEAVY SNOW, WALTON DOES NOT REACH HOME UNTIL EVENING OF THE FOLLOWING DAY
HELLO, MOTHER—DAD! HI, SIS··· GOSH, I'M JUST IN TIME FOR DINNER!
OH, JIM··· IS IT REALLY YOU?
HOW ARE YOU, SON? SAY, THIS IS A REAL SURPRISE!
"MOM, THIS IS THE BEST DINNER I'VE EATEN IN TWO YEARS! IT SURE IS GREAT TO BE HOME AGAIN — EVEN ON BUSINESS····
IT'S SWEET TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, SON! BUT WHAT'S THIS ABOUT BUSINESS? ··I HOPED···
DON'T WORRY, "MOM"··· HOME IS GOING TO BE MY HEAD—QUARTERS UNTIL THE CASE IS SOLVED···· AND DON'T ANY OF YOU TELL ANYONE BUT WHAT I'M JUST HERE FOR A VISIT··· NOW I MUST MAKE A SOCIAL CALL—SEE YOU LATER!
SO AM I, BUT I'LL BE BACK SOON··· AND DON'T FORGET! IT IS IMPORTANT NO ONE KNOW MY REAL MISSION!
WE'RE SORRY YOU HAVE TO HURRY AWAY!
NEXT WEEK "BEE" TELLS A STORY

WE'RE COMING TO IT, SURE'S YOU LIVE!


OH HOW PERFECTLY LOVELY OF YOU
KINDLY ACCEPT MY THANKS
YOU WILL HAVE TO ASK PAPA
DARLING WONT YOU BE MINE?
AW MOVE ON! YOUR BLOCKIN' THE SIDE WALK
WILL YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME TO THE NEAREST BEAUTY SHOP!

WHAT'S THE USE?

By WEST.

MY DEAR SIR, I LONG HAVE LONGED FOR AN ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION
IF YOU SHOULD "PUNCH" JIM JEFFRIES WOULD THAT INTERFERE WITH HIS DIGESTION?!
NOTES
HE'S PLUMB LOCOED!
2

I BETCHER HE'S A HOSS THIEF IN DISGUISE!
IF A HORSE SUFFERS FROM HOARSENESS, AND A BRONCO GETS BRONCHITIS, WOULD YOU CALL A COW A COWARD IF SHE FEARED COWPENDICITIS?!
3.

IT'S REALLY MOST ANNOYING THE WAY THIS COWBOY TREATS ME —
HE'S DRAGGED ME NOW SOME SEVEN MILES, IF I ASK HIM WHY, HE GRIMLY SMILES, SO WHAT'S THE USE? IT ONLY RILES THE FELLOW — AND HE BEATS ME!
4.
K.

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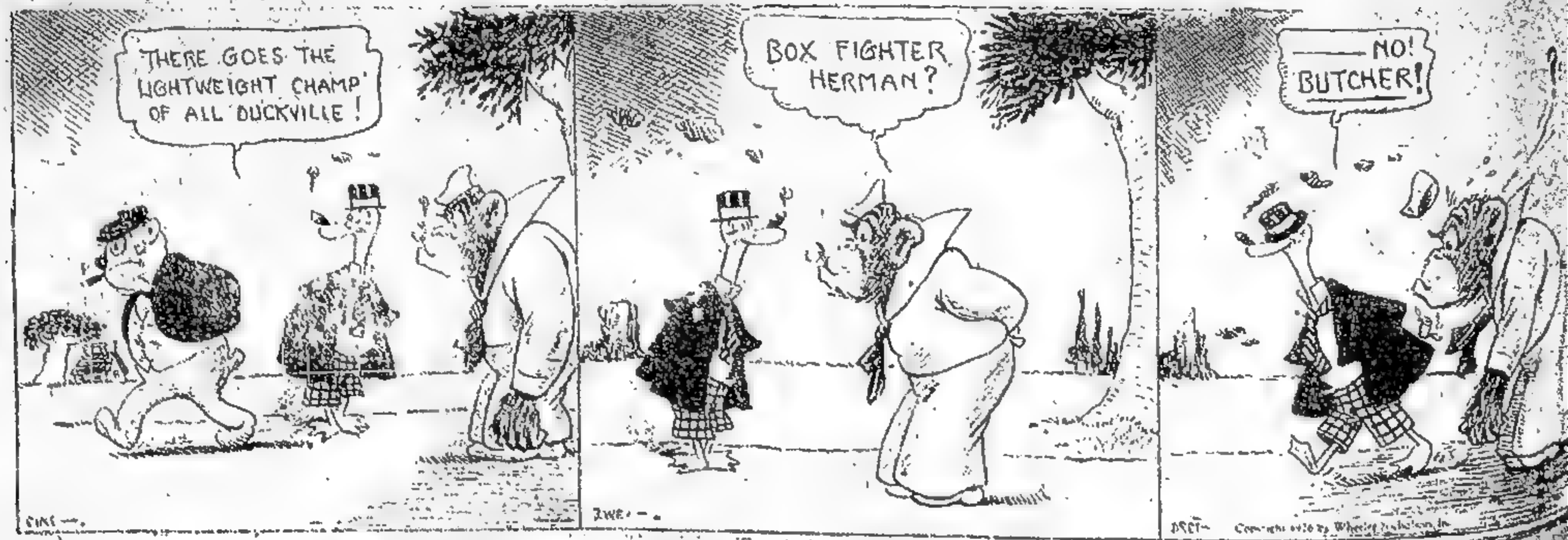
CHAMPIONS — PAST AND PRESENT

THE DARKEST DAY IN HISTORY

THE DAY YOU WERE IN THE CAFETERIA AND SPILLED SOUP ALL OVER THE DRESS OF THE STENOG WITH WHOM YOU HAD BEEN DESPERATELY TRYING TO MAKE A DATE —

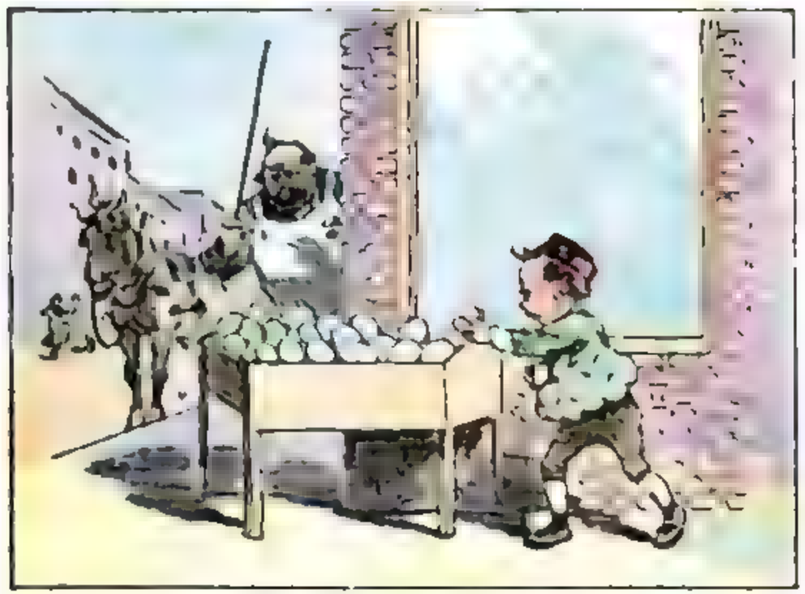
DUCKVILLE DOINGS



When To Be Nonchalant

When you discover the man next to you at the theatre is a "plant" who is supposed to make wise cracks during the performance.

He Would Steal Eggs or Willy the Human Omelette



1. Willie: "Dis is great! I'll hook 'em"

2. Dunkelsuper: "Ach, I bef you by shimmies"

3. "I vill beat you like prades and id

4. "Yah, de eggs vas getting beaten alse!"

5. "A fadle more und you vill be ahoost right."

6. "Gracious! If your mudder could see you now"

WISDOM of WISEHEIMER.

WELL, MY THREE YEARS ARE UP NOW N' I WANT A RAISE!—
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE. PRIVATE
SUPPOSE YOU'RE IN HERE TO GIVE NOTICE OR DEMAND A RAISE!
QUITE THE CONTRARY—BILL JONES SAID HIS BOSS SAID THEY WERE HITTING YOU SO HARD YOU'D SOON HAVE TO GO INTO BANKRUPTCY—I MERELY CAME TO SAY YOU CAN COUNT ON ME TO THE END!
WOT!
ME FAIL? THE SNIVELLING SCANDAL-MONGER! YOU TELL THE CASHIER TO PUT $10 A WEEK ON YOUR SALARY FROM THE 1ST OF THE YEAR! & TELL JONES TO TELL HIS BOSS THAT YOU GOT IT TOO!—

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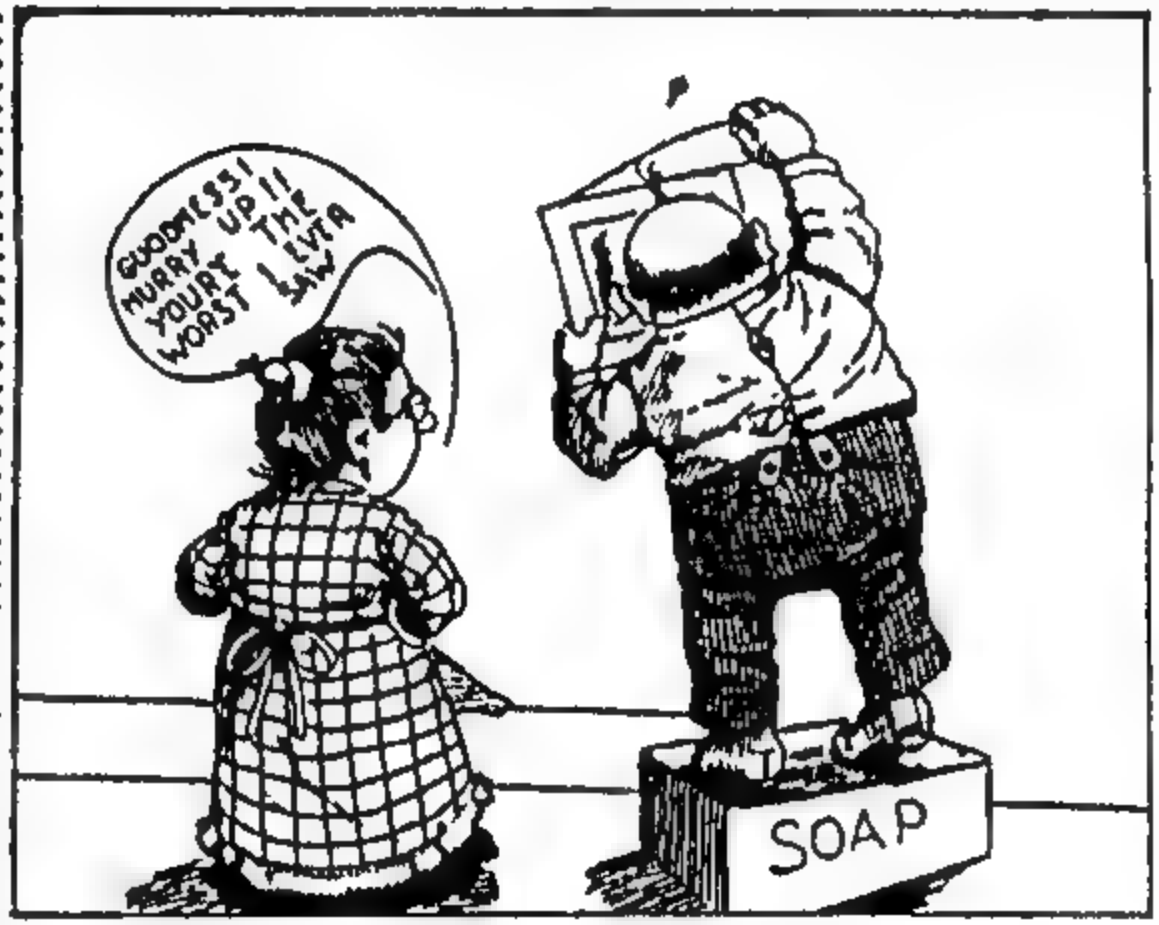
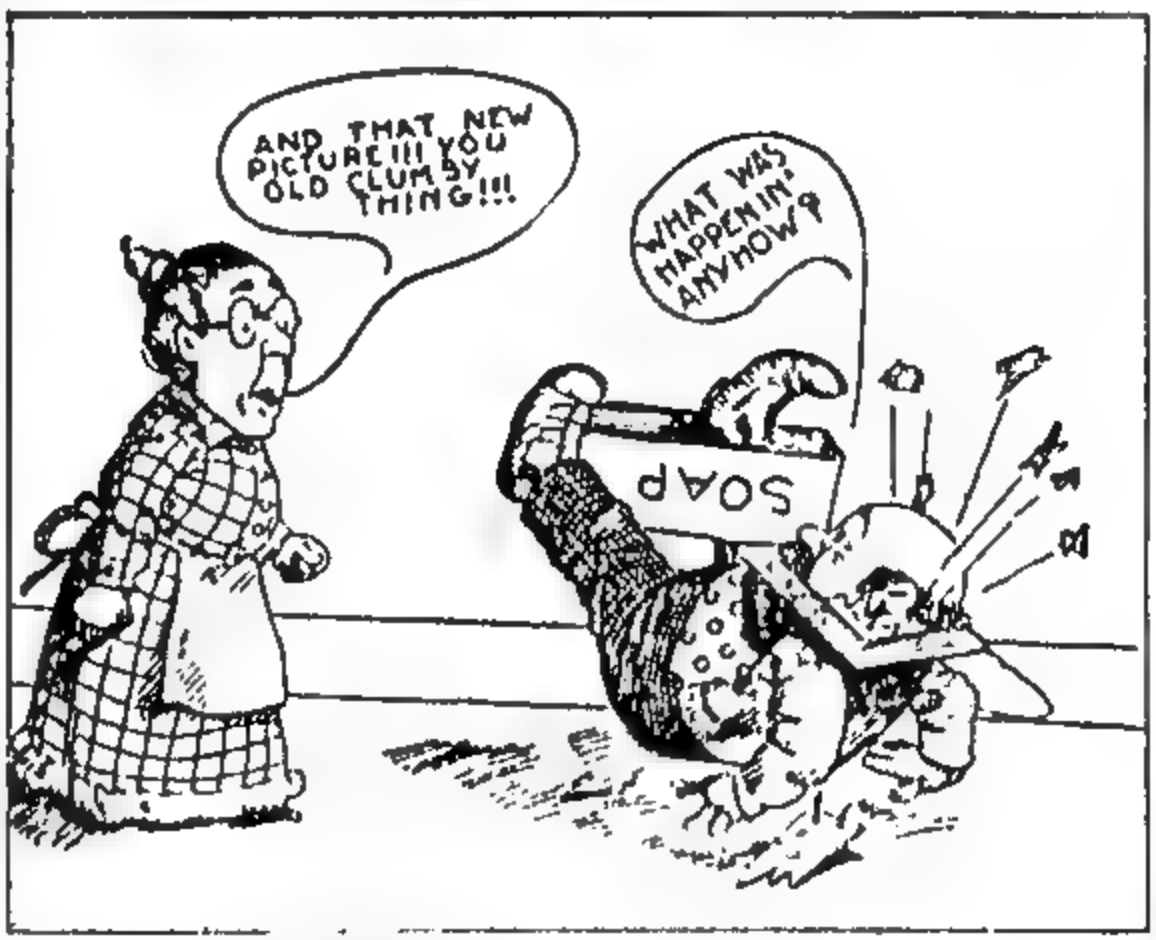
Woman's First Thought Is Man

And When He Does His Best He Usually Gets the Worst of It





THE WONDERFUL WIZARD'S AWFUL REVENGE

THE QUEER WIZARD HAD THE UGLIEST SNAKE

WHICH HE TURNED INTO THE PRETTIEST WATERMELON

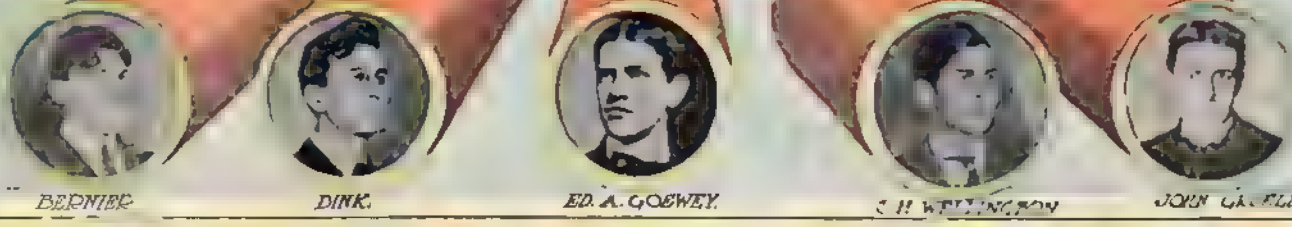
THAT GEORGE WASHINGTON WHITE COULD NOT KEEP HIS HANDS OFF !!

BUT HE STUBBED HIS TOE

AND THE WIZARD CAUGHT AND TURNED HIM INTO A LIVE CHICKEN.

WHICH WAS THE AWFULLEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO GEORGE WASHINGTON WHITE.

Sunday
St. Louis Star-
Chronicle.
JUNE 15 1935



OUR FUNNY SECTION'S HAPPY FAMILY WILL HAVE AN EXCITING FOURTH.

ZODY By MARV MYERS

" 'Pisces live in confusion.' Ha! I'd write this astrologer a hot letter if I could find my typewriter!"

ZODY By MARV MYERS

"I've found that a Sagittarius, such as my wife, tends to talk too much!"

ZODY By MARV MYERS

"I notice an Aries always speaks his mind — even when there's nothing on it!"

ZODY By MARV MYERS

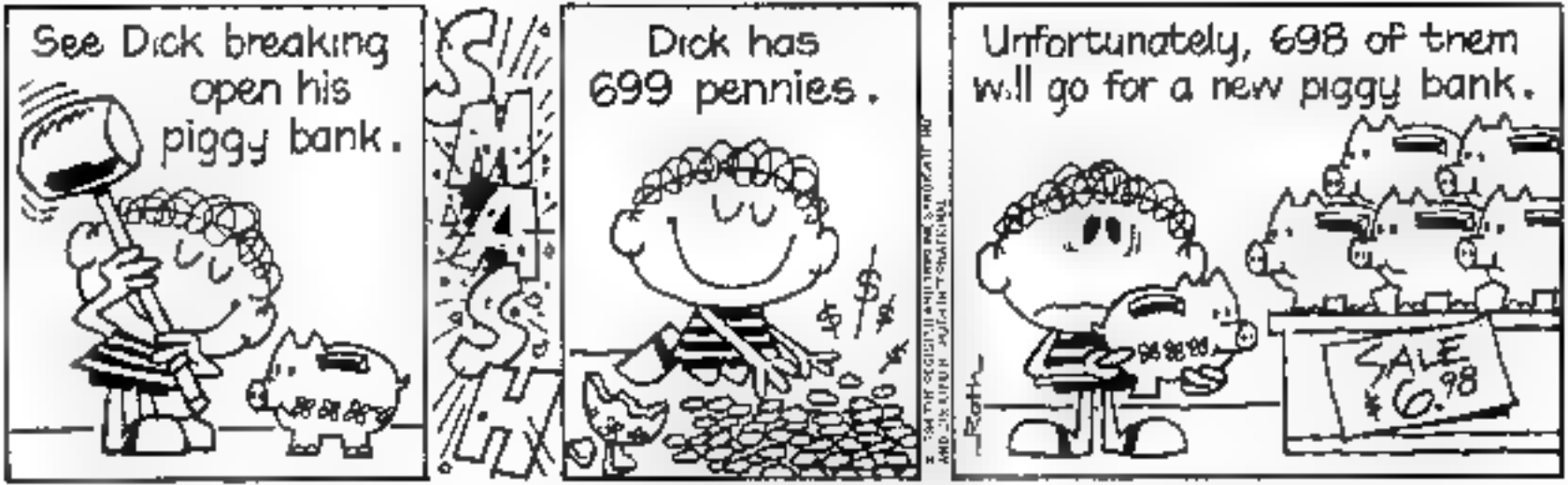
"I can't 'run away from responsibilities' today. How about if I jogged away from them?"

ZODY By MARV MYERS

"I'm trying your suggestion, Zody. It's my stock broker and my astrologer!"

ZODY By MARV MYERS

"My astrologer put thumbs down on my last romance, but I got even with him— I married him!"


See Dick breaking open his piggy bank.
Dick has 699 pennies.
Unfortunately, 698 of them will go for a new piggy bank.
SALE $0.98
Roth

Breaking the piggy bank turned out to be a cents-ess action.

PIRANHA CLUB

By Bgrace

DO YOU HAVE ANY WATERFRONT?

DO I EVER!

ASK ABOUT OUR PRIME FLORIDA REAL ESTATE

YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE THIS BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF PROPERTY!

HERE IT IS!

RIGHT ON THE BANKS OF THE BEAUTIFUL BAYONNE RIVER!

OFFERED BY FERNWILTER & ASSOC.

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IT'S A BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL LOT!

OFFERED BY FERNWILTER & ASSOC.

LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL WATERFRONT VIEW!

OFFERED BY FERNWILTER & ASSOC

PICTURE YOUR HOUSE SITTING RIGHT HERE OVERLOOKING THIS BEAUTIFUL VISTA!

OFFERED BY FERNWILTER & ASSOC

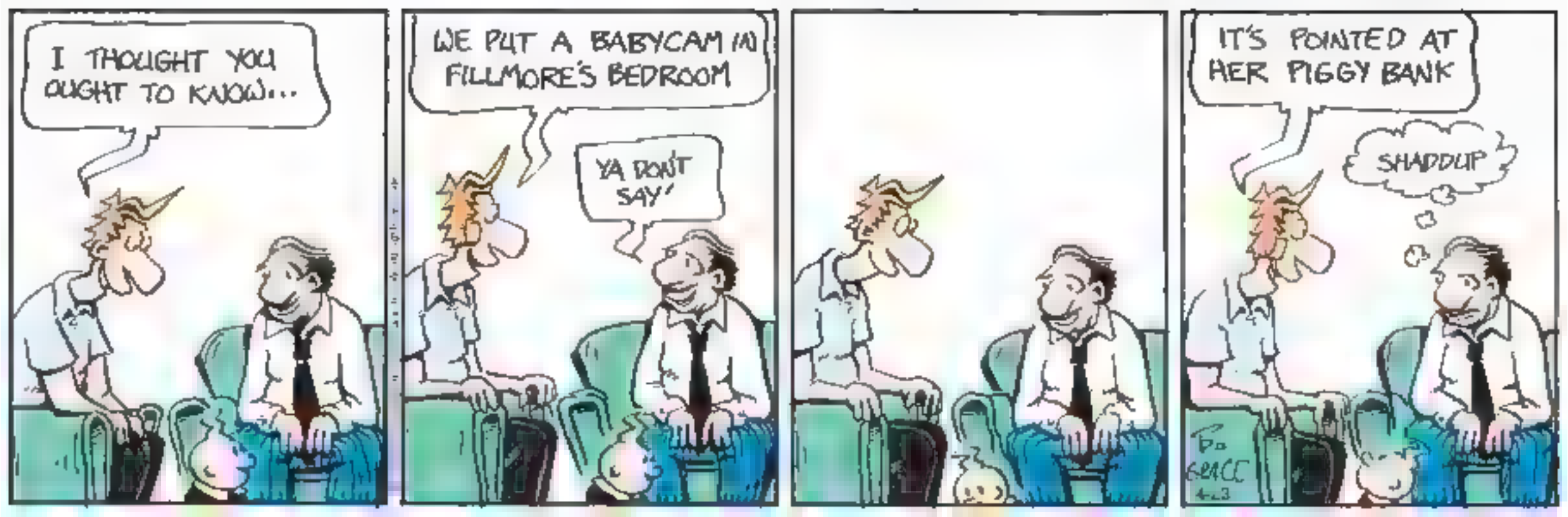
I DON'T THINK SO

OFFERED BY FERNWILTER & ASSOC

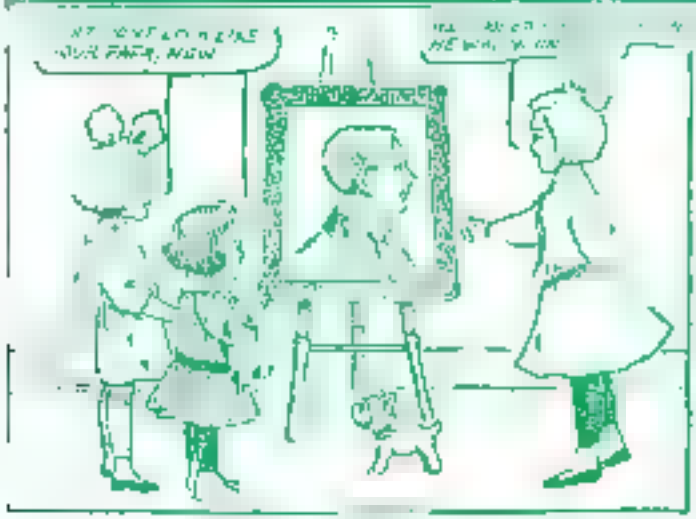
HOW COME YOU'RE IN MUD UP TO YOUR ARMPITS?

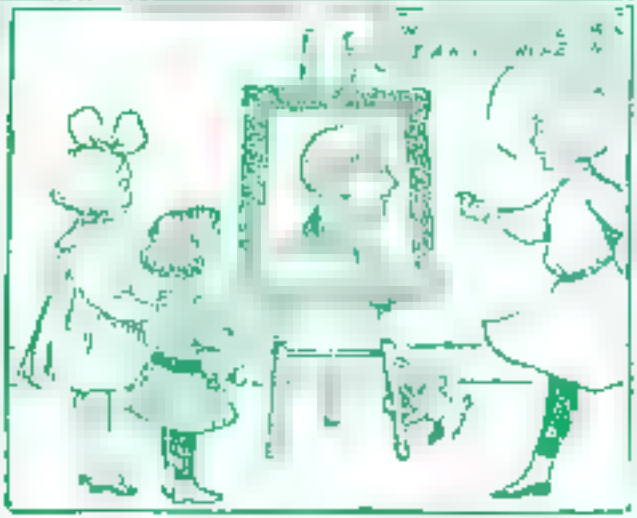
BGRACE

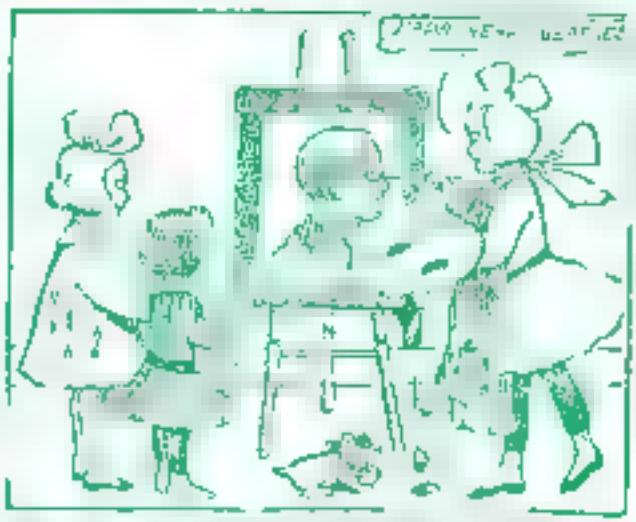
BGRACE.COM


I THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW...
WE PUT A BABYCAM IN FILLMORE'S BEDROOM
YA DON'T SAY!
IT'S POINTED AT HER PIGGY BANK
SHADDUP
PEACE

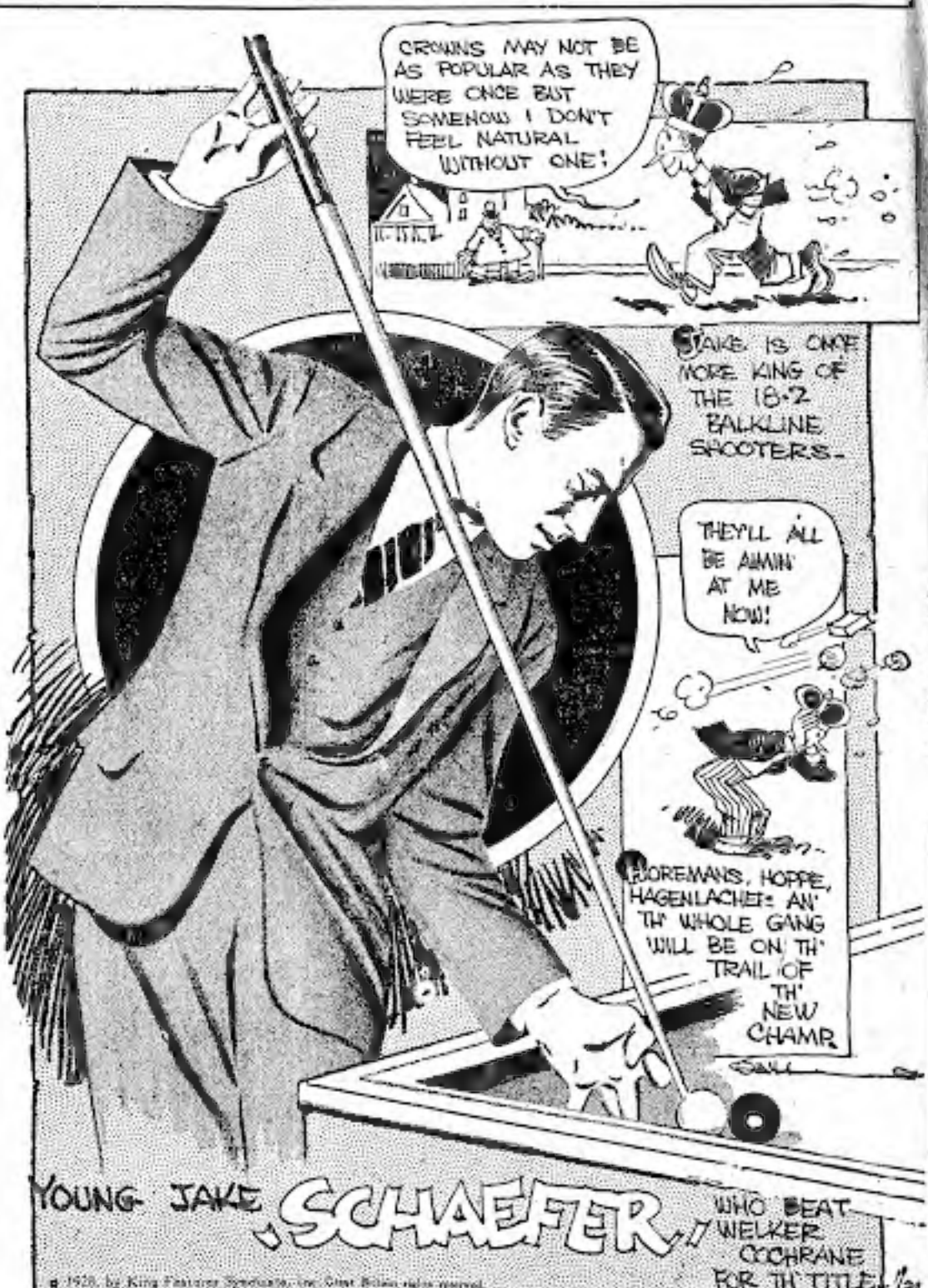
KATY-DID.







King of the Ivories


CROWNS MAY NOT BE AS POPULAR AS THEY WERE ONCE BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T FEEL NATURAL WITHOUT ONE!
JAKE IS ONCE MORE KING OF THE 18·2 BALKLINE SHOOTERS.
THEY'LL ALL BE AIMIN' AT ME NOW!
MORE MANS, HOPPE, HAGENLACHER AN' TH' WHOLE GANG WILL BE ON TH' TRAIL OF TH' NEW CHAMP.
YOUNG JAKE SCHAEFER WHO BEAT WELKER COCHRANE FOR TH' TITLE!
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TOMMY OF THE BIG TOP *Not a Bit Anxious* **By John Lehti**

MEET MR. HOLLOWAY, TOMMY!
GEE! I DIDN'T MEAN TO STEP ON YOUR FEET!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT! FEET LIKE THESE ARE ALWAYS GETTING UNDERFOOT—HAW!
IS YOUR FRIEND A NEW MEMBER OF THE CIRCUS, SUE?
NOT YET, BUT HE'S VERY ANXIOUS TO JOIN!
OH, I'M NOT TOO ANXIOUS!
11-18
WELL, I HEARD THE BIG GAFFER, MR. BINGHAM, SAY THERE'S A HELPER'S JOB OPEN!
HONEST? WHERE'S HE AT— WHO DO I ASK— WHEN DO I START?

3/20

ACCIE MACK

by HAL RASMASSON

AGGIE, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GO TO THE MOVIES WITH US?

GEE, THAT'D BE **SUPER**, ONLY I HAVE TO WRITE A THEME.

I'M SIMPLY DYING TO SEE THAT MOVIE, BUT WORK COMES FIRST!

HONEST, I CAN'T GO SKATING, BOBO. I HAVE TO FINISH MY **THEME**. I KNOW IT'S ALMOST THE END OF THE SEASON. REALLY, I'D LOVE TO--

OH, PETER, I'D SIMPLY ADORE GOING TO THE BAZAAR, BUT I ABSOLUTELY **HAVE** TO GET MY THEME DONE.

I KNOW, YUM YUM, WE HAVEN'T HAD AN OLD CHIN-WAG FOR WEEKS, BUT I HAVE HOURS OF WORK-- **DID** HE? WHEN? NO FOOLIN'?

BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS MAD ABOUT FLO-- I WOULDN'T LET ON FOR THE WORLD, BUT --OH -- SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR.

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WHAT HAPPENED-- DIDN'T YOU GO TO THE **MOVIES**?

OF COURSE. WE'RE BACK ALREADY. IT WAS WONDERFUL!

WE FELT SO SORRY FOR YOU-- ALL ALONE, SLAVING ON THAT THEME.

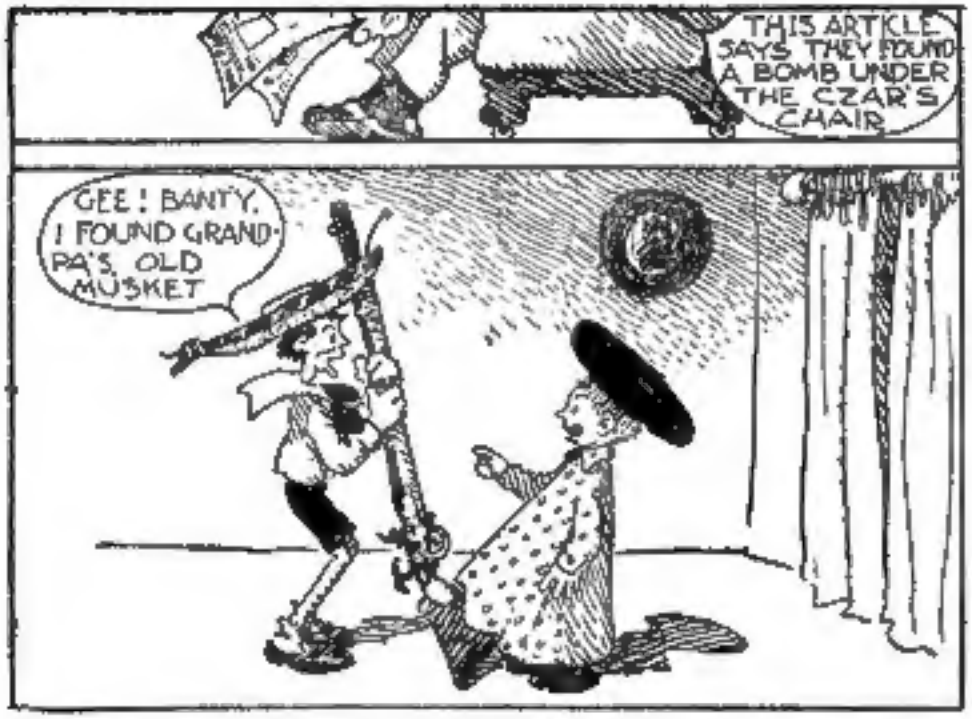
WHO, **ME**? OH--ER--YEAH.

HONEY BUN

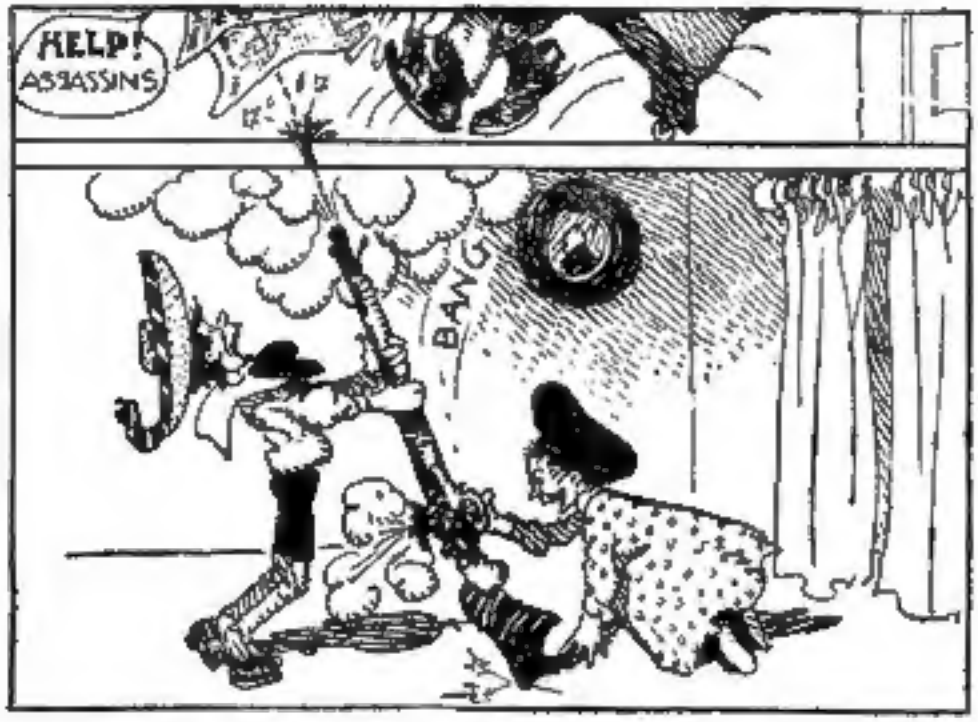
by HAL RASMASSON

3/20

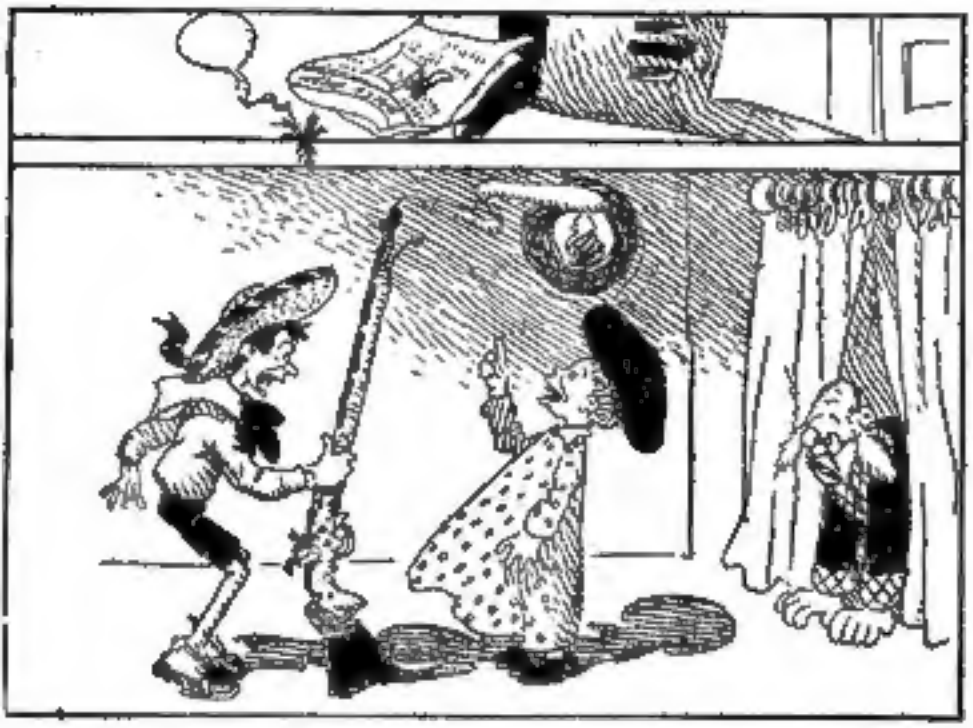
BUDDY AND BANTY.



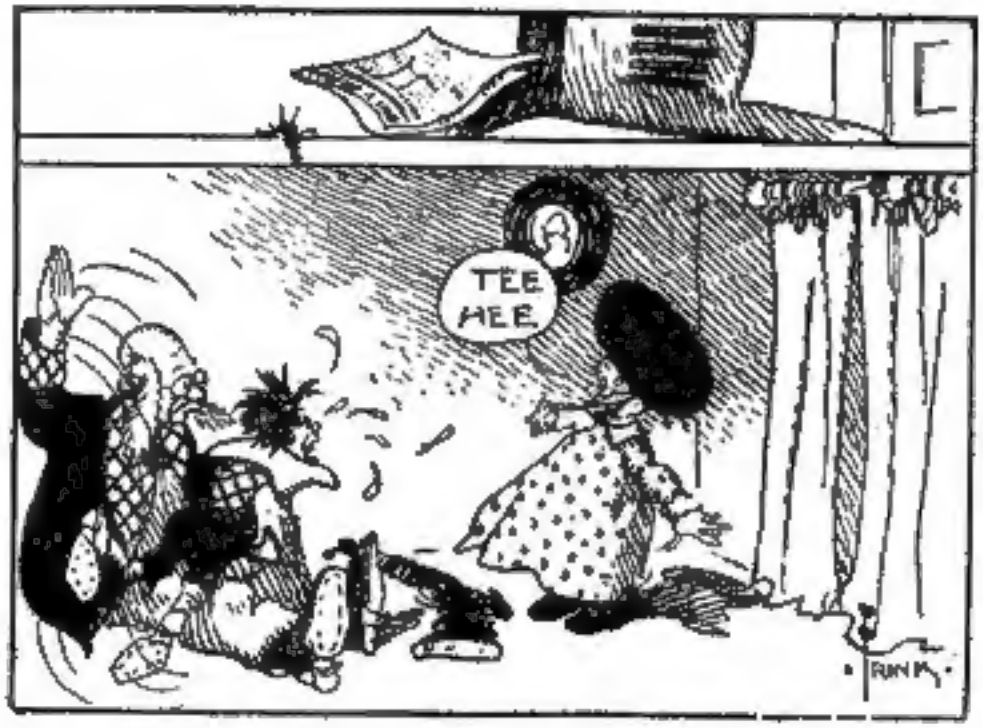
Banty—"Buddy, I say, would de gun shoot if I pull de trigger?



"Huh, would it, Buddy?"



Uncle Bellamy (upstairs)—"Wow! Murder! That boy will be the death of me yet. I'll stop him now!"



Buddy—"Oh! Wow! What're you spanking me for? He had all the fun of the shooting!"